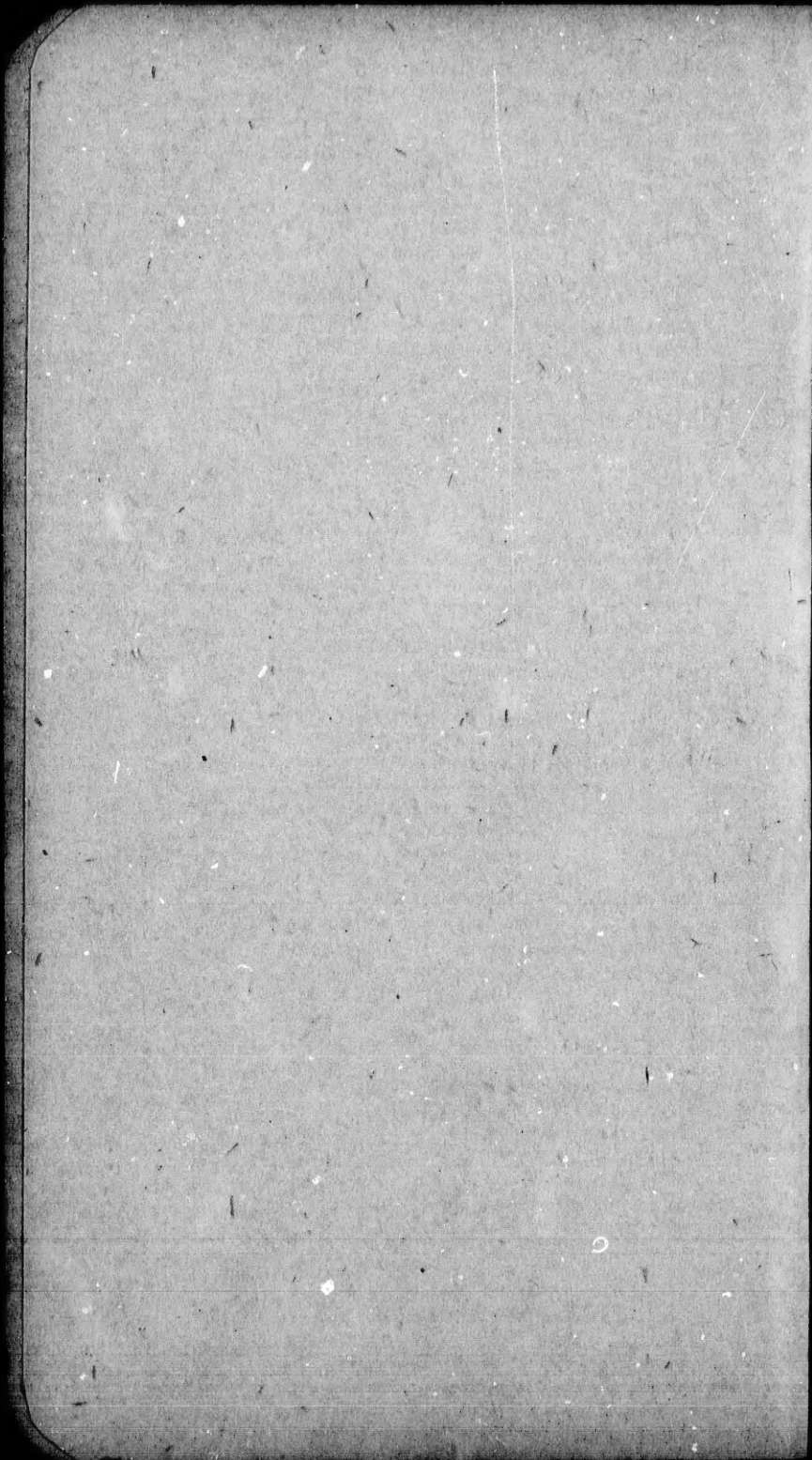




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CANADIAN READER

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF
SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES

BY M. RANDALL, JR., FSC.

STANSTEAD

PRINTED BY WALTON
FOR THE PUB

1884

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PREFACE.

In offering to the public a book, which the Compiler believes may be introduced into the Elementary Schools of the country for the use of small scholars, to good advantage, he has endeavored with much care and labor to select such pieces as would make the most lively and lasting impressions on the youthful mind.

It is a notorious fact that few of the reading books now made use of in the schools of the Eastern Townships, are adapted to the capacity of a majority of those by whom they are read. Many, it is true, contain a selection of well written pieces, the wisdom of politicians and speculations of philosophers, but notwithstanding they contain the most sublime ideas they are above the comprehension of many of the scholars who read them. The result of using books of this description, has been to embarrass the youthful mind, to contract and confirm the habit of reading without understanding what is read and of fastening upon the mind of the child the habit of indifference in relation to any thing he reads, which, in many instances, will continue with him through life. That this is an error in the education of children, none will deny; for it is evident that the art of reading well is never acquired without reading *understandingly*. And whoever has watched the operations of the minds of children must have noticed the wonderful difference they exhibit while reading that which pleases them and which they understand, and while reading what is above their comprehension. In the former case, their feelings are enlisted and the ideas that they read are almost indelibly imprinted upon the tablet of their memory. But in the latter none of the powers of their intellect are awakened and but very few, if any, ideas are retained in their memory.

The Compiler has aimed to obviate so great and so long an evil. He has selected pieces that he is confident

will both interest and instruct the reader, and such as are adapted to the capacities of all. He hopes that this book, which is now offered to the public, will not only meet the approbation of teachers, and be found useful in schools, but that it will be esteemed a valuable family book. Should these ends be accomplished, he will consider that the labor and expense of its publication has not been in vain.

The names of authors, or the sources from which selections have been made, are in several instances omitted, on account of the uncertainty of their origin; but in all cases where such knowledge could be obtained, credit has been given.

January 1, 1834.

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INTRODUCTION.

REMARKS,

ON THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.

[*Extracted chiefly from Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric.*]

To read with propriety is a pleasing and important attainment; productive of improvement both to the understanding and the heart. It is essential to a complete reader, that he minutely perceive the ideas, and enter into the feelings, of the author whose sentiments he professes to repeat. If there were no other benefits resulting from the art of reading well, than the necessity it lays us under of precisely ascertaining the meaning of what we read, it would be a sufficient compensation for the labor; but the pleasure derived to ourselves and others from a clear communication of ideas and feelings, and the strong and durable impressions made thereby on the minds of the reader and audience, are considerations which give additional importance to the subject.

Though a system of rules for the complete management of the voice cannot be given, and though much will remain for the living instructor to do, yet some rules and directions will be found useful to prevent vicious modes of utterance, to give the young reader some taste of the subject, and assist him in acquiring an accurate mode of delivery.

The first attention of every person, who reads to others, doubtless must be to make himself heard by all to whom he reads. Every person has three pitches in his

voice; the High, the Middle, and the Low one.) (The high is that, which he uses in calling aloud to some person at a distance.) (The low is when he approaches to a whisper.) And the middle is that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in reading to others.) We shall always be able to give the most force of sound to that pitch of voice, to which we are accustomed in conversation. It should be a constant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice than we can afford without pain to ourselves and without any extraordinary effort. (It is also a useful rule to cast our eye on some of the most distant persons in the company, and consider ourselves as reading to them.) By the habit of reading when young in a loud and vehement manner, the voice becomes fixed in a strained and unnatural key, and becomes incapable of variety and true harmony.

(But to being well and clearly understood, *distinctness of articulation* contributes more than mere loudness of sound.) To this, therefore, every reader ought to pay great attention. (He must give every sound which he utters its due proportion, and make every syllable and letter be heard distinctly.) An accurate knowledge of the simple, elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in expressing them, are so necessary, that, if a learner is deficient, his progress ought to be suspended, till he has become complete master of them.

(In order to express ourselves distinctly *moderation* is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing.) Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning; while, on the contrary, a lifeless, drawling manner of reading, which allows the mind of the hearer to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every performance insipid and disgusting. But the fault of reading too fast, being the more common, and when grown into a habit, being very difficult to be corrected, requires to be most guarded against.

In the next place the reader must study *propriety of pronunciation*, or the habit of giving, to every word he utters, that sound which the best usage of the language appropriates to it, in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation.

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(By *emphasis* is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish some word or words to which we wish to attach a particular importance.) (On the right management of emphasis depends the life of pronunciation.) If no emphasis is placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphasis is placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. In order to acquire the proper management of emphasis, the great rule to be given is, that the reader study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments, which he is to pronounce. To lay the emphasis right is a constant exercise of good taste and judgment. But care must be taken not to multiply emphatical words too much, and to use the emphasis indiscriminately. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with italic characters; which, as to the effect, is just the same as to use no such distinctions at all.

(*Tones* consist in the notes or variations of sound which we employ.) Emphasis affects particular words and phrases, but tones, peculiarly so called, affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes even the whole of a discourse. (It is chiefly in the proper use of tones, that the spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.)

Pauses or rests, in speaking or reading, are a total cessation of the voice, during a perceptible, and, in many cases, a measurable space of time. They are equally necessary to the speaker and hearer;—to the speaker, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery; and to the hearer, that the ear may be relieved from the fatigue, which it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound, and that he may have sufficient time to mark the distinction and meaning of sentences. (Pauses in reading must generally be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary sensible conversation.) It is not sufficient to attend to the points used in *printing*—because these are far from marking all the pauses, which ought to be made in reading, and because a mechanical attention to these resting places has been one of the principal causes of monotony.

CANADIAN READER.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD INSTRUCTERS.

Of the many useful occupations among men, there is perhaps no one more important than that of teaching children ; and this work ought to be regarded not only as important, but truly honorable.

When instructors are well qualified for their employment, and are faithful in the discharge of their duty, it may be reasonably expected that they will be instruments of promoting the welfare of their pupils, both for this world and the world to come.

Self government is among the first requisites for a teacher. He who has not acquired the art of governing himself, is unworthy to be intrusted with the government of others.

A school should be governed by the laws of kindness and reason, and not by the laws of cruelty and despotism. When reproof or correction is necessary, it should be administered in such a manner, and with such a spirit, as to evince a sincere regard to the best interests of the child.

One of the first objects of a schoolmaster should be to gain the love and confidence of his pupils, by convincing them that he has a sincere desire to render them respectable, useful and happy.

The more evidence he gives that such is his real disposition, the less occasion he will find for severity in governing his school ; and the more useful and happy he will be in his occupation.

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THE LAME ROBBER.

In 1747, (says an English paper,) a man was broken alive on the wheel at Orleans, for highway robbery. Not having friends to bury his body, the executioner gave him to a surgeon for dissection. The thighs, legs and arms of the unhappy wretch had been broken, yet on being examined by the surgeon, he was found surviving, and by the proper application of cordials, he was soon capable of speaking. The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure; but he was so mangled, that his two thighs, and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation, and the loss of blood, he recovered, and in this situation the surgeon by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart fifty leagues from Orleans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging. His situation was on the road side, close by a wood, and his deplorable condition excited compassion from all who saw him. In his youth he had served in the army, and he now passed for a soldier who had lost his limb by a cannon shot.

A drover, returning from market, was solicited by the robber for charity, and being moved by compassion, threw him a piece of silver. "I cannot reach it—yoursees have neither arms nor legs, (for he had concealed his arms which had been preserved, behind his back) so for the sake of heaven, put your charitable donation into my pocket, and the Lord bless you." The drover approached him, and as he stooped, to pick up the money, the sun shining, saw a shadow on the ground, which caused him to look up, when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his hand grasping a short iron bar. He arrested the blow in its descent, and seizing the robber, carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he drove off to the next town which was near, and brought his prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him a whistle was found in his pocket, which naturally induced a suspicion that he had accomplices in the wood. The magistrate, therefore, immediately ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been

seized, and they arrived within half an hour after the attempted murder. The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud: another whistle was heard under ground, three men at the same instant rose over the midst of a bushy clump of brambles and other dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell. The bushes were searched, and a descent discovered in a cave. Here were three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for servants; the boy, scarcely 12 years of age, was a son to one of the robbers.

The girls, in giving evidence, deposed that they had lived near three years in the cave, had been kept there by force from the time of their captivity, that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped and buried; and that the old soldier was carried out every day, and sat by the road side for two or three hours. On this evidence the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was broken by several strokes, in several places, and a *comp de grace* being denied, he lived in tortures for near five days. When dead his body was burned to ashes and strowed before the winds.

ONE REASON FOR BEING A CHRISTIAN.

I am a Christian, because the intrinsic excellency of Christianity points it out as a system worthy of my belief; because the laws which it prescribes, the spirit which it breathes, and the discoveries which it makes, are so admirably suited to the constitution and circumstances of man, that I cannot reject it.

The perceptive part of Christianity has been very generally approved. And how is it possible, that any one should seriously object to laws, which tend to correct the errors and reform the vices of human nature; and to exalt the character of man to the highest stage of moral perfection?

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cribe no value to any works, but those of piety and virtue.

They teach us to worship God in spirit and in truth; to love him supremely; to be grateful for his favors, and resigned to his dispensations; to trust to his mercy, and rejoice in his government.

They teach us to dismiss all anxious cares and apprehensions; and, having employed the means which infinite wisdom has appointed, to leave the event with infinite goodness.

They teach us to love our neighbor as ourselves; to forgive him when he has injured us; to bear with his infirmities, and to excuse his follies; to weep with him in his distresses;—when he is in want, to afford him our assistance,—and to do to him as we should think it fit and reasonable that he should do to us.

They teach us to love even our enemies, so far at least, as to abstain from revenge, and to render them offices of kindness when their circumstances call for commiseration.

They teach us to govern our appetites and passions, to be chaste, humble, temperate, pure, and as much as possible, to be like our father in Heaven, whose character is an assemblage of every natural and moral perfection.

They teach children to reverence and obey their parents; and parents to love, instruct, and provide for their children. They teach masters lenity, and servants faithfulness.

They teach the husband conjugal fidelity and affection; and the wife, the peculiar duties of her station, and the amiable virtues which adorn the sex, and bless the marriage union.

They teach rulers to exercise their authority for the public good; and persons in private life not to withhold honor and submission from those, under whose wise and just administration they lead quiet and peaceable lives.

In a word, the affluent and the poor, the prosperous and the afflicted, the aged and the young, may all find their duty in the sacred books; and the duties there enjoined, are such as the enlightened reason of every man must approve.

These sublime lessons of morality are found in various

parts of the New Testament. They enrich the divine sermon on the mount. They are contained in the excellent parables delivered by Jesus Christ. I also find them in the discourses of the Apostles, and in their pastoral letters.

I may say, wherever I open the Christian volume, I find some direction, which, if properly observed, would render me a good neighbor, a good member of society, a good friend, and a good man! Is it then possible for me to doubt the divine original of a system, which furnishes such rules; and contemplates so glorious an object?

If the prohibitions of Jesus Christ were universally regarded, and his laws obeyed, what blessings would pour in on society! There would be no wars among the nations of the earth. There would be no oppression. There would be neither tyrants nor slaves.

Every ruler would be just, every citizen would be honest; every parent would be faithful to his charge; every child would be dutiful: the purest affection would recommend domestic life; and neighbors would be mutual blessings.

Under the dominion of Christianity, envy, pride, and jealousy, would give way to the most enlarged benevolence. Human nature would recover its dignity; and every man would reap the present reward of his own virtues.

The doctrines of the Christian religion furnish an additional argument in its favor. They are such as appear worthy of God, and answerable to the natural expectations of men.

The perfections of the Deity, his agency in the creation and government of the world, the conditions of his approbation, the consequences, and a future state of existence, are points, respecting which every reasonable being would wish for information. And it is a fact, that the New Testament throws divine light on all these articles.

Combining the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, I am led, then, to infer from them, the truth of the system. Because the former are so important, and the latter so beneficial; because the doctrines of Christ tend to make us so wise, and his laws so good, I am, in a manner, compelled to receive them as divine. Such is their su-

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CAPTURE OF BABYLON BY CYRUS.

Among the events occurring in the history of this great kingdom, there are none more replete with interest and instruction than the circumstances which attended the death of Belshazzar. We are particularly struck with the manner in which this event is foretold in scripture, and the simple language, in which its accomplishment is narrated. Daniel relates so much of the history of the awful night which closed the reign and the life of Belshazzar, as is immediately connected with this subject, passing by the events which an uninspired historian would have siezed upon as best suited to excite the interest of his readers.— And we may remark in passing, that this is a characteristic of all the sacred historians. They never manifest anxiety to explain away apparent inconsistencies or to adduce extrinsic testimony to the faithfulness of their narratives. The sacred history stands forth in the simple majesty of truth, disdaining all human support, and reposing immovably in the might of her own inherent truth. Science and history have done her homage, as they have partially unrolled the book of knowledge, (open to her view from the beginning,) and developed from age to age new evidence of her inspiration.

A comparison of the prophecies relating to the event which forms our present subject, with history both sacred and profane, would be interesting. This, however, is not our purpose to make, but simply to adduce an interesting passage from Herodotus, a recent perusal of which has occasioned these remarks.

For a minute account of the awful scenes which occurred in the palace of Belshazzar, on the night of his destruction, we refer our readers to the fifth chapter of Daniel. The profligate monarch, secure in the protection of his massive walls, gave himself up on this occasion to unbounded revelry. A thousand of his lords, his wives and

to be

concubines, united in the scene of dissipation, and raised their hands in sacrilege against the Lord of hosts. The terrific vision which silenced their intemperate and profane merriment; the awful sentence written against Belshazzar upon the walls of his own palace, and its speedy execution, are circumstances upon which it is unnecessary to dilate. Let the reader examine them in the narrative of Daniel, and observe how well it accords with the account of Herodotus.

The writer informs us that Cyrus, having encountered the Babylonians in his march towards their city, defeated and chased them within its walls. He laid siege to it but the inhabitants anticipating this event had collected provisions and other necessities for many years support, so that they sustained the siege without concern. Cyrus continued it for a great length of time, without making the least progress, or obtaining the slightest prospect of success. Thus baffled in his designs by the strength of the city, and the presight of its inhabitants, he was brought into a state of great perplexity.

Whilst in this state of anxiety, Herodotus informs us, he adopted the following expedient, either from the suggestion of others, or from the deliberation of his own judgment. He placed one detachment of his forces where the river first enters the city, and another where it leaves it, directing them to enter the channel, and attack the town whenever a passage could be effected. After this disposition of his men, he withdrew with the less effective of his troops to the marshy ground which we have before described. Here he pursued in every respect the example of the Babylonian princes; he pierced the banks, and introduced the river into the lake, by which means the bed of the Euphrates became sufficiently shallow for the object he had in view. The Persians in their station watched the proper opportunity, and when the stream had so far retired as not to be higher than their thighs, entered Babylon without difficulty. If the besieged had either been aware of the designs of Cyrus, or had discovered the project before its actual accomplishment, they might have effected the total destruction of these troops. They had only to secure the little gates which led to the river, and to

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have manned the embankments on either side, and they might have enclosed the Persians in a net from which they never could have escaped : as it happened, they were taken by surprise ; and such is the extent of the city, that, as the inhabitants themselves affirm, they who lived in the extremities were made prisoners, before any alarm was communicated to the centre of the place. It was a day of festivity among them, and whilst the citizens were engaged in dancing and merriment, Babylon was, for the first time, thus taken.'

Xenophon, in the 7th book of his *Cyropædia*, states that two deserters, Gadata and Gobryas, led on the Persian army to the palace. They entered the room where the King was, and found him standing in a posture of defence ; but they soon despatched him and his associates. What a termination to a royal feast ! How awful a manifestation of the displeasure of God against revelry and profanity !

Episcopal Recorder.

CURRAN'S INGENUITY.

A farmer, attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to his host for the bailment ; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice : " Have patience, my friend," said the counsel ; " speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me." We must imagine and not commit to paper, the vociferations of the honest dupe, at such advice ; however, moved by the rhetoric, or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed his advice, and return-

ed to his legal friend. "And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again, but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Aye, sir, but asking won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel; "do as I bid you and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred. "at any rate to find that safe in his possession." "No, sir, I suppose I must be content: but I don't see as I'm much better off." "Well," then, said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." We need not add, that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.—*Legal Advertiser.*

FEMALE GENEROSITY.

I was one evening in a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of generosity. It was maintained by some of the gentleman, that it was more inherent in the male than in the female breast.—After many arguments on the subject, a lady related the following instance of generosity in a female.

"In the latter part of the French revolution, a young man, who was closely pursued by a body of gens d'armes, in the streets of Paris, stopped at a door in which there stood a young female, and requested concealment. There was no time to consider, as the soldiers were close at hand. She conducted him to a back building and locked him in. Scarcely had this been done when the soldiers passed.—As it happened, the very body of gens d'armes, who had pursued the young man, were invited by the owner of the house to take up their quarters for the night, and were put into a room in the same building in which the refugees had taken shelter; and as they occupied the room next the entrance, he could not escape without passing

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where they lay. In this dilemma, the young woman resolved to extricate him, if possible. She waited until she thought the soldiers were all asleep, and then passing through the room without awakening any of them, acquainted the stranger of his peril, and told him that if he would consent, she could conduct him to a neighboring church of which her uncle kept the keys, and secure him till the danger was over. He consented. She took him by the arm, and they entered the room where the soldiers were sleeping, when, in passing, he struck his foot against one of them, who jumped up, seized the young man and demanded who it was,—when the young lady, with great presence of mind, answered, "it is only I, who came to seek for"—fortunately, she had no more to say, as the soldier, hearing a female voice let go the arm. They passed on, and entering the church, she conducted him to the door of a vault, which was curiously concealed behind the altar, told him to enter there, and she would bring him food daily, until he should be enabled to venture forth in safety. She gave him the lamp, and shutting the door, immediately returned to the house.

"He descended into the vault, and seating himself on a tombstone, he there beheld recorded the names of his illustrious ancestors, who had long since mouldered into dust. He was overpowered with fatigue, and fell asleep, and did not awake until late in the morning, when he perceived that his benefactress had not been there, and he began to fear that something had happened to prevent her from coming again. He waited in terror and anxiety until night, but still she came not, and he laid down in despair on a tombstone, resolved to endure the lingering death which awaited him. He sunk into a lethargy, from which he was awakened on the following morning by the voice of his benefactress, calling on his name; but it seemed as if animation had ceased, for he was unable to move, or articulate a sound. He heard the dreadful sound of the door as it fell; he uttered a faint cry, and rushed up the steps. Fortunately, the young lady had not left the spot; she raised the door, entered the vault, and restored new life to the sufferer. She informed him that she had been unable to get to the church since his conceal-

ment, on account of the vigilance of the guards who were stationed at her uncle's, but that she had made arrangements by which she could supply him with food daily; she prepared to depart, and had ascended the steps, when they heard persons entering the church. She immediately closed the door of the vault, and the next moment they heard the steps of a body of soldiers passing and repassing about the church, who were searching for some refugees whom they suspected were concealed there. They were conducted by the unsuspecting uncle, who led them to every part of the building, to prove his innocence.

"Their footsteps were often heard by the trembling couple below, passing over the vault, but they did not perceive it. When they left the church, she left the vault with repeated assurances of daily supplying him with victuals. She performed her promise, and in a few days conducted him from the place of his concealment, and he was enabled to reach home in safety.

THE NOBLE SON.

"You are too parsimonious, Henry," said Mr D. to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting room one morning; "give me leave to say you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store." Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and in spite of his efforts to surpress it, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. "Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments," continued Mr D. "I would increase it."

"My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir," replied Henry, in a voice choked with emotion, but with that proud independence of feeling of which poverty had not been able to divest him. His employer noticed his agitation and immediately changed the subject.

Mr D. was a man of immense wealth, and ample benevolence; he was a widower—and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. He was not as beautiful as an angel, or as perfect as a woman,

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out the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her countenance! and you had but to become acquainted with her to love and admire her. Such was Caroline Delancey when Henry first became an inmate of her father's house. No wonder then that he worshipped at her shrine; no wonder then he soon loved her with a deep and devoted affection, and, reader, had you known him, you would not have wondered that that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial, cast in virtue's purest mould. Henry was the very soul of honor, and although he perceived with pleasure that he was not indifferent to Caroline, he still felt that he must conquer the passion that warmed his bosom. 'I must not endeavor to win her young and artless heart,' thought he. 'I am penniless, and cannot expect that her father would ever consent to our union—he has ever treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful.' Thus he reasoned—thus he heroically endeavored to subdue what he considered an ill fated passion. Caroline had many suitors, and some who were fully worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle yet decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet would not thwart her inclination. He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled ere he quitted the stage of existence. It was not long ere he suspected that young Henry was the cause of her indifference to others, from the evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised; the blush that overspread their cheeks whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they felt more than common interest in each other's welfare. He forbore making any remarks on the subject, but was not so much displeased at the disposition as the penniless Henry would have imagined. Henry had now been one year in his employ, Mr D. knew nothing of his family, but his strict integrity, his reproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired to make him esteem him highly. He was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear in dress as well as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe, for though he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to decency, his clothes were almost thread-bare. Mr D. did

not think that this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject, and if possible to ascertain the real cause. This he did in the manner related above.

Soon after this conversation took place Mr D. left home on business. As he was returning, and riding through a beautiful village, he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested drink. The mistress, with an easy air, and politeness which convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He accepted the invitation, and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of nothing more than what was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean that it gave charms to poverty, and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable looking old man, who had not seemed to notice Mr D. sat leaning on his staff, his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could scarcely have told which was the original piece.

'This is your father, I presume,' said Mr D. addressing the mistress of the house.

'It is, sir.'

'He seems to be quite aged.'

'He is in his eighty-third year; he has survived all his children excepting myself.'

'You have seen better days?'

'I have: my husband was wealthy: but false friends ruined him; he endorsed notes to a great amount which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another, until we were reduced to complete poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses and two of my children soon followed him.'

'Have you any remaining children?'

'I have one, who is my only support. My health is so feeble that I cannot do much and my father being blind needs great attention. My son conceals from my knowledge the amount of his salary; but I am convinced he sends me nearly all if not the whole of it.'

'Then he is not at home with you?'

'No sir, he is clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia.'

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'Clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia! pray what is your son's name?'

'Henry W——.'

'Henry W——!' reiterated Mr D. 'why he is my clerk; I left him at my house not a fortnight since.'

Here followed a succession of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety and solicitude that none but a mother can feel; to all of which Mr D. replied to her satisfaction.

'You know our Henry?' said the old man, raising his head from his staff, 'well Sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived—God bless him for his goodness to his poor old grand-father,' he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears ran down his aged cheeks.

'He is a worthy fellow, to be sure,' said Mr D. rising and placing a well filled purse in the hands of the old man, 'he is a worthy fellow, and shall not want for friends.'

'Noble boy,' said he, mentally, as he was riding leisurely along, ruminating on his late interview, 'noble boy, he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I believe he loves my girl, and if he does he shall have her, and my property into the bargain.'

Filled with this project, and determined if possible to ascertain the true state of their feelings towards each other, he entered the breakfast room the morning after his arrival at home.

'So Henry is about to leave us and go to England to try his fortune,' he carelessly observed.

'Henry about to leave us!' said Caroline, dropping the work she held in her hands, 'about to leave us and go to England!' she added in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

'To be sure, and what if he is, child?'

'Nothing, Sir, nothing, only I thought we should be rather lonesome,' she replied, turning away to hide the tears she could not suppress.

'Tell me, Caroline,' said Mr D. tenderly embracing her, 'tell me, do you love Henry? you know I wish your happiness my child. I have ever treated you with kindness, and you never concealed any thing from your father until now.'

'Neither will I now,' she replied, hiding her face in his

besom. 'I do most sincerely esteem him; but do not for worlds tell him so, for he never said it was returned.'

'I will soon find that out, and without telling him too,' replied the father, leaving the room.

'Henry,' said he, as he entered the counting house, 'you expect to visit the country, shortly, do you not?'

'Yes, Sir, in about four weeks.'

'If it will not be too inconvenient,' rejoined Mr D., 'I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer.'

'It will be no inconvenience, Sir, and if it will oblige you I will wait with pleasure.'

'It will certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about five weeks, and I would not miss having you attend the wedding.'

'Caroline to be married, Sir,' said Henry, starting as if by an electric shock, 'Caroline to be married! is it possible?'

'To be sure it is, but what is there wonderful in that?'

'Nothing, Sir, it is rather sudden—rather unexpected—that's all.'

'It is rather sudden to be sure,' replied Mr D., 'but I am an old man and wish to see her have a protector; and as the man of her choice is well worthy of her, I see no use in her waiting any longer, and am very glad you can stay to the wedding.'

'I cannot stay, Sir, indeed I cannot,' replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

'You cannot?' rejoined Mr D. 'why you just said you would.'

'Yes, Sir, but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go.'

'But you said it would put you to no inconvenience, but that you would stay with pleasure.'

'Command me in any thing else, Sir, but in this respect I cannot oblige you,' said Henry, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow, he had thought his passion subdued; but when he saw that Caroline was so soon, so irrecoverably to become another's, the latent spark burst forth into an unextinguishable flame; and he found it in vain to endeavour to conceal his emotions.

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The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness—'Now Henry,' said he, 'tell me frankly, do you love my girl?'

'I will be candid with you Sir,' replied Henry, conscious that his agitation had betrayed him, 'had I the fortune such as she merits, as you, Sir, have a right to expect, I should think myself the happiest of men, could I gain her love.'

'Then she is yours,' cried the delighted old man, 'say not a word about property. my boy, true worth is better than riches ; I was only trying you Henry, and Caroline never will be married to any other than yourself.'

The transition from despair to happiness was great. For a moment Henry remained silent but his looks spoke volumes. At last he replied :

'I scorn to deceive you, Sir, I am poorer than what you suppose—I have a mother and a grandfather, who are—

'I know it, I know it all,' said Mr D., interrupting him ; I know the reason of your parsimony, as it is called, and honor you for it ; it was that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline, so she shall be yours, and God bless you both !'

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline, soliciting her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the succeeding spring, but her father was inexorable. He supposed he should have to own one falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him bear two, but it was too much, and he would not endure it. He had told Henry she was to be married in five weeks, and he would not forfeit his word ; but perhaps, added he, turning to Henry, perhaps we shall have to defer it, after all, as you have important business in the country about that time.

'Be merciful, Sir, said Henry,' smiling, 'I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness.'

'I am merciful,' replied the old gentleman, 'and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed you could not.'

'You have been young, Sir, said Henry.

'I know it,' replied he, laughing heartily, 'but too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding.'

We have only to add that the friends of Henry were sent for, and that blest with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

THE PLAGUE IN FLORENCE, ITALY.

In the year 1348, the proud and populous city of Florence was laid low in sorrow by the scourge of one of the most destructive plagues which history records; a plague which, in the complication of its horrors, and the extent of its ravages, is entitled to a mournful eminence beside those of Athens, Marseilles and London.

This plague first broke out in the Levant, and moving on from place to place, finally, notwithstanding every precaution that human foresight could devise, made its appearance in the spring of the year, at Florence.

The malady was soon found to be contagious, and spread with frightful rapidity through the crowded population of the city. No sooner had the contagion become general than all social order was at an end: the constituted authorities of the city ceased to possess any control over the people, every one became undisputed master of his own actions; and in this universal anarchy and misrule abandoned miscreants rose up, who made the desolation of their fellow citizens the means of unhallowed gain, going from house to house and despoiling the deserted palaces of their plate and furniture, and even plundering the dead and dying in their last helpless agonies, of the very jewels they wore on their persons. Indeed, the morbid selfishness and hardness of heart, engendered by constant familiarity with these scenes of horror, which sometimes led the best to abandon their friends to fate, and tempted the bad to such acts of profligate pillage, manifested itself, in the whole conduct of the inhabitants. It

was the case with every person to whom the plague was communicated, now no more of intoxication, but a deadly calmness, a stony silence, and a deathly pallor.

But the plague was not confined to the lower classes, in health, in wealth, in class, thin, and shunning the world, themselves were not exempted, for every one was equally liable on the same terms, and entirely without exception, to be afflicted. The plague was passing day after day, and the process of visitation was taking place, and using the same means.

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A more circumstance, and their consideration, tempting to destruction, full objects of five months, were exposed to the violence, in the walls, dwelling in the private.

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was the custom in the city for the friends of a deceased person to assemble at his house, and sympathise with the afflicted family; but all the accompaniments of grief were now no more; the surviving relations, given up to a kind of intoxication of despair, converted the funeral solemnity into a revolting scene of laughter and noisy merriment.

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ated master of policy and misdeeds the desolation, allowed gain, deserted palaces, plundering, agonies, of the seed, the murdered by which some to fate, and village, man inhabitants. It

But the manner in which those persons who were yet in health, spent their time, was the most remarkable. One class, thinking to avoid contagion by moderation in diet, and shunning all excesses, formed little parties who shut themselves up from the world, paid no regard to whatever was passing without their doors, and living temperately on the best of wines and viands, occupied their minds entirely with music and other agreeable, but moderate recreations. Others, on the contrary, maintained free living to be the surest preservative, and accordingly they passed day and night in drinking, feasting, and every excess of vice, moving continually from tavern to tavern, taking possession of the untenanted mansions of the rich, and using all they contained as common property.

Another class held a middle course between these two extremes, neither binding themselves to a strict diet, like the one, nor indulging intemperance like the other, but eating and drinking as their feelings dictated, going about as usual, only smelling constantly of spicery and aromatic herbs, by way of protection against the influences of contagion.

A more numerous class, however, of those in easy circumstances, hurried away from the city, to their friends and their possessions, in the country, postponing every consideration to the love of life, and seeming to hold it a tempting of their fate to abide in a place thus doomed to destruction. But, not to dwell any longer on these painful objects, it is confidently affirmed, that within the space of five months, what, by the neglect to which the sick were exposed; what, by the inherent virulence of the pestilence, more than a hundred thousand souls perished within the walls of the city; so that many a magnificent dwelling was depopulated to the last servant; thousands in the prime of youthful vigor, who rose in the morning

seemingly in perfect health, were carried out to their last long home before night; large families became entirely extinct, as if they had never been; and a multitude of vast possessions remained without any living person to claim the inheritance.

REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

The following striking interposition of Providence, is said to have taken place during Mr Baxter's residence in Coventry. Several ministers ejected by the act of uniformity, who resided in that city, united with Mr Baxter in establishing a lecture in a private house on a neighboring common. The time of worship was generally a very early hour. Mr B. left Coventry in the evening, intending to preach the following morning. The night being dark, he lost his way, and wandering about a considerable time he came to a gentleman's house, where he asked for direction. The gentleman, thinking it would be unsafe for such a person to be wandering on the common at so late an hour, requested the servant to invite him in. Mr Baxter readily accepted the kind proposal, and met with a very hospitable reception. His conversation was such as to give his host an exalted idea of his good sense and extensive information.

The gentleman, wishing to know the quality of his guest, said after supper, "As most persons have some employment or profession in life, I have no doubt, sir, that you have yours." "Yes, sir, I am a man catcher." "A man catcher, (said the gentleman,) are you? I am glad to hear you say so, for you are the very person I want. I am a justice of the peace in this district, and am commissioned to seize the person of Dick Baxter, who is expected to preach at a conventicle in this neighborhood early to-morrow morning; you shall go with me, and I have no doubt we shall easily apprehend the rogue." Mr B. agreed to accompany him. Accordingly, the next morning, the gentleman took Mr Baxter in his carriage to the place where the meeting was to be held. When they arrived

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at the spot, they saw a considerable number of people hovering about, for seeing the carriage of the justice, and suspecting his intentions, they were afraid to enter the house. The justice observing this, said to Mr. Baxter, "I am afraid they have obtained information of my design; Mr. Baxter has probably been apprised of it, and will not fulfil his engagement; for you see the people will not enter the house. I think if we extend our ride a little farther, our departure may encourage them to assemble, and on our return we may fulfil our commission." When they returned they found their efforts useless, for the people still appeared unwilling to assemble.

The magistrate, thinking he should be disappointed of the object he had in view, observed to his companion—"That as the people were very much disaffected to government, he would be much obliged to him to address them on the subject of good behavior." Mr. Baxter replied, "that perhaps this would not be deemed sufficient; for as the religious service was the object for which they had come together, they would not be satisfied with advice of that nature; but if the magistrate would begin with a prayer, he would endeavor to say something to them." The gentleman replied, putting his hand into his pocket, "Indeed, sir, I have not got my prayer book with me, or I would readily comply with your proposal. However, I am persuaded that a person of your appearance and respectability, would be able to pray with them as well as to talk to them. I beg, therefore, that you would be so good as to begin with prayer." This agreed to, they alighted from the carriage and entered the house, and the people hesitating no longer, followed them—Mr. Baxter then commenced the service by prayer, and prayed with that seriousness and fervor for which he was eminent. The magistrate standing by was soon melted into tears. The good divine then preached in his accustomed, lively, and zealous manner. When he had concluded, he turned to the magistrate, and said, "Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit—I am entirely at your disposal." The justice, however, had felt so much during the service, and saw things in so different a light, that he laid aside entirely all his enmity to the nonconformists, and ev-

or afterwards became their sincere friend and advocate, and it is believed also a decided Christian.

EXECUTION OF HENRY FAUNTLEROY, Esq.

[From a London publication of November 30, 1824.]

This morning, at the usual hour, Henry Fauntleroy, Esq., late partner in the house of Marsh, Stracy, Fauntleroy & Co., underwent the dreadful sentence of the law. The unprecedented spectacle of a London banker condemned to die for *forgery*—that offence to which the property of a class of individuals at once so respectable and important in society, is peculiarly exposed;—excited a degree of interest in the public mind, beyond example. The multitude surpassed, in extent and in density, any crowd we ever saw within a space so limited. Although the justice and the necessity of this melancholy expiation, were generally recognized, the sympathetic commiseration of the vast concourse assembled to witness the last moments of the culprit, was manifestly pervading every bosom, and may be truly said to have been universal.

During the whole of yesterday many hundreds of individuals had collected in the open space before Newgate—composing groups of ten and twenty persons, all waiting with anxious curiosity for information and particulars respecting the unhappy prisoner, though without any reason for their anticipations.

The buzz of expectation communicated from ear to ear, nevertheless continued, and by midnight the whole space was crowded with people, though not with that density which the crowd subsequently assumed.

At two o'clock this morning, the workmen, issuing from the court yard which separates Newgate from the Sessions house, gave "dreadful note of preparation." The timbers which had been prepared, were now brought forth, and were distributed at the respective places at which it had been decided to erect extra barriers to divide the pressure of the crowd. The carpenters began their operations at these points. This prudent and necessary precaution

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resulted from the melancholy experience of that fatal catastrophe, which occurred at the execution of Holloway and Haggerty, where so many lives were lost by the undivided pressure of the crowd.

From this time, until four o'clock the crowd continued to increase; the workmen, however, continued their labor without material interruption, and by that hour the additional barriers were completed. A profusion of lamps and flambeaux cast a lurid glare over the countenances of the multitude, while the clank of crow bars, raising the pavement to receive the posts—the dull heavy reverberation of falling trunks and timbers—with the unceasing blows of axes and hammers, formed altogether a scene of awful and gloomy horror in perfect unison with the approaching consummation of the law.

Until half past three the sky was clear and bright with stars, although the moon had disappeared. It now became overcast, rain began to fall, and was succeeded by total darkness.

At four o'clock every public house in the immediate vicinity was crowded to overflowing, and the reflection of the lights showed a close compact arrangement of livid countenances, at every window within view of the awful scene. The crowd continued to increase, those who had hitherto experienced no other inconvenience than that of weariness, now began to feel a pressure which excited no slight degree of murmuring.

At half past four the gates of the court between the prison and the old Bailey, being suddenly thrown open, the fatal platform came forth, drawn by three horses, and was slowly dragged to its destination opposite the debtor's door. The heavy roll of this ponderous body, moving as it does on wheels of less than two feet diameter, is such as to have been felt in every part of Newgate, when slowly passing that massive building.

The erection of the fatal tree on the scaffold now dissipated the doubts of the few sceptics who still cherished the hope of "commutation," and from the early hour at which the gallows was prepared to receive its devoted victim, an anxious expectation became prevalent, of the

execution taking place sooner than that which had been customary. The rain continued to pour down in torrents—yet as far as could be judged by appearances, the ardor of those who had patiently waited for hours on their station, was not in the slightest degree abated.

Six o'clock.—The crowd had now increased to a degree which rendered the felon's door inaccessible. Mr Baker, who arrived at this time, in vain endeavored to penetrate the close phalanx by which all passage was impeded. At length with great difficulty, aided by much courtesy on the part of the surrounding multitude, who were apprised of the humane and charitable object of this truly benevolent and pious gentleman's visit, he obtained an entrance through the private door of Mr Wontner, the Governor's house. Immediately proceeding to the room of Mr Fauntleroy, he found the unhappy culprit in a state of resignation and comparative tranquility that was highly satisfactory, as evincing the salutary effects, of that religious consolation which had been so anxiously and so kindly administered by the united efforts of his spiritual comforters, the Rev. Mr Cotton, the Rev. Mr Springett, and Mr Baker. Mr Fauntleroy received his excellent friend and consoler with a degree of fortitude which manifested perfect resignation to his fate—thanking him with a solemn air, yet wholly divested of embarrassment, for the ready punctuality of his attendance in this his final exhibition of Christian friendship.

The arrival of Mr Baker afforded great and necessary relief to the Rev. Mr Springett, who had passed the entire night in the prison—the greater portion of that gloomy period in the room of Mr Fauntleroy, who during the interval between life and death, had for some short time laid down upon his bed, but the awful sensations of his mind forbade the repose he sought—and the very few hours thus devoted were perceptibly restless.

He had been shaved at five o'clock, and having washed and dressed, felt greatly refreshed. Nearly an hour was spent in devotional exercises after the arrival of Mr. Baker, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr Springett—the unhappy object of their solicitude manifested throughout extraordinary fervor and attention. His expressions of gratitude

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soling his last hours, were fervent—evidently from a heart
deeply and sincerely impressed with a just appreciation of
their merits. As if conscious of the inadequacy of words
to express his real feelings, he endeavored to commit to
paper that which verbal language could not express. Dur-
ing the night, or very early in the morning, he contrived
to write a letter, which was found addressed to those gen-
tlemen. In this he poured out his thanks with a power-
ful expression of feelings.

A few minutes before seven, the Rev. Mr. Cotton, the
Ordinary, entering Newgate, proceeded to the condemned
room in which prisoners spend the last hour previous to
execution, and there awaited the arrival of Mr Fauntle-
roy—who shortly after approached, supported by his reli-
gious friends. Previous to entering the condemned cell,
he put his hand into his pocket, and drawing out some
gold, delivered it to Mr Baker with a request that he
might apply it to the aid of such individuals in the pris-
on as should appear objects of distress and meriting relief.
Preparations were then made for administering the sacra-
ment, but previously to entering on that last solemn duty,
Mr F. requested that his favorite hymn might be sung,
commencing—

• “God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain,
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.”

This finished, he expressed his desire to partake of the

sacrament, and then joined in the service with the most profound solemnity. When the General Confession was read from the Communion service, he pointed significantly to the following part of it, varying his voice very much:

"We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings: the remembrance of them is grievous unto us, and the burden of them intolerable. Have mercy upon us," &c.

There were other parts of the sacred ritual which he also repeated with great emphasis, appearing to derive much consolation from this last act of solemn devotion. After the service was concluded, he seemed comforted, and serenity sat upon his brow.

Engaging in religious conversation, he expressed the strong hope and consolation he experienced, observing that he looked to heaven with a confident expectation of being shortly admitted a guest in the glorious mansion! The short interval which elapsed previous to the arrival of the sheriffs, he spent chiefly in silent meditation. During this time he took off his silver mounted spectacles, and requested Mr Baker to accept them as a dying token of his sincere and grateful regard, accompanying the gift with the following emphatic expression—"Remember, sir, these are what last assisted me to read the precious truths of the Gospel."

A little before eight, standing at the extreme corner of the room in discourse with his Rev. attendants and Mr Baker, he beheld the Sheriffs, with their under Sheriffs and Officers approaching, looking wishfully, toward them, he bowed respectfully, and then proceeded to express his grateful acknowledgments for the humane attention to his comfort which he had received. At this moment, Mr Wontner, the Governor, and Mr Barrett, Clerk of the papers, accompanied by some other gentlemen, entered the room. The officers then moved towards Mr Fauntleroy, with the cords for pinioning the arms and wrists of the unhappy criminal. This duty they performed in a manner as little offensive as possible, the prisoner moving his hands with a view to facilitate their object and throwing back the cuffs of his coat. He was at this time engaged in ejaculatory prayer, frequently exclaiming—"Lord Jesus

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receive my spirit,"—which he repeated several times before he arrived at the extremity of the prison. His hands and arms having been secured, he cast a serene look on his spiritual attendants, who supported him between them. Soon after the clock had struck eight every thing was prepared; the sheriffs then intimated that the time had arrived when they must proceed to the fatal platform, and leading the way were followed by the Reverend Ordinary of the prison: next followed the criminal, who raised his eyes, and hands as far as he could, towards heaven, and walked forward with a firm unshaken step; as he passed the several turnkeys, he appeared to give them a look of recognition. Having arrived midway between the press-yard and the debtor's door, the bell of death sounded its first solemn knell, announcing to the crowd, which now filled the whole space between Ludgate-hill and the pens in Smithfield, the advance of the mournful procession.—The Rev. Ordinary, in a deep sonorous voice, which echoed through the avenues of the prison, read that part of the burial service which commences—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." The prisoner raised his eyes to heaven, when the following beautiful passage was read: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my death worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." By this time the procession had arrived at the outer door, when the Rev. Mr Cotton proceeded up the steps to the platform, and was instantly followed by Mr Fauntleroy, who, still supported by his friends, ascended the fatal scaffold with a firm step, apparently not regarding the clamor of the crowd by which he was surrounded. He was dressed in a new suit of black—coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons—under which he wore silk stockings of the same color, and a pair of light pumps.

Being placed under the cross beam, the executioner proceeded to divest his neck of his white cravat; and putting on the cap, he immediately drew it over the face of

the criminal. The noose of the halter was then put over his neck and properly adjusted; the assistant executioner suspended the cord by affixing the hook at the extremity into the swivel prepared to receive it. These awful preliminaries did not last more than three minutes, during which time Mr Fauntleroy stood unmoved. The executioner then taking his station within reach of the fatal bolt, the Rev. Ordinary read as follows: "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery," &c. "But spare us, Lord most holy! O God most mighty! O holy and most merciful Savior! thou most worthy Judge eternal! Suffr us not at our last hour, from any pains of death, to fall from thee." On uttering the last word, the bolt being suddenly withdrawn, Henry Fauntleroy was launched into eternity.

Thus fell this unhappy man beneath the avenging arm of the law—in a few moments motion and life became extinct.

THE DOCTOR AGAINST HIS WILL.

[From the Dutch Salmiguand of M. Paul Van Hemert.]

The Grand duke Boris Gudonow, who reigned in Russia during the years 1697 and 1698, was, according to the relation of Olearius, very much afflicted with the gout. At a certain period, when he suffered very severe pains he caused it publicly to be proclaimed at Moscow, that he would reward with extraordinary favor and great riches the man, whoever he might be, that would relieve him from those pains.

It seems that no one voluntarily appeared to earn the favor of the Grand Duke; and indeed, no wonder, for a doctor had his whole existence at stake in those times in Russia, if his cure failed upon some high or noble patient; and Gudonow was in the habit of making the surgeon, as if he considered the latter an absolute master creature, responsible for the result of his art.

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net, who received very harsh treatment from her husband, took advantage of this public edict of the grand duke, to revenge herself, in a cunning manner, on her cruel husband. She therefore, had the Duke informed that her husband possessed an infallible remedy for the gout, but that he was not sufficiently humane to impart it.

The bojar was immediately sent for to court, and strictly examined; the latter declared by all that was ho- ly, that he was unacquainted with any such remedy, and had not the slightest knowledge of medicine. But oaths would not avail him. Gudenow had him severely whip- ped and confined. When, shortly after, he was again ex- amined, he repeated the same declarations, adding, that this trick was probably played upon him by his wife; the Duke had him whipped a second time, but more severely, and threatened him with death, if he did not speedily re- lieve him from pain. Seized with terror, the bojar was now entirely at a loss how to act. He promised to do his best, but requested a few days, in order to have the necessary drugs gathered. Having, with great difficulty, had his request granted, he sent to Oxirbak, two days' journey from Moscow, in order to get all sorts of drugs which were to be obtained there. He sent for a cartload of them, mixed them all together, and prepared a bath for the Duke, in the hope of this blind cure pro- ving successful. Gudenow, after having used the bath, really found some relief, and the bojar had his life spared him. Nevertheless, because he had known such an art, denied his knowledge of it, and refused his assistance to the Grand Duke, the latter had him again thoroughly whipped, and after being entirely recovered, he gave him a new dress, two hundred roubles, and eighteen slaves by way of a present.

In addition to this he seriously admonished the bojar never to be revenged on his wife. It is said that the bo- jar, after this occurrence, lived many years in peace and happiness with his spouse."

THE METHODIST.

The methodist is indefatigable in what he considers the duty of his Christian calling; he is zealous in his endeavors to bring sinners to the throne of grace; he is bold in reproving wickedness wherever he finds it, in high or low, rich or poor; he is earnest and affectionate in his efforts to draw erring mortals from the abyss of ruin, and place them on the firm ground of Christian hope: he sets before them the law in all its terrors, that they may with the more certainty flee to the gospel as a place of refuge; he deprives them of all hope in themselves, that they may fix their dependence on the Rock of Ages. He leaves no stone unturned to advance what he considers the cause of the gospel; he is a lion to the hardened sinner, and a lamb to the humble penitent; he travels every where, and preaches "the gospel to every creature," wherever "two or three are gathered together," he considers that place a fit temple for the worship of God, whether it be in a dwelling-house, a barn, a school-house, in the shade of the forest, or under the bare canopy of heaven; he is not confined to temples made and expressly dedicated to the worship of Jehovah, but considers every place sufficiently dedicated to that purpose which offers an occasion of doing good; he preaches the gospel where it was never preached before; he pervades every part of the country, and carries the glad tidings of salvation to those places where, but for him, they had never come. He considers no distance too great, no way too rough, and no place too obscure for his exertions; cold and heat, wind and storm, hunger and thirst, do not appal him; scoffing and insult have no effect upon him, but to make him, if possible, more zealous in the duties of his calling. If the mad populace hurl firebrands, he "reasons with them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;" he "heaps coals of fire on their heads;" madness gives place to admiration, insult to penitence, "and those who come to scoff remain to pray."

The Methodist cannot be accused of preaching the gospel from worldly motives. No man, not even his enemies,

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can say that he considers himself called upon to go only where wealth invites him. The society of which he is a member, has no gold to tempt him, no filthy lucre to corrupt him, no easy and luxurious life to allure him. If he needed any other motive than the satisfaction of doing good, he has one which has no connection with this world, it is "a crown of glory which fadeth not away." With his eyes fixed on that crown, and, like Stephen, looking steadfastly up to heaven, he perseveres in the steep and narrow way, and neither briars nor thorns obstruct his progress.

The Methodist preacher, generally speaking, owes but little to human learning. He is eloquent indeed, but his eloquence does not depend on studying the great models of Greece and Rome; it is not formed in the Porch, nor polished in the Academy: it is not made up of rounded periods nor regular climaxes; and owes little or nothing to the study of rhetoric. But the want of human learning is more than made up by a thorough knowledge of the volume of everlasting life; and Peter and Paul more than supply the place of Cicero and Demosthenes. Urged by the force of truth and the importance of his mission, he speaks boldly what he feels deeply, and needs not the polish of rhetoric to carry conviction to the hearts of his hearers. Warm, zealous, undaunted, he addresses the passions of his audience; he arouses their fears; he awakens their sorrow; he excites their gratitude, and encourages their hope. He is emphatically the friend of the poor and needy, the sick, the profligate, and the abandoned; of those who have no virtue to boast, no character to support, and no friends to guide them. Those who are well, need not a physician, and those who think they are well, will not apply to one; hence very few of the great ones of the earth are immediately benefited by the preaching of the Methodist. It is not those who sit on velvet cushions, and sleep under the sound of the gospel every Sunday; it is not to those who fare sumptuously every day, that the preaching and affectionate exertions of the Methodist, are peculiarly profitable and welcome; but to those who seldom have an opportunity of hearing the gospel—who have no hope in this life—and feel assured they have none

in the life to come; it is to such, the Methodist bears the glad tidings of salvation—checks the career of the sinner—guides him back to the path of virtue—gives him new ideas of the dignity of his nature and the value of his immortal part—and finally out of the most unpromising materials, produces the honest man—and the undeviating Christian. He is unwearied in his attention to the sick, in supporting, comforting, and leading them to the Rock of Ages; in directing them to the great physician of the soul, when remedies cease to avail for the benefit of the body. The consolation given by a kind and affectionate preacher, is so well described by Goldsmith that I need no apology for quoting the following lines:

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend Champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Dick Woodcock was the only child of a respectable farmer, living in one of the interior counties in the State of New-York. The father was a practical agriculturalist, in the true definition of the term; that is, he practised himself the theories he recommended to others; and in guiding a plough, or wielding a scythe or sickle, few in the neighborhood equalled, none excelled him. He was also famed (and why need fame be appropriated to the hero or poet only?) for keeping his estate in thorough repair. Not a furlong of fence was wanting, not a board hung endwise from any of his numerous buildings, nor was an old hat ever seen protruding its unmannerly crown

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The consequence of such industrious thrift may easily be divined. He was prosperous, respected and happy. Dick was his only child—a fine looking, noble spirited boy he was—the pride of his parents, and a pattern for all the little boys in the village where he dwelt. He was up with the robin in the morning, and you might hear his whistle as gay as her song, while he followed and emulated his father's industrious movements through a long summer day.

Many there were who advised Mr Woodcock to send his boy to college ; and to confess the truth, his paternal pride would have been gratified with the eclat of a liberal education for his son. But he finally abandoned the scheme, partly because he had the good sense to discover that his son had not the developments of a natural born genius ; but chiefly he could not bear to think his excellent farm would be, at his decease, transferred to the possession of strangers. He knew this must probably be the case should his son become a scholar ; and indeed his father would not have desired him to return to the plough with all his college ' honors thick upon him.'

Mr. Woodcock was a patriot of the old school, loving his country as he did his religion ; because he thought both best, without expecting for his faithfulness, worldly honor or emolument—asking favors of none save Heaven ; esteeming an honest man the noblest work of God ; and an independent farmer as the most enviable of all beings on the face of the earth. Thus he lived, at peace with himself and with all men ; and when he died his eulogium was the tear of unaffected sorrow for the loss of a useful citizen, and a pious Christian.

Dick was just nineteen when his father died ; but he wrote himself a man, and was so considered by all his acquaintances. And none of those prophecies of ruin to a fine estate, which are so often breathed forth when the accumulator is laid in the dust, were uttered on this occasion.

'He is gone,' said Colonel Piper, 'but he has left a wor-

thy son, who will tread in his fathers steps.'

'Ay, ay', rejoined Dr Soda, 'there'll be no falling off, I'll warrant ye. Dick will keep the body of his estate sound; he'll not hurry the circulation, as some young heirs would.'

'Mr Woodcock began the world with little or nothing,' said Squire Stapleton, 'and he has left property worth at least \$10,000; if Dick makes as good improvement, he will soon be the richest man in town.'

'And he is now one of the steadiest,' interrupted Deacon Church. 'I always see him at meeting on Sundays, and I never heard him accused of a vice, or even a folly.'

The ladies, too, were unanimous in their praises of Mr. Richard Woodcock; each remembering and retailing some anecdote of his cleverness and intelligence; and all rejoicing that his widowed mother, in her hour of bereavement and sorrow, had such a prop on which she might lean for support.

The young ladies might, perhaps, have felt rather self-interested, in his possessing a character as fair as his estate, had they not been deprived of all hope of obtaining such a prize: but the young and handsome heir was already engaged. And had not Chloe Harris been one of the best girls in the world, her flattering expectations must have excited envy among her associates. But Chloe was so sweet tempered, so unpretending, so dutiful and industrious, at home, and so obliging to her friends that her superior beauty, and even the proud fortune to which she seemed destined, were thought but the reward of her merits.

Dick and Chloe had been companions from infancy, and had loved before either ever read a novel, describing the causes and symptoms of the tender passion. Their affection was, therefore the dictate of nature, pure as her zephyrs, and sweet as her roses; no vanity was flattered in their preference for each other; no caprice indulged in their intercourse; each 'loved and was beloved,' and the completion of Dick's majority was assigned for their union—forever.

In an evil hour Dick became possessor of a Lottery ticket; and if the motive could ever hallow such a pur-

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chase, it would seem as if his must have been laudable. He purchased it as an act of humanity. A poor man, whose wife was sick and in need of many necessities, came to him, and relating the story of his wants and woes, produced the card of fortune, which he, it seems, had won at a game of bowls, and begged Dick to purchase it. Dick's feelings were compassionate—he would willingly have afforded relief to the suffering woman without any reward—but he knew the man, even should the ticket be a prize, would not be benefited, as his habits were not good, while the ten dollars would most probably be applied to make his family comfortable, in the exigence which really seemed to have touched his heart with sorrow, and his conscience with compunction.

So Dick paid the money and took the ticket; and repeating three several times to himself, 'It will certainly draw a blank,' he deposited it carefully in his pocket book.

However my young hero might flatter himself with being perfectly unconcerned in the result of the experiment, there was, that evening, a restlessness in his feelings which he had never before experienced; and when he laid himself down to sleep, a thousand busy schemes and wild fancies floated on his imagination. Golden dreams hovered over his pillow; gay visions seemed beckoning him to bowers of pleasure, and he awoke in a state of fevered excitement, that, although it might presage happiness, was very far from deserving that epithet. He had now a new theme for speculation, and the possibility of obtaining a prize rendered information concerning the management of lotteries far more necessary and important than the cultivation of his farm. Even his visits to his beloved Chloe were shortened; yet he intended fully to repair his negligence when he could surprise her with the tidings of his good fortune, and call on her to assist him in forming plans for the enjoyment of his wealth.

Ah, dear deluding Imagination! How lofty are thy structures; how unclouded thy horizon; how placid thy waters! how enchanting thy landscapes! Who, beneath thy influence, can believe a word, a look, a breath will dissolve such magnificence, darken such brightness, disturb such tranquility, or deform such loveliness! but, Imagina-

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ation, thou art a false meteor,' and whoever quits the steady way of reason to follow thy delusive light, will find it a faithless guide—it glitters but to betray.

The important drawing was at length, after various delays, completed, and Dick received a confirmation of his sanguine hopes. He had drawn a prize! the highest prize! \$50,000!! Ah pleasure, canst thou come in a brighter form than in the golden shower?

Well, I say nothing of Dick's feelings on this occasion, they were too sublime for description; but his friends congratulated, the world, (by this term I mean all who ever heard of Dick or of his good fortune) talked, and wondered, and envied; and about five hundred tickets, in the 'Second Class,' were immediately purchased, mostly by young men in that village and vicinity; the purchasers all sanguine in the hope of obtaining a similar prize. What a mercy that they were all disappointed!

Dick had now become lord of himself; and according to previous arrangements, should have been married to Chloe Harris. But he postponed the wedding till he had visited the city and secured his riches. 'Wealth maketh many friends,' said Solomon, and our golden-fledged hero fully proved the truth of the apothegm. The gentlemen to whom he was introduced in the city, lavished on him expressions of attachment, and offers of assistance: cards and compliments gratified his vanity, *déjeuners* and dinners his appetite, till the parade and pleasures of the commercial metropolis made him think the pursuits of a country life 'weary, stale and flat,' indeed, if not 'unprofitable.'

There was one young merchant, by the name of Ashton, to whom Dick became particularly attached. Ashton was gay, intelligent and insinuating; and it is not wonderful that a young and inexperienced heart should be deluded by his fair seeming. He soon perceived the ascendancy he had gained over the mind of Dick, and employed it to convince him that a life passed in the retirement of the country must be monotonous and miserable; and that to insure himself permanent felicity and an immense increase of wealth, it was only necessary to enter into a partnership with him, Mr Augustus Ashton, and fix his residence in the city. His artifices were ingenious, and

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arguments specious,—that they were deceitful and un-
sound the event proved: but perhaps, under like circum-
stances, older and wiser men than Mr Woodcock might
not have discovered their fallacy.

Ashton introduced him to his sister. She was very
pretty and highly accomplished—that is, she dressed ele-
gantly, danced gracefully, and played divinely. Dick
loved music, naturally—he had never read Shakespeare,
and knew nothing descriptively, about the 'concord of
sweet sounds,' yet his ear delighted in harmony, and he
had, for several years, been esteemed the very best singer
in his own village meeting-house. But such airs—such
symphonies, he had never listened to before! Oh, when
the fair Belinda Ashton touched her instrument, his very
soul seemed to thrill, and was indeed 'wrapped in Elys-
ium!'

There was, at this time, but one circumstance which
prevented Dick's felicity from being perfect; and that was
such a trifle that I am almost ashamed to mention it.—
But some how trifles do form our happiness, and trifles
will make us miserable.—he had become disgusted with
his name. Woodcock,—it was not a romantic or heroic
name, to be sure, but it had always sounded well enough
in the rustic place in which it was his lot to be born, and
where he might have lived and died without discovering
its uncouthness.

Now such bliss of ignorance was denied him, for he had,
one fatal evening, over-heard two city ladies repeating it
with peculiar accents of ridicule. He never afterwards
could endure it; and on disclosing to Ashton the cause of
his inquietude, that faithful friend assured him it might
easily be removed. An application to the Legislature for
leave to alter his name was all that was necessary.

Now was the fancy and taste of Miss Belinda Ashton
exercised and displayed, in selecting a name for the friend
of her dear brother. The consultations held concerning this
important matter were many and various. Novels were
ransacked, characters compared, sounds and syllables crit-
icised. The labors of Webster, when tracing the etymol-
ogy of *bridegroom*, would have yielded in intensity to this
same pecking research. Finally *Besumont* was the for-

fortunate name which had the honor of receiving the preference, Ashton posted, forthwith, to Albany, where the Legislature was, providentially, (as Dick thought, though he did not dare to allude to such a cant word as *providence* in the presence of Belinda) then in session, to expedite the alteration; and Dick hastened home to arrange his affairs, and prepare for a permanent residence in the city of New-York.

He still intended to fulfil his engagements with Chloe Harris, yet there were several reasons which urged a further delay. He wished to settle his business, and acquaint himself more fully with the customs of the city, before introducing his wife into such stylish scenes; and he sometimes wished, though he shrunk from expressing it, that she could become more accomplished before making her debut. There was a strife between his newly awakened vanity and his early affiction, which the woman who loved as Chloe did, could not fail of perceiving. It wounded her to the heart—and when he saw her sorrowful his first feelings of tenderness were awakened, and he would dwell on the scenes of happiness which awaited them, with all the lover's enthusiasm; but when, in the ardor of his passion, he pressed her hand, another vision arose. He sighed while he lamented that she had never been taught to play upon the piano. 'It would now be vain to attempt it,' said he, 'you have, my dear Chloe, been obliged to work so much, that your hand would never be quite pretty enough for display; nothing looks so lovely as a soft, white hand, when just touching the keys with a motion that gives the fingers the appearance of glancing sunbeams.'

From that evening Chloe despaired of ever making him happy. However, she listened to his promises of a speedy return, without exhibiting any distrust; and it was not until after he had departed for the city that she wept in bitterness over her withered hopes. That they were to be blasted a few months decided. A paper from New-York announced the marriage of Mr Richard Beaumont, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Belinda Philomela Ashton.

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'What, Dick Woodcock married to a city miss!' said Colonel Piper. 'He'll pay dearly for his whistle, I guess. Fine birds must have fine feathers.'

'He never will prosper in this world—that's certain,' said Miss Charissa Comstock, a maiden lady, whose age gave her authority as an oracle.

'It is bad business, dealing in lottery tickets,' observed Doctor Soda, who, by the way, had drawn three blanks. 'Riches got in such a hasty manner never wear well.'

'Tis a pity, truly a pity, and I mourn that one so promising should fall into error,' said the clergyman, who was truly benevolent and sincere.

In short, not a person in the town, except Chloe Harris, was silent on the occasion of Dick's fickleness and faithlessness. Even his own mother, dearly as she loved him, and proud as she was of his prosperity, acknowledged he was greatly to be blamed. Many talked of a prosecution, and guessed Chloe might obtain full half his fortune as her damages; but none dared hint such a manner of revenge to the fair, injured, but uncomplaining girl.

A short time, however, brought a letter from the recreant swain to his forsaken mistress, in which he made many awkward attempts at apology; declaring his friendship for her unalterable, wished her a better husband than he ever should make; and finally, begged her acceptance of a draft for \$1000, which his letter enclosed, as some reparation of the wrong he had done her.

This is a speculating, selfish age; and to think 'money will answer all things,' is too much the characteristic of Americans. Shame on them, that with their high privileges of intellectual, moral, and civil improvement, they should make gold their god! Even ladies have not escaped the contamination of selfishness. A few hundred dollars will dry the weeping eyes of the most despairing damsel, and make her think the defection of her plighted swain a very lucky speculation—and so, instead of breaking her own heart, she very coolly determines to break his credit, comforting herself with the thought that cash is more current than love. Such is avarice. Honor, patriotism, religion, even delicacy and affection are molten to the altar of avarice. God of my country, is there no

word of power that can exorcise this demon from among us!

The noble mind of Chloe Harris disdained such a mercenary appeal. She had loved Richard fondly, dearly, truly. He had broken his vows,—but she could not forget her tenderness; and now, should she accept of paltry gold as an equivalent for his affection? No—she spurned the base idea. She returned him his letter and draft, without comment or expostulation, leaving the injuries he had done her to God and his own conscience for accusation and punishment. Her faded cheek and melancholy eye alone told the tale of her wrongs and her sorrows, and the pity of her friends was only exhibited by added respect and increased attentions and tenderness towards the dignified and innocent sufferer.

Thus passed away two years, during which time they frequently heard of *Mr Beaumont*, alias Dick Woodcock, and of the splendid style in which he was figuring. Many of the old people shook their heads, and observed they feared, (that is, hoped,) he would see hard times before he died; but nearly all the young men thought him a very fortunate and happy fellow. Dick could have told them a very different tale. Yet few grow wise by the mistakes of others; it is only by experience that we are convinced that gaiety is not happiness. Dick had surfeited on the pleasures of the world and found them fallacious. He had been introduced to every fashionable vice, and found his peace and health and fortune were to be sacrificed in the pursuit. He was new to sin, and open to reproof; and had he but possessed one faithful friend, to have warned him of his danger, and pointed out the means of escape, he might have been rescued from ruin. But he had forsaken those who loved him for himself, and was surrounded by a set of interested sharpers and holyday friends, who only wished to fleece him of his substance, or feed at his expense.

His wife was all sentiment in her expressions, and selfishness in her heart. She had married him solely for his fortune, and seemed determined, by the extravagance of her expenditures to make herself amends for what she considered her sacrifice of dignity in the connection with

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an unlettered country booby. In short, Dick found his elegant house was only for the accommodation of company, that the costly furniture was all arranged for parties, that his servants were kept to wait upon his guests, and his wife's smiles, and music, and taste, and time, were all devoted to the entertainment of those she thought better worth her attention than her husband.

Where now the social hearth, the kindred smile, the domestic confidence he had been educated to enjoy? Too late he repented his infatuation. He thought of the affection of Chloe, of her modest virtues and home-loving disposition; of the estimation in which all his wishes had been held by her, and—but it was 'too late'—the die was cast; onward he must go, knowing, also, that the end would be ruin.

It seemed as if fortune, with her proverbial inconstancy, now sought to torment and disappoint as much as she had before favored him, and almost every speculation into which he entered, owing either to his own ignorance, or to the villany of those with whom he was concerned, was unsuccessful; and from what might well have been termed an independent fortune, he soon began to be in want of money. To relieve himself from some of his embarrassments he disposed of his paternal estate, which he had left in the management of his mother. This, he feared, would give her uneasiness, but he knew not how to avoid it.

When the new owner arrived at the village, and announced to Mrs Woodcock the purchase of the farm, not even excepting the reversion of her dower, she seemed thunder-struck; but when he actually took possession, her reason well nigh forsook her. She had borne the death of her husband with the fortitude of a christian; that was an inevitable evil. She had been cheerful under the desertion of her son, for she was a bustling woman, and the care of the estate had occupied her mind and prevented her from dwelling on the dangers to which she was exposed. But now she was bereft of all—and to see the fields her husband had cultivated, the trees he had planted, the house he had erected, in the possession of a stranger, while she had gone to 'soothe her passage to

the grave,'—her mind could not support it. A nervous fever attacked her; and now it was, that the strength and disinterestedness of Chloe Harris' affection for her first and only love, was tested. She lavished on the mother the tenderness which neither his falsehood nor time had destroyed towards the son. Day and night she sat by her pillow, and tended and soothed her, as if she had indeed been her mother. And when the poor heart-broken woman wept over the follies, and predicted the ruin of her prodigal, Chloe always found some extenuating circumstance to urge in his favor, even while weeping herself at the remembrance of his cruelty and injustice. A short time, however, terminated the sufferings of Mrs Woodcock. She died blessing Chloe, and charging her with reproofs and forgiveness for her erring son.

Richard had been informed of his mother's illness, but did not—perhaps could not, visit her, and she was laid in the grave, and wept only by Chloe. From that day the sweet girl seemed pining with unrestrained sorrow. While she thought the man she had loved, was happy, she had endeavored to bear her own disappointment unmurmuring; but now, when convinced that he had sacrificed his own peace and honor at the shrine of folly, and that the day was not far distant when, deprived of his fortune, he must be degraded and miserable, she wept for him as well as for herself; and her sorrow, joined with the fatigue she had undergone in nursing Mrs Woodcock, soon terminated in a quick consumption. She welcomed the approach of death as a kind messenger, which would bear her from a world of sorrow to a region of peace, and departed without a struggle. Before her strength was exhausted she had written a letter to Richard, in which, after detailing the circumstances of his mother's death, and delivered her dying admonitions, she adverted to her own situation, briefly describing the tortures he had inflicted on her trusting heart, and concluded by saying—

'Before this meets your eye I shall be laid in the calm and silent grave. I die willingly—I die peacefully—but oh, Richard, how will you meet the king of terrors! When that hour approaches, assure yourself of my forgiveness; yea, when your own conscience speaks in

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thunders, let my remembrance whisper forgiveness of all I can forgive. Would that I could assure you of the pardon of Heaven! Farewell, farewell! I shall pray for you with my latest breath.' She had given directions that it should not be sent till after her death.

Dick, meanwhile, was suffering the penalty of his faults. Partly to stifle reflection, and partly yielding to example, he had become a gambler, and always losing, as is generally the case with novices in this pastime, his ruin had become inevitable. Attachments were levied on his property,—if he went abroad, he was assailed by duns,—at home he was met with reproaches, till he felt existence a burden, and even breathed blasphemous wishes that he might be annihilated.

It was during one of these paroxysms of desperation that the letter from Chloe was put into his hands. Here collected the hand-writing, and trembled: yet there were sweet feelings mingled with his terrific ones. He thought of her love, of the happy hours they had passed together, of the happy life they had anticipated—his heart melted; he kissed the signature, while his eyes were filled with tears. He broke the seal, but when he had read the contents the whirlwind of his passions defied control. His dying mother—his darling Chloe—he saw them—he heard their meek voices raised to bless the wretch who had sacrificed them to his vanity.

'O!' he exclaimed—'if they had only cursed me! Why did they not curse me? I deserved it—I would have bowed down in the dust, and submitted to my punishment. Yes, I deserve the most horrible!'—and then he raved against his own folly, and called heaven's vengeance on the villains who had betrayed him, till his strength was exhausted; then recurring to the forgiveness of those injured ones, his soul softened, and he wept aloud.

Forming a hasty resolution to quit a place which had become intolerable to him, he took passage in a vessel for New-Orleans. He took no leave of his wife—all was the effect of a momentary determination. During the voyage he was gloomy and abstracted; his only satisfaction being derived from perusing the letter of Chloe Harris, which he kept constantly in his bosom. Sick at heart,

when he landed at New-Orleans, he took no precautions to guard against the yellow fever which was then prevailing: it attacked him, and in three days from the time he landed, pressing the letter of Chloë to his bosom, he fervently ejaculated—'O God! forgive me,' and expired.—
Lead us not into temptation.—[*Mrs. Hale.*]

BUONAPARTE'S TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.

The very curious and convenient chariot of the late Emperor of France, which was exhibited at the London Museum, Piccadilly, in 1818, was built by Symons of Brussels, for the Russian campaign, and was adapted to the various purposes of a pantry and a kitchen; for it had places for holding and preparing refreshments, which by the aid of a lamp, could be heated in the carriage; it served also for a bed-room, a dressing room, an office, &c.; there was a separation rising about six inches, dividing the seats. The shape of this ingenious vehicle was of the form and dimensions of a large modern English travelling chariot, only that it had a projection in front of about two feet, the right hand half of which was open to the inside to receive the feet, and thus formed a bed—the left hand contained a store of various useful things.

Beyond the projection in front, and nearer to the horses, was the seat for the coachman, ingeniously contrived so as to prevent the driver from viewing the interior of the carriage, and yet so placed as to afford those within, a clear sight of the surrounding country—beneath this seat was a receptacle for a box, about two and a half feet in length and four inches square, with a bedstead of polished steel, which could be fitted up in a couple of minutes.

Over the front windows was a roller-blind of strong painted canvas, which when pulled out excluded rain which entered by.

On the ceiling of the carriage was a net work for carrying small travelling requisites; in a recess there was a cupboard, ten inches square by eighteen inches in length, which contained nearly a hundred articles presented to

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colleen by Maria Louisa, under whose care it was fitted
with every luxury and convenience that could be im-
aged; and contained, besides the usual requisites for a
toilet-box, most of which were solid gold, a magnifi-
cent breakfast service, with plates, candlesticks, knives,
&c., spoons—a spirit-lamp, for making breakfast in the
kitchen—gold coat for Napoleons—gold wash-hand basin;
variety of essence bottles, perfumes—and an almost
infinite variety of articles, down to pins, needles, thread
&c. Each of these were fitted into recesses, most
ingeniously contrived, and made in the solid wood in which
they were packed together, and many within each other,
such a narrow space, that, on seeing them arranged it
seemed impossible for them ever to be put in so small a
space:—at the bottom of this toilet box, in divided re-
cesses, were found two thousand gold Napoleons; on the
top, writing materials, looking glass, combs, &c.—a li-
ber case which had two bottles, one with Malaga wine,
other rum, a silver Sandwich box, containing a plate,
cutlery, spoons, paper and salt boxes, mustard pot, decan-
tation glasses, &c.—a wardrobe, writing desk, maps, tele-
scope, arms, &c.—a large silver chronometer, by which
watches of the army were regulated, two merino mat-
tresses, a green velvet travelling cap—also a diamond
dress (tiara,) hat, sword, uniform, an imperial man-
drel, &c.

A SINGULAR STORY.

While I was in the country, [says Madame de Montier,
one of her letters,] I chanced to fall in company with
an old friar, eighty years of age, who related to me the
following story.

About forty years ago he was sent for to a highway
robbery, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a
small chapel with the malefactor, and while he was waiting
every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived
that he was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to
the sermon. My dear friend, said he, you do not reflect

that you must soon appear at a more awful tribunal than that which has so lately condemned you! What can divert your attention from that which is of such infinite importance?—Then, rather, resigned the malefactor, but cannot divest myself of the idea—that it is in your power to save my life. How can I possibly effect that? said the magistrate; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity, perhaps, of committing many more crimes?

If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word—I have beheld my fate too near, again to expose myself to what I have felt.

The magistrate acted as you or I would have done; he yielded to the impulse of compassion; and it only remained to contrive the means of the man's escape. The chapel in which they were, was lighted by one small window, near the top, sixteen feet from the ground. You have but need the culprit to the altar, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and you can get upon it, I can reach the window by the height of your shoulders. The magistrate consented to this arrangement, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the magistrate what had become of the culprit. He must have been an angel, replied coolly; for, by the faith of a priest, he went through the window.

The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he were laughing at him, and requested to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel—where the good man was sitting, who pointing to the window, warned them upon his conscience, that the malefactor did not sit at it, that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that however, he were a criminal, which he could not suspect, after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian.

The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at the good man's easy frolic, and after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away.

Twenty years after, this magistrate travelling over

knew, lost his way; when just as day was closing, a
 kind of peasant accosted him, and after examining him
 attentively, asked him whither he was going, and
 told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous
 one. If you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you
 to a farm, where you may pass the night in safety. The
 peasant was much embarrassed; the civility visible in the
 man's countenance, excited his suspicions; but considering
 that, if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossi-
 ble to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His
 fears were not of long continuance; he soon perceived
 a farm which the peasant mentioned; and as he enter-
 ed, the man who was the proprietor of it, told his wife
 to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the
 poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer.
 While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered
 followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed:—
 My children pour forth grateful thanks to this good friar,
 as it has been for him, you would not have been here,
 if I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly re-
 cognized the features of the speaker—and recognized the
 man whose escape he had favored. The whole family
 loaded him with caresses and kindness; and, when he was
 seated with the man, he enquired how he came to be so
 well provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief,
 and resolved to lead a good life in future, I begged my
 way hither,—which is my native country, and engaged in
 the service of the master of this farm. Gaining his fa-
 vor by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave
 me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my
 endeavors. I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg that
 you will dispose of me and all that belong to me. I shall
 now die content, since I have been able to see and testi-
 fy my gratitude towards my deliverer. The friar told
 him, he was well repaid for the service he had rendered
 him by the use to which he had devoted the life he had
 reserved. He would not accept of any thing as a re-
 compense; but could not refuse to stay some days with
 the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This
 good man then obliged him to make use of one of his
 horses for his journey, and never quitted him till he

had passed the dangerous roads which abounded in those parts.

THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

Twelve friends, of nearly the same age, and fixed, by their pursuits, their family connexions, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day when they were drinking wine at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations: That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the first and last day of the year; that the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that when one died, eleven should meet—and when another died, ten should meet, and so on; and that, when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the first time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and, in the first glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened these anticipations was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment, that of the hapless wight who was destined to uncork the first bottle at this lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into; and as their yacht glided along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their first and last feasts of the ensuing year. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They wanted in conjecture of what changes time would operate.

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her upon their appearance, when they should meet,—
 some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout,
 others poking about with purblind eyes, tidy little brown
 igs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of
 mourning for the death of a great grand-daughter or a
 great-great-grandson.—Palates, wrinkles, toothless gums,
 stiff joints and trembling knees, were handled about in sal-
 es of exuberant mirth, and appropriated, first to one and
 then to another, as a group of merry children would have
 attributed golden palaces, flying chariots, diamond tables,
 and chairs of solid pearl, under the fancied possession of a
 magician's wand, which could transform plain brick and
 timber, and humble mahogany, into such costly treasures.
 'As for you, George,' exclaimed one of the twelve, ad-
 dressing his brother-in-law, 'I expect I shall see you as
 dry, withered, and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere
 outside of a man!' and he accompanied the words with
 hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side
 of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conver-
 sation which had been carried on. The sudden manual
 allusion of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance,
 and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the hea-
 vy splash, before they could be said to have seen him fall.
 The yacht was proceeding swiftly along; but it was in-
 stantly stopped. The utmost consternation now prevail-
 ed. It was nearly dark, but Fortescue was known to be
 an excellent swimmer, and startling as the accident was,
 they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could
 not lose him. They listened. They heard the sound of
 his hands and feet. They hailed him. An answer was
 returned, but in a faint gurgling voice, and the exclaima-
 tion, 'Oh God,' struck upon their ears.—In an instant two
 or three who were expert swimmers, plunged into the
 water, and swam towards the spot whence the exclaima-
 tion proceeded. One of them was within an arm's length
 of Fortescue: he saw him; he was struggling and bur-
 stling the water; before he could be reached, he went
 down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles
 of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. "He
 reached after him, and touched the bottom; but the tide must

have drifted the body onwards, for it could not be found. They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where the ropes were kept, and having procured the necessary apparatus they returned to the fatal spot. After the lapse of above an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation; but in vain, and they now pursued the remainder of their course to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the freshness of health, of spirits, and of life! Amid their sorrow or grief, they could not but reflect how soon one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of the little festive circle.

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue; eleven of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, six on one side, and only five on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the untutored influences of wine, a circle of select friends, and a season of prescriptive gaiety. Even those pinching troubles of life, which come home to a man's own bosom, will light up a smile, in such moments, at the beaming countenance and jocund looks of all the rest of the world.

A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life made up the sum of tender posthumous "offerings to the names of poor George Fortescue," as they proceeded to discharge the more immediate duties for which they were met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potations of fine old hock and "capital madeira," they had ceased to discover anything so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number, eleven.

The rest of the evening passed on to their hearts' content. Conversation was briskly kept up amid the usual fire of pun, repartee, anecdote, politics, boasts, heads,

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okes, broad laughter, erudite disquisitions upon the vi-
age of the wines they were drinking, and an occasional
song, towards eleven o'clock when it might be observed
that they had emptied their glasses with less symptoms
of palating the quality of what they quaffed, and filled
them again, with less anxiety as to which bottle or decan-
ter they laid hold of, they gradually waxed moral and ten-
der; sensibility began to ooze out; "poor George For-
rescue!" was once more remembered: those who could
mount, sighed to think there were only eleven of them;
and those who could see, felt the tears come in their eyes,
as they dimly noted the inequality of the two sides of the
table. They all agreed, at parting, however, that they
had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each oth-
er on having instituted so delightful a meeting, and prom-
ised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing eve-
ning when they were to celebrate the new-year, whose en-
trance they had welcomed in bumpers of claret, as the
watchman cried "past-twelve!" beneath the window.

They met accordingly; and their gaiety was without
any alloy or drawback. It was only the *first* time of
their assembling, after the death of "poor George For-
rescue," that made the recollection of it painful; for,
though but a few hours had intervened, they now took
their seats at the table, as if eleven had been their origin-
al number, and as if all were there that had ever been
expected.

It is thus in every thing. The *first* time a man enters
prison—the *first* book an author writes—the *first* paint-
ing an artist executes—the *first* battle a general wins—
differ exceedingly from their *first* repetition. There is a
charm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight insepara-
ble from the *first* experience, which no art or circumstance
can impart to the *second*. And it is the same in all the
dearer traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy and
anguish in the *first* assaults of sorrow, which is never
found afterwards. In every case, it is simply that the
first fine edge of our feelings had been taken off, and that
can never be restored.

Several years elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up
their double anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be

called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness, for on that very day, their friend, companion, brother almost, was hanged! Yes, Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for 'having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange, which passed into his hands for 700£, passed out of it for 1700£, he having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds, and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the words of it. The forgery was discovered,—brought home to Rowland,—and though the greatest interest was used to obtain a remission of the fatal penalty, (the particular male favorite of the prime minister himself interfering, poor Stephen Rowland was hanged. Every body pitied him; and nobody could tell why he did it. He was not poor; he was not a speculator; but phrenology settled it. The organ of *acquisitiveness* was discovered in his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship, and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme: and having thus interdicted the only thing which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of a dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight. An embarrassing restraint, indeed, pervaded the little conversation which grew up at intervals. The champagne was not in good order, but no one liked to complain of its being *ropy*. A beautiful painting of *Van dyke*, which was in the room, became a topic of discussion. They who thought it was *hung* in a bad place, shrunk from saying so; and no one ventured to speak of the execution of that great master. Their host was having the front of his house repaired, and at any other time he would have cautioned them, when they went away as the night was very dark, to take care of the scaffold.

ange. But, alas! as darkened by a business, for on that other almost, was wit, the oracle, the turning of that day, for having made a place. In other words, he had drawn the reds, and the black, examining the words—brought home to interest was used to (the particular of himself interfering). Every body pitied it. He was no phrenology settled, discovered in his pigeon's egg. ay, that even wine dispel the gloom, agreed beforehand, pressing and melting the only thing, the natural color took the place of long before midnight, pervaded the intervals. But no one liked the painting of Van a topic of discussion in a bad place, ventured to speak. Their host was here at any other time they went away are of the scaffold.

but no, they might have stumbled right and left before he would have pronounced that word, or told them not to break their necks. One, in particular, even abstained from using his customary phrase, "this is a drop of good wine;" and another forbore to congratulate the friend who sat next him, and who had been married since he last saw him, because he was accustomed, on such occasions, to employ figurative language, and talk of the holy noose of wedlock.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven lock shad become grizzled; two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port, and warm Madeira carried it against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand bags—the fire more in request, and a quiet game at whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great-coats, tying on woollen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail-coach, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the grav-

ed, and expired beneath the knife—a third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only surviving and beloved daughter; a fourth was carried off in a few days by a *cholera morbus*; a fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained a judgment in his favor by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful owner of ten thousand a year,—ten minutes after he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it, as he grasped convulsively a bundle of Exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every night placed for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance, and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year, to observe the frolic compact, which, half a century before they had entered into at the Star and Garter, at Richmond! Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh;) and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulses through their veins, they talked of the past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them,—and of their future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable; two could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

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At length came the *last dinner*; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head fourscore and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was at his own house, and at his own table they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained, for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had then uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow; and, for a moment, memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all: Their lusty and blithesome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn,—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own;) and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts: a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet, at the foot of the easy chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct until the following day. And this was the *last dinner*.

[*Blackwood's Magazine.*]

PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

King James IV., on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish Ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a *crotchet* in his head, that every country should have a professor of signs, to teach him, and the like of him, to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day, before the King, this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the King, who was a queerish sort of a man, says to him—'Why I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions, viz. at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles.' 'Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him,' says the ambassador, 'and am determined to set out in two or three days.' The King saw he had committed himself, and writes, or causes to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professor to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity; but soon began to enquire which of them had the honor to be professor of signs? and being told that the professor was absent in the highlands, and would not return nobody knows when; says the ambassador, I will wait his return, though it were twelve months. Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He is got, told the story, and instructed to be a professor of signs; but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy undertakes it. The ambassador is now told, that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is gowned, wigged, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, all the professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his fist and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from

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his pocket, and holds it up; Geordy takes a piece of barley cake from his pocket and holds that up. After which the ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother. 'He is a perfect miracle,' says the ambassador; 'I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!,' 'Well,' said the professors, 'to descend to particulars.' 'Why,' said the ambassador. 'I first held up one finger denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the father and son, I held up three meaning father, son and holy ghost; he clenched his fist to say, that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessities of life, but the luxuries thereof; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury.' The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. 'Well, Gerody, how have you come on, and what do you think of your man!' 'The rascal!' says Geordy, 'what did he do first think ye! He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye! Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was as good, perhaps as both his. Then the fellow held three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us; and then he was so mad at the scoundrel that I *steeked my niece*, and as to come a whack on the side of his head, and would have done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here, but forsooth takes out an orange as much as to say, your poor baggarly cold countrify cannot produce that! I showed him a whang of bear annock, meaning that I dinna' care a farthing for him or his trash neither, as lang as ha' this! But by all that's guid, (concluded Geordy,) I am angry yet that I canna' thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!' So much for signs, two ways of telling a story.

ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Among those who were put to death during the period of terror, the Colombians will long remember the unfortunate Donna Apolinaria Zalabariata, better known by the name of La Pola, who was sentenced to death by Zamano, and shot, together with her betrothed husband. She was a young lady of good family in Bogota, and was distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments. Enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, she devoted herself to the hazardous task of obtaining and transmitting to Bolivar secret intelligence respecting the force, disposition and plans of operation of the Royalist army. The particulars of this important information she contrived to collect from the Spanish officers themselves, at the *tertulias*, or evening *conversaciones*, at her house, which were frequented by them, who listened with delight to her powers of conversation and singing, accompanied by the guitar. From these officers, who could not possibly suspect so young and apparently artless a female of any dangerous design, she used to inquire, as if merely in the course of conversation about their respective regiments, and, by asking after their absent companions, she found means of learning where their advanced posts were stationed. She transmitted all the information she could collect to Bolivar by means of a trusty messenger; but unfortunately, one of her packets was intercepted and the messenger, under the terror of impending death was compelled to betray her. She was immediately tried by military court, (martial law having been proclaimed in the capital,) and was condemned to be shot, together with her lover; although no proofs whatever could be produced of his having been privy to her undertaking. They were placed in *capilla* for twelve hours, previous to being brought out for execution; but even this short interval would not have been granted had not Zamano considered it of the greatest importance to discover if possible who were accomplices. To effect this, no means were left untried to induce her to betray them.

She was on one hand threatened by the friar, who was to confess her, with eternal punishment hereafter, if she

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should dare to conceal any thing from him ; and on the other, attempted to be bribed by offers of pardon and reward for herself and her betrothed, if she would declare by whom she had been assisted. She, however, resolutely denied having any accomplice except the messenger whom she had employed. The lovers were both led out the next day, and bound close together, on two *banquillos*, surrounded by troops.

When the picket of Grenadiers, appointed to shoot them, was marched up close, and in readiness, she was once more offered pardon on former conditions. She again, without evincing any signs of fear, declared that if she had any accomplices she would scorn to betray them for the purpose of saving her own life ; but that as Bolivar was fast approaching, they would be known on his arrival. Having observed that her intended husband was hesitating, as if about to speak through a very natural dread of the death he saw so near, she implored him as her last request, if he had ever really loved her, to show by his death, that he was worthy of her choice ; assuring him that the tyrant Zamano would never spare his life, whatever disclosures he might make ; and reminding him that he ought to derive consolation from the reflection that his death was shared by her he loved. The friars then retired, and the firing party made ready. She then, for the first time, felt dread, and exclaimed : ' You have the heart, butchers, to kill a woman ! ' She immediately covered her face with her saya, and on drawing it aside for that purpose, the words, '*Viva La Patria*,' were discovered embroidered in gold on the *Basquiama*. The signal was then given from the Viceroy's balcony, and they were both instantly shot.

MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

[From *Carver's Travels*.]

General Webb, who commanded the English army in North America, which was then encamped at Fort Ed-

ward, having intelligence that the French troops under Mons. Montcalm, were making some movements towards Fort William Henry, he detached a corps of about fifteen hundred men, consisting of English and Provincials, to strengthen the garrison. In this party I went as a volunteer among the latter.

The apprehensions of the English general were not without foundation; for the very day after our arrival we saw Lake George, (formerly Lake Sacrament,) to which it lies contiguous, covered with an immense number of boats; and in a few hours we found our line attacked by the French General, who had just landed with eleven thousand Regulars, and Canadians, and two thousand Indians. Colonel Monro, a brave officer, commanded in the Fort, and had no more than two thousand three hundred men with him, our detachment included.

With these he made a gallant defense, and probably would have been able at last to preserve the Fort, had he been properly supported, and permitted to continue his efforts. On every summons to surrender sent by the French General, who offered the most honorable terms, his answer repeatedly was, That he yet found himself in a condition to repel the most vigorous attacks his besiegers were able to make; and if he thought his present force insufficient, he could soon be supplied with a greater number from the adjacent army.

But the Colonel, having acquainted General Webb with his situation, and desired he would send him some fresh troops, the General dispatched a messenger to him with a letter, wherein he informed him that it was not in his power to assist him, and therefore gave him orders to surrender the Fort on the best terms he could procure. This packet fell into the hands of the French General who immediately sent a flag of truce, desiring a conference with the governor.

They accordingly met, attended only by a small guard in the centre between the lines; when Mons. Montcalm told the Colonel that he was come in person to demand possession of the Fort, as it belonged to the King's master. The Col. replied, that he knew not how to

could be, to send it.

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could be, nor should he surrender it up while he could
send it.

The French General rejoined, at the same time deliver-
ing the packet into the Colonel's hand, "By this "au-
thority do I make the requisition." The brave Governor
had no sooner read the contents of it, and was convinced
that such were the orders of the commander in chief, and
not to be disobeyed, than he hung his head in silence, and
reluctantly entered into a negotiation.

In consideration of the gallant defence the garrison had
made, they were to be permitted to march out with all the
honors of war, to be allowed covered waggons to trans-
port their baggage to Fort Edward, and a guard to protect
them from the fury of the savages.

The morning after the capitulation was signed, as soon
as day broke, the whole garrison, now consisting of about
two thousand men, besides women and children, were
drawn up within the lines, and on the point of marching
off, when a great number of Indians gathered about, and
began to plunder. We at first hoped that this was
their only view, and suffered them to proceed without op-
position. Indeed it was not in our power to make any,
had we been so inclined; for though we were permitted
to carry off our arms, yet we were not allowed a single
round of ammunition. In this hope however we were
disappointed; for presently some of them began to attack
the sick and wounded, when such as were not able to
crawl into the ranks, notwithstanding they endeavored to
avert the fury of their enemies by their shrieks or groans,
were soon dispatched.

Here we were fully in expectation that the disturbance
would have concluded; and our little army began to move;
but in a short time we saw the front division driven back,
and discovered that we were entirely encircled by the sav-
ages. We expected every moment that the guard, which
the French, by the articles of capitulation had agreed to
allow us, would have arrived, and put an end to our ap-
prehensions; but none appeared. The Indians now be-
gan to strip every one without exception of their arms
and clothes, and those who made the least resistance felt
the weight of their tomahawks.

I happened to be in the rear division, but it was not long before I shared the fate of my companions. Three or four savages laid hold of me, and whilst some held their weapons over my head, the others soon disrobed me of my coat, waistcoat, hat, and buckles, omitting not to take from me what money I had in my pocket. As this was transacted close by the passage that led from the lines on to the plain near which a French centinel was posted, I ran to him and claimed his protection; but he only called me an English dog, and thrust me with violence back again into the midst of the Indians.

I now endeavored to join a body of our troops that were crowded together at some distance; but innumerable were the blows aimed at me with different weapons as I passed on; luckily however the savages were so close together, that they could not strike at me without endangering each other. Notwithstanding which, one of them found means to make a thrust at me with a spear, which grazed my side, and from another I received a wound with the same weapon, in my ankle. At length I gained the spot where my countrymen stood, and forced myself into the midst of them. But before I got thus far out of the hands of the Indians, the collar and wristbands of my shirt were all that remained of it, and my flesh was scratched and torn in many places by their savage gripe.

By this time the war whoop was given, and the Indians began to murder those who were nearest to them without distinction. It is not in the power of words to give any tolerable idea of the horrid scene that now ensued; men, women, and children were dispatched in the most wanton and cruel manner, and immediately scalped. Many of these savages drank the blood of their victims, as it flowed warm from the fatal wound.

We now perceived, though too late to avail us, that we were to expect no relief from the French; and that, contrary to the agreement they had so lately signed to allow us a sufficient force to protect us from these insults, they tacitly permitted them; for I could plainly perceive the French officers walking about at some distance, discouraging together with apparent unconcern. For the honor of human nature I would hope that this flagrant breach of

every sacrifice of the almost impetuously I than to any An unprejudiced conclude, that in their power general. I the consequence eled in motion As the case was much troubled with hasty resolute to our way through of preserving ever desperate sprung at once In a moment of my career, when and their destruction, I endeavored to overcome my enemies in the seen astonished composure of reservation young and a voiding the of the most dress, whose by each arm I now resolved that they intended their vengeance against me to be complete. But the gentlemen of the red, rushed distinguished

not long. Three or four of their weapons were so close to me that I could not take from me. A Frenchman was transacting business on the plain. I ran to him and called me an Englishman again into the circle. Every sacred law, proceeded rather from the savage disposition of the Indians, which I acknowledge it is sometimes almost impossible to control, and which might now unexpectedly have arrived at a pitch not easily to be restrained, than to any premeditated design in the French commander. An unprejudiced observer would, however, be apt to conclude, that a body of ten thousand christian troops, had it been in their power to prevent the massacre from becoming so general. But whatever was the cause from which it arose, the consequences of it were dreadful, and not to be paralleled in modern history.

As the circle in which I stood enclosed by this time was much thinned, and death seemed to be approaching with hasty strides, it was proposed by some of the most resolute to make one vigorous effort, and endeavor to force our way through the savages, the only probable method of preserving our lives that now remained. This, however desperate, was resolved on, and about twenty of us sprung at once into the midst of them.

In a moment we were all separated, and what was the fate of my companions I could not learn till some months after, when I found that only six or seven of them effected their design. Intent only on my own hazardous situation, I endeavored to make my way through my savage enemies in the best manner possible. And I have often been astonished since, when I have recollected with what composure I took, as I did, every necessary step for my preservation. Some I overturned, being at that time young and athletic, and others I passed by, dexterously avoiding their weapons, till at last two very stout chiefs, of the most savage tribes, as I could distinguish by their dress, whose strength I could not resist, laid hold of me by each arm, and began to force me through the crowd.

I now resigned myself to my fate, not doubting but that they intended to dispatch me, and then to satiate their vengeance with my blood; as I found they were hurrying me towards a retired swamp that lay at some distance. But before we had got many yards, an English gentleman of some distinction, as I could discover by his dress, rushed close by us. One of the Indians instantly relinquished his hold, and springing on this new object,

endeavored to seize him as his prey; but the gentleman being strong, threw him on the ground, and would probably have got away, had not he who held my other arm, quitted me to assist his brother. I seized the opportunity, and hastened away to join another party of English troops that were yet unbroken, and stood in a body at some distance. But before I had taken many steps, I hastily cast my eye towards the gentleman, and saw the Indian's tomahawk gash into his back, and heard him utter his last groan; this added both to my speed and desperation.

I had left this shocking scene but a few yards, when a fine boy about twelve years of age, who had hitherto escaped, came up to me, and begged that I would let him lay hold of me, so that he might stand some chance of getting out of the hands of the savages. I told him that I would give him every assistance in my power, and for this purpose bid him lay hold; but in a few moments he was torn from my side, and by his shrieks I judged he was soon demolished. I could not help forgetting my own cares for a minute, to contemplate the fate of so young a sufferer; but it was utterly impossible for me to take any methods to prevent it.

I was now once more in the midst of friends, but they were unable to afford each other any succor. As this was the division that had advanced the farthest from the fort, I thought there might be a possibility, (though but a bare one,) of forcing my way through the outer ranks of the Indians, and getting to a neighboring wood, which I perceived at some distance. I was first encouraged to do so by the almost miraculous preservation I had already experienced.

Nor were my hopes in vain. Suffice it to say that I reached the wood; but by the time I had penetrated a little way into it, my breath was so exhausted that I thrust myself into a brake and lay for some minutes, apparently at the last gasp. At length I recovered the power of respiration; but my apprehensions returned with all their former force, when I saw several savages pass by, probably in pursuit of me, at no very great distance. In this situation, I knew not whether it were better to proceed

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endeavor to conceal myself where I lay, till light came
; fearing, however, that they would return the same
ay, I thought it most prudent to get further from the
eadful scene of my distresses. Accordingly, striking in-
another part of the wood, I hastened on as fast as the
ars and the loss of one shoe would permit me; and af-
a slow progress of some hours, gained a hill that
erlooked the plain which I had just left, from whence I
ould discern that the bloody storm still raged with una-
ed fury.

But not to tire my readers, I shall only add, that af-
passing three days without subsistence, and enduring
severity of the cold dews for three nights, I at length
ched Fort Edward; where with proper care my body
n recovered its wonted strength, and my mind, as far
the recollection of the late melancholy events would
mit its usual composure.

It was computed that fifteen hundred persons were kil-
or made prisoners by these savages during this fatal
Many of the latter were carried off by them, and
er returned. A few, found their way back to their na-
country, after having experienced a long and se-
captivity.

The brave Colonel Monro had hastened away soon af-
the confusion began, to the French camp to endeavor
procure the guard agreed by the stipulation, but his ap-
tion proving ineffectual, he remained there till Gen-
Webb sent a party of troops to demand and protect
back to Fort Edward. But these unhappy concu-
res, which would probably have been prevented, had
een left to pursue his own plans, together with the
of so many brave fellows, murdered in cold blood, to
e valor he had been so lately a witness, made such
pression on his mind, that he did not long survive.
ed in about three months of a broken heart, and with
it might be said, that he was an honor to his coun-

cannot refrain from observing that very few of those
tribes of Indians lived to return home. The small-
y means of their communication with the Europe-
ound its way among them, and made an equal havoc

to what they themselves had done. The methods they pursued on the first attack of that malignant disorder, to abate the fever attending it, rendered it fatal. Whilst the blood was in a state of fermentation, and nature was striving to throw out the peccant matter, they checked her operations by plunging into the water: the consequence was that they died by hundreds. The few that survived were transformed by it into hideous objects, and bore with them to the grave deep indented marks of this much dreaded disease.

That the unprovoked cruelty of the French command was not approved of by the generality of his countrymen I have since been convinced by many proofs. One only however, which I received from a person who was witness to it, shall I at present give. A Canadian merchant of some consideration, having heard of the surrender of an English fort, celebrated the fortunate event with great rejoicings and hospitality, according to the custom of the country; but no sooner did the news of the massacre which ensued reach his ears, than he put an immediate stop to the festivity, and exclaimed in the severest terms against the inhuman permission: declaring at the same time that those who had connived at it, had thereby damned down, on that part of their king's dominions the vengeance of Heaven. To this he added, that he much feared the total loss of them would deservedly be the consequence. How truly this prediction has been verified we well know.

CAPT. VAN HALEN'S ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.

The Spanish Capt. Van Halen, a native of Cadix, particularly known for his zeal in propagating secret associations had begun in 1817 to disseminate their principles among the inhabitants of the city of Madrid where he was in garrison. His devotion to this could not long remain unpunished: he was soon detected, and conducted to prison. His papers which had been seized proved that he had been in correspondence with

the secreted of two the matter and Van to the prison. P had declared would give in presence several times length bro Not at a in his capti speedy and Ferdinand, him with a had been re that all Sp persecution that no hun their object composed h of the king is placing b by the love have been i short, that i perhaps he choice, adop himself at t from the Go he had prom reject the na ore; and de at his dispos seed despair remained fre more faithful. At this tim of accusom nes irritation

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the secret societies in the kingdom. Being thus convicted of two crimes at once, the local authorities considered the matter too important to be submitted to their decision; and Van Halen was transported under a numerous escort, to the prisons of the most obscure dungeons in the inquisition. Preparations were made for his trial; but as he had declared, from the first moment of his arrest, that he would give no answer to the charges against him, unless in presence of the king, and this resolution having been several times reported to the king, Van Halen was at length brought before him.

Not at all affected by the tortures he had undergone in his captivity, nor by the almost certain prospect of a speedy and cruel death, instead of imploring the favor of Ferdinand, he devoted the brief interview to presenting him with a picture of the ruinous situation to which he had been reduced by his ministry. He declared to him that all Spain was in fact filled with secret societies; that persecutions were vainly employed for their destruction; that no human power could succeed in attempting to defeat their object; that the persons of whom the societies were composed had never proposed any project against the life of the king, nor even against his rank or dignity; that placing him on a throne supported by the laws and by the love and confidence of the people, his power would have been raised to the highest degree of stability; in short, that in order to secure a happy result, it might perhaps be sufficient if the king would of his own free choice, adopt the spirit of those very societies, and place himself at their head. He demanded of him to require from the Court of Rome, the revocation of the censures he had pronounced against them; above all that he should reject the narrow and sanguinary interest of his counselors; and declared that the king of Spain would then have at his disposal an invincible army, which he might indeed despair to reduce to servitude, but which while it remained free, would also be the more devoted and the more faithful.

At this kind of language, in which the ministry were not accustomed to deal, Ferdinand betrayed more surprise than irritation. The character of that prince has appear-

ed in so inexplicable a light, so contrary in different situations of life, that we should be afraid to decide whether the condescension with which he treated Van Halen was the effect of compassion or of profound dissimulation. It is certain however, that he enquired, with an appearance of the tenderest interest concerning the privations he had suffered in prison; and on learning that he was accustomed to smoking tobacco, sent him a case of Havana segars from among those which had been reserved for his own use. After such marks of interest, one would have looked for the clemency of the prince and the liberation of Van Halen; but the fact was far otherwise. While his friends were enjoying the expectation of a happy termination to the affair, the ministers of Ferdinand pressed its decision with activity; and information was brought by a little child, an attendant in the prison, that the greatest danger was to be apprehended to Van Halen. The child having caught a few words by accident of a conversation which was going on, succeeded in finding her way to a small window by which the dungeon was lighted, informed him of the danger to which he was exposed, and supplied him with paper and a pencil.

Van Halen was thus enabled to open a correspondence with his friends in the city, and inform them, that in spite of the difficulties under which he labored, the means of escape were in his power. He received in reply that "their arms and their purses were at his service." A great reward was therefore offered to his interesting little messenger; and a topographical plan having been drawn of the streets in the neighborhood of the prison, a copy of it was sent to Van Halen, on which were marked the places where his friends were to be posted. All this being thus concerted, it was necessary only to fix on a moment for the execution of the plan. It was in the winter; the day had arrived; the clock struck seven; and the first detachment of his friends assembled at the distance of a few paces from the principal entrance of the prison. A man made his appearance, dressed in a night gown and slippers. In an instant they disguised him in a foreign uniform and led him away.

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Madrid, in order to baffle a pursuit, the fugitive was con-
tacted to a safe retreat, where he found a large sum remit-
ted for him by the generous Count of Montijo, with pass-
ports provided for his departure from Spain.—He passed
out of the kingdom into Portugal, and thence to England,
by which he took the route to Russia, where he entered
the military service.

The secrecy with which this affair was conducted is
more honorable to the character and patriotism of
Spaniards, because that from the moment when it
was decided that Van Halen should remain a few days
in Madrid, to avoid the search which was known to
be making in the environs of the city, all the mem-
bers of the secret societies having been informed of his es-
cape, desired to see him, and did in fact see him, without
the occurrence of a single act of indiscretion, and, indeed,
without causing any apprehension to the fugitive or his
friends. We do not believe that history can furnish a
more noble example of confidence, or one which was more
justified by the event. It was during the interval which
Van Halen spent in Madrid, in expectation of an oppor-
tunity to leave the country, that he recounted to many of
his friends who were continually visiting him, the par-
ticulars of his escape; and they are at once so romantic
and so well authenticated, that we cannot withhold them
from our readers.

When he had obtained from his little friend the prison-
er, a precise description of the edifice, which he had on-
ly passed through very hastily at his introduction, he re-
quested of the jailor to be supplied with some medicine
which he pretended to want, and desired it might be
brought to him at the hour he had fixed for his friends to
visit for him. While the jailor was laying the medicine
on the table, he seized him in an instant, and throwing
him upon the bed, covered him with the clothes, sprung
open the door which had been left open, locked it after
him, passed through the intricate winding passages, which
his little girl had described to him a hundred times over,
instead of taking the direction to the outer door which
would have been impossible to pass, obeyed her direc-
tion, and followed the course that led to the apartment

inhabited by the jailor's family, consisting of his wife and daughter, who being occupied with domestic affairs, was terribly frightened at the appearance of such an apparition, and never thought of attempting to prevent his escape, which he effected by an outer door. It was not long, however, before the two women came to their senses, and entering the prison began to search for the jailor; but wandering without light through the dark and spacious corridors, they were long in finding the right way to Val-Halen's dungeon.

MR. BOWER'S ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.

"I never (says Mr. Bower,) pretended that it was for the sake of religion alone, that I left Italy; but on the contrary, have often declared, as all my friends can attest, that, had I never belonged to the Inquisition, I should have gone on, as most Roman Catholics do, without even so much as questioning the truth of the religion in which I was educated or thinking of any other. But the unheard-of cruelties of that secret tribunal shocked me beyond all expression, and rendered me, as I was obliged by office of Counsellor to be accessory to them, one of the most unhappy men upon earth. I therefore began to think of resigning my office; but, as I had on several occasions, betrayed some weakness, as they termed it, that is, some compassion and humanity, and had upon the account been reprimanded by the Inquisitor, I was well apprized that my resignation would be ascribed by him to my disapproving the proceedings of the holy tribunal. And indeed to nothing else could he have ascribed it, as a place at that board was a sure way to preferment and attended with great privileges and a considerable salary. Being therefore, sensible how dangerous a thing it would be to give the least ground to any suspicion of the nature, and no longer able to bear the sight of the barbarities practised almost daily within those walls, and the reproaches of my conscience, in being accessory to them, I determined after many restless nights, and much

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THE INQUISITION

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deliberation with myself to withdraw at the same time from the Inquisitor and from Italy. In this mind, and in the most unhappy and tormenting situation that can possibly be imagined, I continued near a twelvemonth, not able to prevail upon myself to execute the resolution I had taken, on account of the many dangers which I foresaw would inevitably attend it, and the dreadful consequences of my failing in the attempt. But, being in the mean time ordered by the Inquisitor to apprehend a person, with whom I lived in the greatest intimacy and friendship, the part I was obliged to act on that occasion, left so deep an impression on my mind as soon prevailed over all my fears, and made me determine to put in execution, at all events and without further delay, the designs had formed. Of that remarkable transaction, therefore, I shall give here a particular account, the rather as it will show in a very strong light, the nature of the proceedings in that horrid court.

The person, whom the Inquisitor appointed me to apprehend, was Count Vincenzo della Torre, descended from an illustrious family in Germany, and possessed of a very considerable estate in the territory of Macerata. He was one of my very particular friends, and had lately married the daughter of Signior Constantini, of Fermo, a lady no less esteemed for her good sense than her beauty. With her family, too, I had contracted an intimate acquaintance, while professor of Rhetoric in Fermo, and had often attended the Count during his courtship, from Macerata to Fermo, but fifteen miles distant. I therefore lived with both in the greatest friendship and intimacy; and the Count was the only person that lived with me, after I was made Counsellor of the Inquisition, upon the same free footing as he had done till that time: my other friends having grown shy of me, gave me plainly to understand, that they no longer cared for my company.

As this unhappy young gentleman was one day walking with another, he met two Capuchin friars; and, turning to his companion, when they were passed, 'What fools,' said he, 'are these to think they shall gain heaven by wearing sackcloth and going bare foot! Fools indeed, if they think so, or that there is any merit in tormenting

one's self: they might as well live as we do, and they would get to heaven quite as soon." Who informed against him, whether the friars, his companions, or somebody else, I know not: for the Inquisitors never tell the names of the informers to the Counsellors, nor the names of the witnesses, lest they should except against them. It is to be observed, that all who hear any proposition, that appears to them repugnant to, or inconsistent with the doctrine of the holy mother church, is bound to reveal it to the Inquisitor, and likewise to discover the person by whom it was uttered; and, in this affair no regard is to be had to any ties, however sacred; the brother being bound to accuse the brother, the father to accuse the son, the son the father, the wife the husband, and the husband his wife; and all bound on pain of eternal damnation, and of being deemed and treated as accomplices, if they do not denounce in a certain time; and no confessor can absolve a person, who has heard any thing said, in jest or in earnest, against the belief or practice of the church, till that person has informed the Inquisitor of it, and given him all the intelligence he can concerning the person by whom it was said.

Whoever it was that informed against my unhappy friend, whether the friars, his companion, or somebody else who might have overheard him, the Inquisitor acquainted the board one night (for, to be less observed, they commonly meet, out of Rome, in the night) that the above-mentioned propositions had been advanced, and advanced gravely at the sight of two Capuchins: that the evidence was unexceptionable; and they therefore had met to determine the quality of the proposition, and proceed against the delinquent agreeably to that determination. There are in each Inquisition twelve counsellors, viz. four Divines, four Canonists, and four Civilians. It is chiefly the province of the divines to determine the quality of the proposition, viz. Whether it is heretical, or only savours of heresy; whether it is blasphemous and injurious to God and his saints, or only erroneous, rash, schismatical, or offensive to pious ears.

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and declared heretical, as openly contradicting the doctrine and practice of the holy mother church recommending austerities as highly meritorious. The Inquisitor observed, on this occasion, that by the proposition, "Fools indeed," &c. were taxed with folly not only the holy fathers, who had all to a man practised great austerities, but St. Paul himself, who chastised his body; that is whipped himself, as the Inquisitor understood it; adding, that the practice of whipping one's self, so much recommended by all the founders of religious orders, was borrowed of the great apostle of the gentiles.

The proposition being declared heretical, it was unanimously agreed by the board that the person who had uttered it, should be apprehended and proceeded against agreeably to the laws of the Inquisition. And now the person was named; for, till it is determined whether the accused person should or should not be apprehended, his name is kept concealed from the counsellors, lest they should be biassed, says the Directory, in his favor or against him. For, in many instances, they keep up appearances of justice and equity, at the same time that in truth, they act in direct opposition to all their known laws. No words can express the concern and astonishment it gave me to hear, on such occasion, the name of a friend for whom I had the greatest esteem and regard. The Inquisitor was apprized of it; and to give me an opportunity of practising what he had often recommended, viz. of conquering nature with the assistance of grace, he appointed me to apprehend the criminal, and lodge him safe before day-light, in the prison of the holy Inquisition. I offered to excuse myself, but with the greatest submission, from being any ways concerned in the execution of that order; an order, I said, which I entirely approved of, and only wished it might be put in execution by some other person; for your lordship knows, I said, the connection. But the Inquisitor, shocked at the word, "What?" said he, with a stern and angry tone of voice, "talk of connections where the faith is concerned! there is your guard, pointing to the Sbirri, or bailiffs, in waiting, let the criminal be secured in St. Luke's cell (one of the worst) before three in the morning." He then

withdrew with the rest of the counsellors; and as he passed me, "Thus," he said, "nature is conquered." I had betrayed some weakness, or sense of humanity, not long before in fainting away while I attended the torture of one who was racked with the utmost barbarity; and had on that occasion, been reprimanded by the Inquisitor for suffering nature to get the better of grace; it being an excusable weakness, as he observed, to be any way affected with the suffering of the body, however great, when inflicted, as they ever are in the Holy Inquisition, for the good of the soul. And it was, I presume, to make trial of the effect this reprimand had had upon me, that the execution of this cruel order was committed to me. As I could by no possible means decline it, I summoned all my resolution, after passing an hour by myself, as it were in the agonies of death, and set out a little after two in the morning, for my unhappy friend's house, attended by a notary of the Inquisition, and six armed Sbirri.

We arrived at the house by different ways, and knocking at the door, a maid servant looked out of the window and inquiring who knocked, was answered, the Holy Inquisition, and at the same time, ordered to awake nobody but to come down directly and open the door, on pain of excommunication. At these words, the servant hastened down, half naked as she was, and having with much ado in her great fright, at last opened the door, she conducted us as she was ordered, pale and trembling, to her master's bed-chamber. She often looked very earnestly at me, as she knew me, and showed a great desire to speak to me, but of her I durst take no kind of notice. I entered the bed-chamber with the notary, followed by the Sbirri, where the lady, awakening at the noise, and seeing the bed surrounded by armed men, screamed out aloud, and continued screaming as if out of her senses, till one of the Sbirri provoked at the noise, gave her a blow on the forehead that made the blood run down her face, and she swooned away. I rebuked the fellow very severely, and ordered him to be whipped as soon as I returned to the Inquisition.

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"Mr Bower!" He then said no more; nor could I for some time, utter a single word; and it was with much ado that, in the end, I mastered my grief so far as to be able to let my unfortunate friend know that he was a prisoner of the Holy Inquisition. "Of the Holy Inquisition?" he replied, "alas! what have I done! My dear friend, be my friend now." He said many affecting things; but, as I knew it was not in my power to befriend him, I had not courage to look him in the face, but turning my back to him, withdrew while he dressed, to a corner of the room, to give vent to my grief there. The notary stood by him while he dressed, and as I observed, quite unaffected. Indeed, to be void of all humanity, to be able to behold one's fellow-creatures groaning and ready to expire in the most exquisite torments cruelty can invent, without being in the least affected with their sufferings, is one of the chief qualifications of an Inquisitor, and what all who belong to the Inquisition must strive to attain.

It often happens, at that infernal tribunal, that, while an unhappy, and probably an innocent person is crying out in their presence on the rack, and begging by all that is sacred for one moment's relief, in a manner one would think no human heart could withstand, that the Inquisitor and the rest of his inhuman crew, quite unaffected with his complaints, and deaf to his groans, his tears and entreaties, are entertaining one another with the news of the town; nay, sometimes insult with unheeded barbarity, the unhappy wretches in the height of their torments.

To return to my unhappy prisoner; he was no sooner dressed, than I ordered the Bargetto, or head of the Sbirri, to tie his hands with a cord behind his back, as is practised on such occasions, without distinction of persons, no more regard being shown to men of the first rank, when charged with heresy, than to the meanest artificers. Heresy dissolves all friendship; so that I durst no longer look upon the man with whom I had lived in the greatest friendship and intimacy, as my friend, or shew him, on that account, the least regard or indulgence.

As we left the chamber, the Countess, who had been conveyed out of the room, met us, and screaming in a most pitiful manner, upon seeing her husband with his

hands tied behind his back like a thief or robber, flew to embrace him, and hanging on his neck, begged, with a flood of tears, we would be so merciful as to put an end to her life, that she might have the satisfaction, the only satisfaction she wished for in this world, of dying in the bosom of the man with whom she had vowed never to part. The Count, overwhelmed with grief, did not utter a single word. I could not find in my heart, nor was I in a condition to interpose; and, indeed, a scene of greater distress was never beheld by human eyes. However, a signal was given the notary to part them, which he did accordingly, quite unconcerned; but the Countess fell into a swoon, and the Count was in the mean time, carried down stairs, and out of the house, amidst the loud lamentations and sighs of his servants, on all sides; for he was a man remarkable for the sweetness of his temper, and his kindness to all around him.

On arriving at the Inquisition, my prisoner was committed into the hands of the gaoler, a lay brother of St. Dominic, who shut him up in the dungeon mentioned above, and delivered the key to me. I lay that night in the palace where every counsellor has a room, and returned the key the next morning to the Inquisitor, telling him that his order had been punctually complied with. The Inquisitor had been already minutely informed of my whole conduct by the notary; and therefore, upon my delivering the key to him said, "You have acted like a man who is desirous at least to overcome, with the assistance of grace, the inclinations of nature;" that is, like a man who is desirous, with the assistance of grace, to metamorphose himself, from a human creature, into a brute or devil.

Every prisoner is kept, the first week of his imprisonment, in a dark narrow dungeon, so low that he cannot stand upright in it, seeing no one but the gaoler, who carries him, every other day, his portion of bread and water, the only food that is allowed him. This is done, they say, to tame him, and render him, thus weakened, more sensible of the torture, and less able to bear it. At the end of the week, he is brought in the night before he is heard to be examined; and on that occasion my prisoner

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friend became so altered, in a week's time, that, had it not been for his dress, I should not have known him; and indeed no wonder; a change of condition so sudden and unexpected; the unworthy and barbarous treatment he had already received; the apprehension of what he might, and probably should suffer; and perhaps, more than anything else, the distressed and forlorn condition of his once happy wife, whom he tenderly loved, whose company he had enjoyed only six months, could be attended with no other effect. Being asked, according to custom, whether he had any enemies, and desired to name them; he answered, that he bore enmity to no man, and hoped that no man bore enmity to him. For us, in this tribunal, the person accused is not told of the charge brought against him, nor of the person by whom it is brought, the Inquisitor asks him whether he has any enemies, and desires him to name them. If he names the informer all proceedings are stopped till the informer is examined anew; and if the information is found to proceed from ill will, and no collateral proof can be produced, the prisoner is discharged. Of this piece of justice they frequently boast, at the same time that they admit, both as informers and witnesses, persons of the most infamous character, and such as are excluded by all other courts. In the next place, the prisoner is ordered to swear that he will declare the truth, and conceal nothing from the holy tribunal, concerning himself or others, which he swears, and the holy tribunal is desirous to know. He is then interrogated for what crime he has been apprehended and imprisoned by the Holy Court of the Inquisition, of all courts the most equitable, the most cautious, the most merciful. To that interrogatory the Count answered with faint and trembling voice, that he was not conscious to himself of any crime, cognizable by that holy court, nor, indeed, by any other; that he believed, and ever had believed, whatever the holy mother church believed, or required him to believe. He had, it seems, quite forgot what he had unthinkingly said at the sight of the two friars. The Inquisitor therefore, finding that he did not remember, or would not own his crime, after many deceitful interrogatories, and promises which he never intended to

fulfil, ordered him back to his dungeon, and allowing him another week, as is customary in such cases, to recollect himself, told him that, if he could not at that time prevail upon himself to declare the truth, agreeably to his oath, means would be found of forcing it from him; and he must expect no mercy.

At the end of the week he was brought again before the infernal tribunal, and being asked the same questions, returned the same answers, adding, that if he had done or said any thing amiss, unwittingly or ignorantly, he was ready to own it, provided the least hint of it were given him by any there present, which he entreated them most earnestly to do. He often looked at me, and seemed to expect, which gave me such concern as no words can express, that I should say something in his favor. But I was not allowed to speak on this occasion, nor were any of the counsellors; and had it been otherwise, I should not have dared to say any thing in his favor, the advocate appointed by the Inquisition, and commonly called "The Devil's Advocate," being the only person who is suffered to speak for the prisoner.

This advocate belongs to the tribunal, receives a salary, and is bound by an oath to abandon the defence of the prisoner if he undertakes it, or not to undertake it, if he finds it cannot be defended agreeably to the laws of the Holy tribunal; so that the whole is a mere sham and imposition. I have heard this advocate, on other occasions, allege something in favor of the person accused; but on this occasion, he declared that he had nothing to offer in defence of the criminal.

In the Inquisition, the person accused is always supposed guilty, unless he has named the accuser amongst his enemies: and he is put to the torture if he does not plead guilty, and own the crime that is laid to his charge, without being so much as told what it is; whereas in all other courts where tortures are used, the charge is declared to the party accused before he is tortured; nor are they ever inflicted without a credible evidence brought of his guilt. But in this court a man is frequently tortured upon the deposition of a person, whose evidence would be admitted in no other, and in all cases without hearing his charge.

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As my unfortunate friend continued to maintain his innocence not recollecting what he had said, he was agreeably to the laws of the Inquisition, put to the torture. He had scarcely borne it twenty minutes, crying out the whole time, "Jesus Maria," when his voice failed him at once, and he fainted away. He was then supported as he hung by his arms, by two of the Sbirri, whose province it is to manage the torture, till he returned to himself. He still continued to declare that he could not recollect his having said or done any thing contrary to the Catholic faith, and earnestly begged they would let him know with what he was charged, being ready to own it if it was true. The Inquisitor then was so gracious as to put him in mind of what he had said on seeing the two Capuchins. The reason why they so long conceal from the party accused, the crime he is charged with, is, that if he should be conscious to himself of his having ever said or done any thing contrary to the faith, which he is not charged with, he may discover that too, imagining it to be the very crime he is accused of. After a short pause, the poor gentleman owned that he had said something to that purpose, but as he said it with no evil intention, he had never more thought of it from that time to the present. He added, but with so faint a voice as scarce could be heard, that for his rashness he was willing to undergo what punishment soever the holy tribunal should think fit to impose on him; and he again fainted away. Being eased for awhile of his torment, and returned to himself, he was interrogated by the promoter fiscal (whose business it is to accuse and to prosecute, as neither the informer nor the witnesses are ever to appear) concerning his intention. For, in the Inquisition, it is not enough for the party accused to confess the fact, he must likewise declare whether his intention was heretical or not; and many to redeem themselves from the torments they can no longer endure, own their intention was heretical, though it really was not. My poor friend often told us, he was ready to say whatever we pleased; but, as he never directly acknowledged his intention to have been heretical, as is re-

quired by the rules of the court, he was kept on the torture till, quite overcome with the violence of the anguish, he was ready to expire; and, being then taken down, he was carried quite senseless, back to his dungeon; and there, on the third day, death put an end to his sufferings. The Inquisitor wrote a note to his widow, to desire her to pray for the soul of her late husband, and warn her not to complain of the Holy Inquisition, as capable of any justice or cruelty. The estate was confiscated to the Inquisition; and a small jointure allowed out of it to the widow. As they had only been married six months, and some part of the fortune was not yet paid, the Inquisitor sent an order to the Constantini family, at Fermo, to pay to the holy office, and without delay, what they owed to the late count della Torre. For the effects of heretics are all confiscated from the very day, not of their conviction, but of their crime; so that all donations made after that time are void; and whatever they have given is claimed by the Inquisition, into what hands soever it may have passed; even the fortunes they have given to their daughters in marriage have been declared to belong to, and are claimed by the Inquisition; nor can it be disputed that the desire of those confiscations is one great cause of the injustice and cruelty of that court.

The death of the unhappy Count della Torre was soon publicly known; but no man cared to speak of it, nor even his nearest relations, nor so much as to mention his name, lest any thing should inadvertently escape them which might be construed into a disapprobation of the proceedings of the most holy tribunal; so great is the awe inspired by that jealous and merciless court.

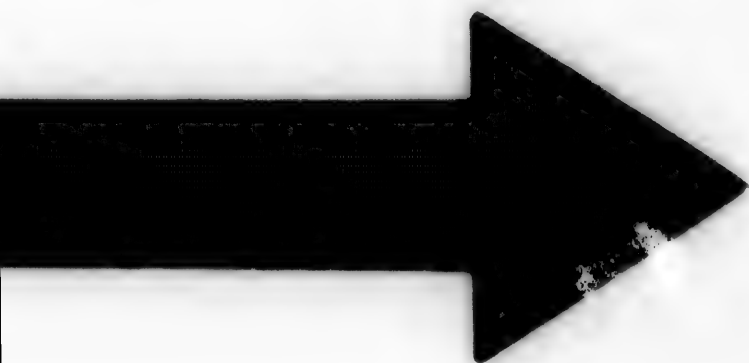
The deep impression which the death of my friend, the most barbarous and inhuman treatment he had met with, and the part I had been obliged to act in so affecting a tragedy, made on my mind, got at once the better of my fears; so that forgetting the dangers I had till then so much apprehended, I resolved, without further delay, to put in execution my design of quitting the Inquisition, and bidding forever adieu to Italy. To execute that design with some safety, I proposed to beg leave of the Inquisitor to visit the Virgin of Loretto, but thirteen miles dis-

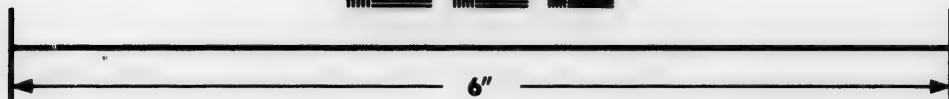
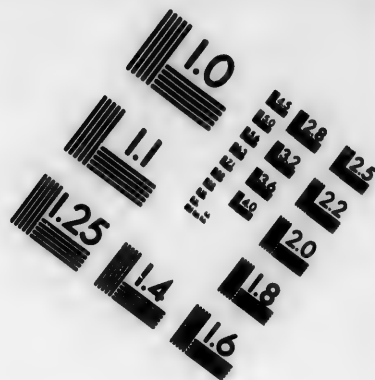
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ant, and to pass a week there; but in the mean time, to
make the best of my way to the country of the Grisons,
the nearest country to Macerata, beyond the reach of the
inquisition. Having therefore, after many conflicts with
myself, asked leave to visit the neighboring sanctuary,
and obtained it, I set out on horseback the very next
morning, leaving, as I proposed to keep the horse, his full
value with the owner. I took the road to Loretto, but
turned out of it at a small distance from Recanati, after a
most violent struggle with myself, the attempt appearing
to me at that juncture, quite desperate and impracticable,
and the dreadful doom reserved for me, should my plan
fail, presented itself to my mind in its strongest light.
But the reflection that I had it in my power to avoid be-
ing taken alive, and a persuasion that a man, in my
situation might lawfully avoid it, when every other means
failed him, revived my staggering resolution; and all my
ears ceasing at once, I steered my course, leaving Loretto
behind me, to Rocca Contrada, to Fossobrone, to Calvi
in the dukedom of Urbino, and from thence through the
Romagna into the Bolognese, keeping the by roads, and
at a good distance from the cities of Fano, Pesaro, Rimi-
ni, Forlì, Faenza, and Imola, through which the high road
passed. Thus I advanced very slowly, travelling, gener-
ally speaking, in very bad roads, and often in places where
there was no road at all, to avoid, not only the cities and
towns, but even the villages. In the mean time, I sel-
dom had any other support but some coarse provision, and
a very small quantity even of that, which the poor shep-
herds, the countrymen, or wood cleavers, I met in those
unfrequented by places, could spare me. My horse fared
not much better than myself; but, in choosing my sleep-
ing place, I consulted his convenience as much as my
own, passing the night where I found most shelter for my-
self and most grass for him. In Italy there are very few
solitary farm houses or cottages, the country people there
all living in villages; and I thought it far safer to lie
where I could be any way sheltered, than to venture into
any of them. Thus I spent seventeen days before I got
out of the ecclesiastical state; and very narrowly escaped







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being taken or murdered, on the very borders of the state: it happened thus:—

I had passed two whole days without any subsistence whatever, meeting with nobody in the by roads that would supply me with any, and fearing to come near any house as I was not far from the borders of the dominions of the Pope. I thought I should be able to hold it till I got in to the Medanesse, where I believed I should be in less danger than while remaining in the Papal dominions: but finding myself, about noon of the third day, extremely weak and ready to faint away, I came into the high road that leads from Belagda to Florence, a few miles distant from the former city, and alighted at a post house that stood quite by itself. Having asked the woman of the house whether she had any victuals ready, and being told that she had, I went to open the door of the only room in the house, (that being a place where gentlemen merely stop to change horses,) and saw, to my great surprise, a placard pasted on it, with a most minute description of a whole person, and the promise of a reward of eight hundred crowns, for delivering me up alive to the Inquisition, being a fugitive from the holy tribunal, and of six hundred crowns for my head. By the same placard, all persons were forbidden, on pain of the greater excommunication, to receive, harbor, or entertain me, to conceal or screen me, or to be any way aiding and assisting me to make my escape. This greatly alarmed me, as the reader may well imagine; but I was still more affrighted when entering the room; I saw two fellows drinking there, who, fixing their eyes upon me as soon as I came in, continued looking at me very steadily. I strove, by wiping my face, by blowing my nose, by looking out at the window, to prevent their having a full view of me. But one of them, saying, the gentleman seems afraid to be seen, I put my pocket handkerchief, and turning to the fellow, boldly said, What do you mean, you rascal? Look at me, am I afraid to be seen? He said nothing, but looking steadily at me, and nodding his head, went out, and his companion immediately followed him. I watched, and seeing them, with two or three more, in close conference, and no doubt consulting whether they should apprehend

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or not, I walked that moment into the stable, mounted
 my horse unobserved by them, and while they were de-
 bating in an orchard, behind the house, rode off full
 speed, and in a few hours got into the Modenese. I was
 much surprised that these fellows did not pursue me;
 as I can account for it but by supposing, what is not
 probable, that as they were strangers as well as
 myself, and had all the appearance of banditti or ruf-
 fians flying out of the dominions of the Pope, the woman
 of the house did not care to trust them with her horses.
 Having procured some refreshment, I continued my
 journey more leisurely through the Parmesan, the Milan-
 ese, and part of the Venetian territory, to Chiavenna,
 subject with its district to the Grisons, who abhor the very
 name of the Inquisition, and are ever ready to receive
 and protect all who fly from it, and take refuge, as many
 others do, in their dominions. However, as I proposed
 getting, as soon as I could, to the city of Berne, the me-
 tropolis of that great Protestant canton, and was informed
 the best way was through the cantons of Uri and
 Schwyz, and part of the canton of Lucern, all three
 Swiss cantons, I carefully concealed who I was and from
 whence I came. For, though no Inquisition prevails
 among the Swiss, yet the Pope's nuncio, who resides at
 Bern, might have persuaded the magistrates of those
 Swiss cantons to stop me, as an apostate and deserter
 from the order.

Having rested a few days at Chiavenna, I resumed my
 journey, quite refreshed, continuing it through the country
 of the Grisons, and the two small cantons of Uri and Un-
 terwald, to the canton of Lucern. There I missed my
 way, as I was quite unacquainted with the country, and
 viewing a city at a distance, was advancing to it, but
 unknowingly, as I knew not where I was, when a coun-
 tryman informed me that the city before me was Lucern.
 Upon that intelligence, I turned from the road as soon as
 convenient, and was out of sight; and that night I staid
 in the cottage of a good natured shepherd, who supplied
 me with sheep's milk, and my horse with plenty of grass.
 Next morning, making the best of my
 way westward, as I knew that Bern lay west of Lucern.

But, after a few miles, the country proved very mountainous, and having travelled the whole day over mountains, I was overtaken amongst them at night. Seeking out for a shelter during the night from the snow and rain, I perceived a light at a distance, and making towards it, got into a kind of foot path, but so narrow and rugged that I was obliged to lead my horse, and feel the way with one foot before venturing to move the other. Thus, with much difficulty I reached the place from whence the light proceeded, a poor little cottage; and knocking at the door, was asked who was there and what was wanting. I answered that I was a stranger and had lost my way. Let your way I replied he, there is no way here to lose. Being informed that I was in the Canton of Bern, I thanked God; cried I, transported with joy, that I am. The good man answered, And so do I. When told him who I was, and that I was going to Bern, he had quite lost myself, by keeping out of the high roads, to avoid falling into the hands of those who sought my destruction. He thereupon opened the door, received and entertained me with all the hospitality which his poverty would permit, regaled me with sour cream and some new laid eggs, the only provisions he had, and clean straw with a kind of rug for my bed, he having no other for himself and his wife. The good woman expressed as much satisfaction and good nature in her countenance, as her husband said many kind things in the Swiss language, which my husband interpreted to me in the Italian; for that language he well understood. I never passed a more comfortable night; and no sooner did I begin to stir in the morning, than the good man and his wife both came to know how I had rested; and wishing they had been able to entertain me better, obliged me to breakfast on two eggs, which Providence, they said, had supplied them with for that purpose. I then took leave of the wife, who, with her eyes lifted up to heaven, seemed most sincerely to wish me a good journey. As for the husband, he would by all means attend me to the high road leading to Bern, which road, he said, was but two miles from that place. But he insisted on my first going back with him to the way I had come the night before; the only way, he

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aid, that I could have possibly come from the neighboring
anton of Lucern. I saw it, and shuddered at the danger
had escaped; for I found that I had walked and led my
one a good way along a narrow path on the brink of a
redful precipice. The man made so many pious and
erinent remarks on the occasion, as both charmed and
uprised me. I no less admired his disinterestedness than
his piety; for, upon our parting, after he had attended me
all I was out of all danger of losing my way, he utterly
refused to accept any thing as a reward for his trouble.
He had the satisfaction, he said, of having relieved me in
the greatest distress, which was in itself a sufficient re-
ward, and he cared for no other.

I reached Bern that night, and proposed staying some
time there; but being informed by the principal minister
of the place, to whom I discovered myself, that boats went
recently down the Rhine, at that time of the year, with
goods and passengers from Basil to Holland, and advised
him to avail myself of that opportunity, I set out ac-
cordingly the next day, and crossing the papish canton of
Solure in the night, but very carefully avoiding the
town of that name, I got early the next morning to Ba-
sil. There I met with a most friendly reception from one
of the ministers of the place, having been warmly recom-
mended to him by a letter from his brother at Bern. As
my boat was to sail in two days, he entertained me very ac-
commodately during that time, at his house, and he embarked
me the third day, leaving my horse to my host, in return for
his kindness.

The company in the boat consisted of a few freedom, of
most many vagabonds, the very refuse of the neighbor-
ing nations, and some criminals flying from justice. I did
not long wait with them; for the boat striking against a
rock, not far from Strasburgh, I resolved not to wait till it
was refitted, (as it was not my design to go to Holland)
but to pursue my journey, partly in the common dilige-
nt stage-coach, and partly on post horses, through
France into London. I arrived here, and having I en-
joyed got safe into French Flanders, I there repaired
to the college of the Scotch Jesuits at Douay, and dis-
covering myself to the rector, I acquainted him with the

cause of my sudden departure from Italy, and begged him to give immediate notice of my arrival, as well as the motives of my flight to Michael Angelo Tamburini, general of the order, and my very particular friend.

The rector wrote as I had desired him, to the general, and the general taking no notice of my flight, in his answer (for he could not disapprove it, and did not think it safe to approve it) ordered me to continue where I was, till further orders. I arrived at Douay early in May; and continued there till the latter end of June, or the beginning of July, when the rector received a second letter from the general acquainting him, that he had been commanded by the congregation of the Inquisition, to order wherever I was back to Italy; to promise me in their name full pardon and forgiveness, if I obeyed; but if I did not obey, to treat me as an apostate. He added, that the same order had been transmitted, soon after my flight, to the nuncios at the different Roman Catholic courts; and he therefore, advised me to consult my own safety without further delay.

Upon the receipt of the general's kind letter, the rector was of opinion that I should repair by all means, without loss of time, to England, not only as the nearest place I could fly to, in my present situation, but as a place where I should soon recover my native language, and be usefully employed, as soon as I recovered it, either in France or in Scotland. I readily closed with the rector's opinion, being very uneasy in my mind, as my old doubts in point of religion, daily gained ground, and new ones upon reading (which was my only employment) books of controversy I found in the library of the college. The place being thus agreed on, and it being at the same time settled between the rector and myself that I should quit the very next morning, I solemnly promised at his request and desire, to take no kind of notice, after my arrival in England, of his having been any way party to my flight, or of the general's letter to him. This promise I have faithfully and honourably observed; and shall have thought myself guilty of the blackest ingratitude, if I had not observed it, being sensible that had it been known at Rome, that either the rector or general had been

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necessary to my flight, the Inquisition would have resent-
ed it severely on both. For, though a Jesuit in France,
in Flanders, or in Germany, is out of the reach of the In-
quisition; the general is not; and the high tribunal not
only have it in their power to punish the general him-
self, who resides constantly at Rome, but may oblige him
to inflict what punishment they please on any of the or-
ders obnoxious to them.
The rector went that very night out of town; and in
his absence, but not without his privacy, I took one of the
boats of the college early next morning, as if I were go-
ing for change of air, being somewhat indisposed, to pass
a few days at Hisle; but steering a different course, I
reached Aire that night, and Calais the next day. I was
then in no danger of being stopped and seized at the
introduction of the Inquisition; a tribunal no less abhorred
in France than in England. But, being informed by the
general, that the nuncios at the different courts had been
ordered, soon after my flight, to cause me to be apprehen-
ded in the Roman Catholic countries through which I
should pass, as an apostate or deserter from the order, I
was under no small apprehension of being discovered and
seized, even at Calais. No sooner, there-
fore, did I alight at the Inn, than I went down to the
harbour, and there, as I was very little acquainted with the
place, and thought the passage much shorter than it is, I
employed to engage some fishermen to carry me, that
I might, in one of their small vessels over to England
avoid the guards of the harbor; and I should cer-
tainly have been apprehended, as a person guilty of some
crime, fleeing from justice, had not Lord
Anson, whom I had the good luck to meet in the inn,
warned me of my danger, and pitying my condition,
sent me that moment, with all his company, to the
harbour, and conveyed me immediately on board his yacht.
I lay that night, having every thing I had, but the
coat on my back, in the inn; and the next day, this
yacht set me ashore at Dover, from whence I came in
a common stage to London.

such a number of such a kind, and of such a nature, as to be

ESTEVAN'S ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.

In the year 1768, Don Estevan de Xerxes, a rich inhabitant of Mexico, quitted America in order to reside in Spain, from which he had been absent since his infancy, and at the same time brought with him a considerable part of his fortune. He was now about fifty-four years of age. Some residents obliged the captain of the vessel in which Estevan had taken passage, to put into Lisbon. However he considered this accident of small importance, and resolved to travel by land to Madrid. He accordingly disembarked his domestics, his effects, his gold, and his merchandise, and took a lodging in Lisbon, intending to stay a few days in that city, in order to recover from the fatigue of his voyage.

The owner of the house, in which he lodged, was informed at sight of the riches which Estevan possessed, and he turned with a view to appropriate at least some part to himself. How was this object to be accomplished? To appear before the Inquisition was indeed a sure method of obtaining Estevan's riches, but then the holy office would confiscate them, and thus become the only possessor. He at length thought that, in the interval between the seizure of his person and the arrival of the commissioners to confiscate his goods, he should be able to secure something of value, and run the risk of being brought to account upon the subject. He therefore determined on this plan. Another difficulty still remained behind. Estevan had been only a very few days in Lisbon; he was a stranger, whose life was totally unknown to him, and he was alone in the city. Upon what was he to rely for his protection, so as to give it that appearance of probability which even the Inquisition required? It began to dawn upon him that this world had a son, as abandoned to all ties as himself, who had made many travels in America. He was of prodigious wealth, and embarrassed circumstances were never expected, by allowing him some small share of his treasure, he should bring him over to secure his person.

This son worthy of such a father, accepted the proposition.

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INQUISITION with alacrity. In his travels he had resided for some time in Mexico. Don Estevan was not entirely unknown to him. It would be possible to make it appear that a pardon for an Indian beauty had prevailed on him to gratify his mistress and her friends by some acts of adoration towards the sun. As the country was known to the young man, he would be enabled to mention the place where this transaction had happened and the witnesses who were present upon this occasion. The father was to add that Don Estevan, since his arrival in Lisbon, had neglected to attend the churches, and that he continued every day, for some hours, shut up in his own apartment, probably, to follow, without restraint, his infamous passions.

Their abominable and ridiculous plot being thus laid, the two wretches repaired to the mass of the holy office, and delivered in their information. It was well received. The richer of the stranger had been, during some days, generally talked of in Lisbon, and the opportunity of bringing upon them was much too favorable to be lost. The next evening Estevan was arrested as he descended from his coach, to enter his lodgings. Estevan fortunately was among the number of his domestics a young man of about four and twenty years of age, whom he had rescued from his slavery. Zomera, for this was his name, was present when his master was arrested. He knew enough of the Spanish and Portuguese manners to suspect the occasion; but in order to ascertain the fact, he followed at a distance the jailers who conducted his master. He saw them enter the gates of the Inquisition, and upon that moment he formed the resolution of saving himself, or perishing in the attempt. His first reflection was that without money he could get help for nothing. He therefore flew back to his master's lodging, ascended to his apartment, and seized a small case filled with diamonds, together with a pocket book which contained his valuable notes. He then hastened down stairs, and, keeping under the confusion which the event that had just occurred occasioned, he went and hired a lodging for the night in a remote part of the city. All night he was tormented by the most distressing anxieties. He reflected

on the danger to which he would be exposed were he discovered to possess the valuable effects which he had the good fortune to secure out of his master's property. Suspensions would undoubtedly be excited to his prejudice. He would be charged with having stolen them. His great project would thus be rendered abortive, and he would perish as a culprit without any advantage to his benefactor. But where was he to conceal his valuable prize? In whom should he confide? To whom reveal his important secret? At length he remembered that, since their arrival in Lisbon, he had attended his master more than once to the house of the French consul, with whom he had appeared to be upon terms of strict friendship. He reflected, besides, that this person was not subject to the power of the Inquisition, and would be able to act without endangering himself by his humanity.

At the dawn of day he arose and having repaired to the consul's house, he entreated a private audience. Being admitted, he informed the consul of the calamity which had befallen his master, of the resolution which he had formed to deliver him, of the means he had used to secure part of his property, and to provide himself a fund for carrying on his design, and besought him to take charge of the precious articles which he bore.

The consul, surprised at the spirit and the fidelity of the young stranger, engaged to afford him every assistance in his power and promised to keep with the greatest secrecy the deposit entrusted to his care. He desired him to sit down, entered into conversation with him, and asked if he knew any thing about the reasons of his master's arrest. — "Nothing in the world," replied the tender hearted youth, with tears in his eyes. "His conduct in the new world was always irreproachable, and since we disembarked in this city, I have never been absent from him for a moment. I can safely assert that he was never guilty of a single act, or word or look that betrayed even a suspicion. No! his riches have tempted some wretch to rob him. In my honest opinion, Don Estevan made choice of a dangerous residence. The master of the house appeared to me to be too inquisitive. He harassed all our pe-

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ple with continual questions, and frequently interrogated myself concerning the life of my master. I do not like the character of this man. His son whom I was told he had not seen for a long time, has been recalled to him within a few days; and during that time they have had many private interviews and conferences together. I think I observed them to exchange very suspicious looks as they viewed the numerous trunks and parcels which Don Estevan had brought with him into the house. Perhaps I am deceived, but I cannot help suspecting that these men were not unconcerned in our calamity. "If that be the case," replied the consul, "I will battle at that part of their plot. I will disappoint their avarice and that of the Inquisition. I know that Estevan has stowed a large part of his cargo to be sent to Bordeaux. I will require that this be sequestered to secure the charges of my countrymen, so that if you succeed in your generous enterprise, Estevan at least will not be ruined." At these words Zamora could not contain his joy; "Alas!" cried he, "it was heaven that guided my steps to you." "But how do you mean to proceed?" said the consul, "in this design?" "I know not; but this good fortune is a favorable omen of my success." "Consider the dangers you incur." They are great, I am aware; but I fear them not. "How do you propose to begin?" "I cannot tell. Providence will be my guide." But if you fail? "Then I have nothing for which to wish for life." The consul, still more delighted to behold so warm and tender an attachment, embraced the youth again. They resolved, in order to avoid all suspicion that Zamora should visit him in the night, to give an account of his proceedings, and to receive the money necessary for the furtherance of his plans. The consul gave him a key of a private door in his garden and agreed upon a signal to be made at his door. After arranging these points they separated. That very morning the consul repaired to the lodgings of Estevan. The commissioners of the Inquisition were there before him, and had begun to make a inventory of the goods of the prisoner. The consul, by virtue of the treaty of commerce which existed between

the two nations, exhibited to them the assurance of the company in Bordeaux, and required, in order to secure the interests of his countrymen, that all the effects of Morazan should be sequestered, until the termination of the trial. He also required that the entire house should be searched, lest any part of the property of the prisoner should have been removed out of his own apartments. The host, terrified for the consequence of his proceedings, said that he had intended himself to make the same demand, because the parcels belonging to the prisoner were so numerous, that, in the confusion of his first arrival, they had been placed in every part of the house, and some even in his own chamber, as he took care to specify. By these means, this knave, being entangled in the net which himself had laid, completely lost the reward of his intrigue, and nothing was left him but the remorse which followed an atrocious action.

For two days Zamora exerted all his ingenuity to devise a mode of proceeding which might finally conduct him to the event which his heart so anxiously desired. His first and most important step was to penetrate into the secret of the holy office, but this attempt was attended with great difficulty, and perhaps with ruinous prolongation. It depended entirely upon the probability of the success which he should make use of upon the occasion after revolving a thousand different projects which occurred to his mind, he at last thought of one which exhibited the possibility of gaining access to the inquisition, without giving rise to any suspicion. He instantly crossed the river, he crossed his address, his figure, his voice, so as to bear the character he assumed. At length, when he thought himself sufficiently prepared to deceive all observation by an apparent simplicity, and to answer every objection that might be made to his declaration, he called forth, and appeared at the holy office. It was then that he looked in the morning. He begged to speak to the grand inquisitor. The guards and attendants treated him with rudeness. "His eminence is asleep," "I will not disturb him." "Say you may wait." On whose part did he come? "On my own." "Your own indeed? Do you have you belong to some master?" "Yes, to Don Fern

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van." In a moment the crew was changed. They took
him for an informer." "Enter, my good friend. His
eminence shall be apprised of your visit." A messenger
was instantly despatched with the intelligence, and re-
turned back almost instantly. "His eminence," said the
messenger, "is engaged at present, but he has command-
ed his private secretary, the right reverend father Ivan
Moris, of the most illustrious order of St. Dominic, to
give you an audience." They then conducted him through
a number of magnificent apartments, and brought him at
length to that of the secretary, who was carelessly reclin-
ing upon a sofa. "Well, my son, you belong then to this wretch Esteva-
no. He is a great sinner, is he not? He is a new
Christian—his mother was a Jewess, don't you say?—
shall I write down your deposition?" "Most reverend
and illustrious!" "Come, my son, don't tremble so. Take
courage, you are here in the very temple of justice and of
mercy." "I thought so when I entered it, most illu-
strious! Ah, Don Estevan—he is the cause of my grief.
Consider most reverend father, how frequently in Mexico
he promised to have me baptised, but some business or
other always interfered." "Tell of his impiety, my son.
A sinner and an atheist, he mocks at the sacraments. Well, my
good child, go on." "Well, reverend father, he promised
to have me this blessing in Europe; but as he has been
murdered, and I am not baptised, and if by any misfor-
tune I should now die, poor Estevan would go directly to
hell!" "None Dava! My son, God will not allow
such a thing to happen; but what was he arrested for?"
"I know not, most reverend father. I suppose by the gov-
ernment. But finding myself forsaken and abandoned, I
imagined that as the grand inquisitor and all
the attendants upon him are gone, none were so proper to re-
lieve me from the danger in which I stand." "Yes, my dear
son, I will rescue you from the jaws of the devil. It is God
who has been your saviour, his mercy has been your
protection. What joy what happiness for me! There are
treasures of gold, it is the fruit of my labor since my
conversion. Will your reverence condescend to employ

this money in having masses said for my salvation; Fifty paces! I will teach you your catechism; I will be your sponsor, and I trust his eminence the grand Inquisitor will condescend to perform the ceremony. But what business have you at present? None. I have no home place; I have given your reverence all that I had; but would rather live than lose my salvation. The time has come of the dove! Well! I will attach you to the office; it is the way of heaven. What can you do? I know a little of cooking and gardening; I can sew well, besides I am active and alert. I have a quick eye, a ready ear, and an excellent memory. And distraction? You answer for that. Excellent! I'll replace the secretary, and ring a small bell which lay upon the table. Major demo, said he to a man who entered and stood respectfully at the door, this young negro is a catechumen whom his eminence and I take under special protection; I recommended him to you. He will employ him in whatever he is found fit for. I trust him to your care. See that he be well fed and contented; Go, and you my son, follow him; watch and pray that you may not enter into temptation. If Eusebio had dared to give way to the feeling of indignation, to what transports would he have yielded! But he was obliged to confine them within his own heart. He was anxious above all things to approve the conduct of his superior. But for the first days he might watch his step. He laboured all the first month in reconciling the good of every body around him. He studied assiduously the catechism of Father Juan; he anticipated his desires, guessed his intentions, and gratified his smallest wishes. When presented by him to the grand Inquisitor he had been equally successful in recommending himself to the confessor. Without being stated by his superior, and without the aid of his credit among his instructors, he made the most efforts to please them; he assisted in their studies, excused their weaknesses, drank with them, and treated of excesses their errors, so that in a short time he became the object of universal affection in the house. It was, above all, to the students that the grand Inquisitor

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prisoner that he studied to recommend himself. If the
guards were fatigued with their duty, Zamora watched
for them, and passed whole nights in their place. He
entertained them with accounts of his travels and his
country, and sometimes a bottle of wine promoted the hil-
lary of the evening. Still all this was very far from the
object upon which his heart was set. Already, thanks to
the confidence which he enjoyed and to his reason, he had
access to the dungeons of upwards of fifty prisoners,
but without entering the only one which he wished to be-
hold. How was he to discover it? Of whom was he to
inquire? The most indifferent question might occasion
his destruction. However he went to his friend, the con-
stant who supported his courage, but was unable to give
him any hint of what he wished to know. The fatigues
of the party which he was thus obliged to play
upwards of four months, and his increasing anxiety,
permanently both his health and his spirits, and he would
probably have sunk beneath the weight of his afflictions,
had not heaven come to his relief, a single day before
One morning as he stood in the gallery with the guards,
a major down brought a note to the alcade. The alcade
immediately ordered six of them to take their
was the usual sign that they were about to receive
prisoner to the same, on board of the holy office. Zam-
ora was going to retire, when the alcade said to him,
Come you also with us; you will behold a quarter you
are yet unacquainted with. These words made him trem-
ble with anxiety. He followed them. The alcade then
opened a door, which till then, Zamora had always seen
closed. They ascended to an upper floor, and came to a
very less dark than that below. "This is the quarter
of the *Uladine*, or people of quality," said the alcade.
Just then they arrived at outer chambers; the heavy doors with
double bolts were opened. "You are mis-
taken," said the alcade to the prisoner within. A per-
son then came forth—it was Estevan himself. "What
business do you have with Zamora? What surprise! Estevan prostrated
himself upon the ground; he kissed them, and
his faithful follower Zamora shuddering with
astonishment, might occasion the destruction of

—Esteven without betraying at ease, suffering himself to be returned, green, the deposition, upon window opened, height it stood, the elevation dangerous towards this quarter. He came forth, and without two hours. Their eye-glance. Bring Esteven entered to officious. He pretended to enter door, which the footed hall with retired with this bitter. Patience, after, the state she is to you, the symptoms of one passing. Sudden Zamora, I have neither I live time in well, and, I have a heart, and a blood in my chamber.

liberty been so propitious, and upon the favor and protection of Heaven, which he humbly hoped would be propitious to innocence. The next morning he was in the garden which laid before the window of Esteven. He had worked there a hundred times without suspecting he was so near his antagonist master. The gardener was accustomed to see him there, and never interfered with any work that he did. He knew that father Juan was his protector, and that was enough. This gardener was a man of above sixty years, who was extravagantly fond of brandy, and Zamora took care that he should not want his favorite liquor. He had by his good natured attentions rendered himself equally agreeable to the wife, so that Zamora was like the master of the house. It was necessary to pass through this house in order to enter the garden from the street, into which the outer door opened. None but persons belonging to the Inquisition were permitted to enter there. The possession of the garden, the good will of his wife, and the liberty which was necessary for the performance of his work, had enabled Zamora to obtain a key of that door. By doing by night what any hear he pleased, he could enter the garden at will, and this had been the case almost ever since he had been in the house. Upon that day he employed himself in ascending which of the windows that opened into the garden belonged to the possession of his master. He had taken pains to count the number of windows which opened into the gallery, and by counting the same number of windows he found himself that he had obtained the right one. However, to be perfectly secure, he took a spade and proceeded to strike out one hole of seven in the wall, a plain wall which he had seen was the habitation of his master. It was not a wall, it was a room of the palace which he had seen the Inquisition, the time reached the end of Esteven's office. He saw a signal within, that he was sensible of the presence of his faithful servant. Zamora, on this point, Zamora devoted himself, for some time, to assist the servants whose business it was to dig up their bodies from the prisons in the morning and to bury them at length before the sun of his audience,

that they fell into the habit of calling him whenever his duty was to be performed. It was commonly done at noon and at six o'clock in the evening. Some of the guards always attended the servants, but whatever may be the rigor of the internal discipline of the Inquisition, it happens here, as well as elsewhere, that a duty frequently repeated at stated hours, is very apt to be performed negligently and with remissness. By these he had the opportunity of sometimes approaching Mateo; but the guards did not seem to him favorable to his views, the day being still too long. He determined to wait patiently in the autumn, since the darkness of the evenings would then better conceal their correspondence. The autumn arrived, and Zamora formed his final resolution. He therefore supplied himself with money which was necessary to form his surprise, and to provide against every accident. At length one evening, as he conveyed to Mateo his supplies through the wicket, he contrived adroitly to let fall a small billet. To-morrow at the same hour—said he, the next evening at the hour of distribution he took care to be at hand. His comrades twined the supports of prisoners upon plates in order to convey them to the cell. Zamora took charge of the basket which contained the portions of bread. They then set forward. In going along the piece of bread fell from the basket, or let us suppose it happened at fall. Zamora picked it up, and placed it under his belt. His distribution with them made from door to door, and he was contrived to introduce through that of Mateo a piece of bread which he had picked up. He had taken care to place it in the kitchen for another piece which he had taken. This piece of bread, which wholly reached the hands distributed to the prisoners, had been previously placed among all the crumbs. It contained in it, as he allowed Mateo time sufficient to avail himself of the opportunity present.

The festival of Christmas approached, and this was the season which Zamora had made choice of for his escape. In three days the stars, bright by their dots, were wont to appear more than ever, what at this time

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cast their strength and spirits, and were therefore likely to pass their nights in more profound repose. The night was then long and dark, and Zamora took care to choose a time when there was no moon. On the night which preceded the evening of Christmas day, Zamora sent into his master's cell a third billet: "If you are ready to-morrow after dinner, leave some wine in your bottle." The answer that he wished for was returned. This was on Christmas eve. Upon the day of the festival, Zamora enjoyed a still greater facility of correspondence. At the hour of distributing their supper to the prisoners, the greater part of the servants, the guards, and the alcaide were still at church. Zamora then threw in another billet: "To-morrow between midnight and one o'clock, let down the cord, and get yourself ready."

How long did this day appear to Zamora and his unfortunate friend! how much anxiety! how many flattering expectations! the evening came. The routine of duty being over, about six o'clock the grand Inquisitor, and the majority of the superior members of the Inquisition, sat down to table. The wine was got speedily. At nine they separated, and in half an hour more they were all buried in a profound sleep. The alcaide then said to Zamora, "Every body is asleep, as you perceive; there are no guards to go to night; I will go." "Well," replied Zamora, "I have promised to sup with the gardener and his wife; if you please we will go on together." In half an hour after, the guards were all asleep. Zamora and the alcaide then went out, and each repaired to the place of appointment. Zamora supped with the gardener and his wife; he had supplied himself with excellent wine, and laughter and song heightened the pleasure of the repast; and at eleven o'clock, the gardener leaned over the table. The wife soon followed her lord's example, and Zamora was left alone.

The clock now struck twelve. Zamora extinguished his candles and on tip toe descended the stairs. He entered the garden; it was perfectly dark, and without delay he first ran to dig up a pole ladder, which he had concealed beneath a bed of flowers. After some search he found it, he flew to the window; a slight whistle was the

signal. In a moment after he saw descend a thin cord, which he had conveyed to Estevan. He seized it; fastened it to his ladder and then gave it a gentle pull. With the utmost ecstasy he saw the ladder ascend. The agitation which he endured was most dreadful. Estevan appeared; and a moment more gave him to the ecstatic embrace of the delighted Zamora. They flew across the garden, entered the street, and were soon at a distance from this dreadful place. Zamora, unable to speak, again strained his master to his heart; the tears bedewed both their cheeks, and spoke with an eloquence which is not in language to express. "Come," at length cried Zamora, "thanks to the Father of all mercies, we are safe!" They soon entered the garden of the consul, flew across it in a moment, reached the door, ascended the stairs, and here had their liberty secure in the asylum of his chamber.

"Oh, Eternal Giver of all good," exclaimed Estevan, as he bent his knees before the throne of his God, "hear the prayer of thy unfortunate creature; recompense my deliverer, whom thy mercies have enabled to achieve his daring resolutions." How shall I paint the transports, the overflowing ecstasy of the three friends? Estevan was indebted to one for the recovery of his liberty, and to the other for the security of his property. "How, have I deserved such love?" cried he. "Are you not my father?" replied Zamora. "Are you not an honest and an injured man?" exclaimed the consul. Again they embraced and mingled their tears together. Thus passed the night. They listened with delight to the detail of what Estevan had done in order to attain the object of his hopes; "Tell me, Estevan, how much you must have endured!" "From the day that I beheld Zamora," he replied, "hope returned to her station in my heart, and I ceased to suffer. Do you know why my arrest? what have I done? what was my crime?" "Have not your judges informed you?" "No, not a syllable." "No matter, you are safe; forget your wrongs, forget your enemies, they have suffered for their villainy. My exertions in depriving your unworthy host of the booty of which he had robbed you, and which he expected

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to secure by your destruction, rendered him unable to re-
compense his equally detestable son. This base accomplice
avenged himself by parricide. Flight snatched him from
the sword of offended justice; he traversed Spain, and
reached France, where new crimes conducted him to the
scaffold. At the moment of death he declared the crime
of which he and his father had been guilty towards you.
This declaration, properly authenticated, had just reached
me; and if heaven had not smiled on Zamora, I would
have said it before the Grand Inquisitor. But God, in his
wisdom, had ordered otherwise."

After the commotion, which their flight from the Inqui-
sition had occasioned, was subsided, the consul privately
despatched a vessel to Bordeaux; where, after a prosper-
ous voyage, Estevan and Zamora safely landed.

NOLHAC, THE JESUIT.

The following account of Nolhac, a Jesuit, who was
murdered in one of the revolutionary massacres at Avig-
non, is from the Abbe Barruel.

Avignon and the Comtat, had been declared, by the as-
sembly, united to France; Jourdan, sur-named *Coup-tête*,
was at Avignon with his banditti. The unfortunate per-
sons shut up in prison were devoted by him to death.
An immense pit was opened to serve as their grave, and
heaps of sand were carried thither to cover the bodies.
There were 600 prisoners in the castle: the hour was fix-
ed for putting them to death and throwing them, one after
the other, into the pit. There was at Avignon a virtuous
priest, one of those men for whom we feel, on earth, a
veneration, like that paid to the saints in heaven. His
name was Nolhac: he had formerly been rector of the
college of the Jesuit at Toulouse, and was now 56 years
old. For 30 years he had been the parish priest of St.
Symphorien, a parish which he had taken in preference,

from its being that of the poor. During all these years, spent in the town, he had been the father and refuge of the indigent, the comfort of the afflicted, the adviser and friend of the inhabitants, and he would not listen to their entreating to quit the place, on the arrival of Jourdan and his banditti. He could never resolve to leave his parishioners, deprived of their minister, in the beginning of the troubles of the schism, and far less to leave them, deprived of the consolations of religion, while under the tyranny of the banditti. Martyrdom, the glory of shedding his blood for Jesus, for his church, or for the faithful, were to him, but the accomplishment of desires and wishes, which all his life had been formed in his soul, and with which he knew how to inspire his disciples; when he was directing them in the paths of perfection. His life had been but a martyrdom, concealed by a countenance always serene, and always beaming angelic joy, with peace of conscience. His body clothed with a hair-shirt, had needed the strong constitution with which nature had endowed him, to support him under the mortifications, watchings, and fasts, he endured, through all the activity of a minister, and the austerity of an anchorite. Daily at prayer and meditation, long before light—daily visiting the sick and poor, whom he never left without administering temporal comforts confided to his hands by the faithful; always poor to himself, but rich for others, it was at length time to consummate the sacrifice of a life wholly devoted to charity and to his God.

M. Nelhac, whom the banditti themselves had hitherto held sacred, was sent prisoner to the castle the day before that on which the six hundred victims were put to death. His appearance among these unhappy persons, who all knew and revered him, was that of a consoling angel: his first words were those of an apostle of souls; and in order to prepare them for appearing before the Judge of the quick and the dead, "I come to die with you my children; we are all going together to appear before God. How I thank him for having sent me to prepare you to appear at his tribunal! Come, my children, the moments are precious: to-morrow, perhaps to-day,

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pursuing, qualify ourselves to be happy in the other.
Let us not lose a single year among you, and be the
hope that God will receive myself into his house, the
happiness of being able to present you to him, and children
all of whom he charges me to love, and to render worthy
of his mercy. With tears and vows they confessed and
died; he listened to them; he embraced them with such
tenderness which he always manifested towards them.
He had the satisfaction of finding them all happy, by
his paternal exhortations. Already had the pious, which
Gabriels can give, taken possession of their hearts, when
servants of the household were heard calling out, "Behold
who were to be the first victims for whom they walked
the gates of the fire." There, on the right and on the left,
stood the executioners, each having an iron bar in his hand,
with which they struck their victims as they came out,
with all their force, and killed them. Their bodies were
then delivered to other executioners, who mangled the
limbs and disfigured them with sabres, to render it impos-
sible for the children and friends of the persons so cruelly
guiltless. After this, the remains were thrown into the
infernal pit called the Bo-house. Meanwhile, Mr. Noble,
within the prison, continued exhorting and embracing the
unhappy prisoners, and encouraging them to go to the
angel called. He was fortunate enough to be the last
and to follow into the presence of his God the six hundred
thousand who had carried to Heaven the tidings of his
valour and unshaken fortitude.

THE TEA TABLE.

Well, now, I can take care of myself, said Julia, I
told her husband, as they were taking tea together in
their little parlor, one delightful summer afternoon, just
before sunset, and while the moon was yet on her
scepter, the door opened, and Mrs. Fanny came, entered the
room on one of her flying afternoon visits. Julia, who

not avoid coloring up a little at this sudden intrusion; for this young lady's visits were always intrusive, and Miss Grey suspected she had come in at a moment when her company was not the most desirable. However she seated herself, and entertained the good neighbors with a history, about three hours long, of the home concerns of every family in the neighborhood. There was a minute and detailed account of Miss De la Motte's visit with a list of all who were not there, among whom she was most careful to mention that Julia was not; then the progress of the revolution in the country; the domestic squabbles of her acquaintances; the scandals of the week; the motions of the widower who lived on the Appleby farm, betokening an approaching union with the Squire's daughter; and who were jealous thereof; and a hundred other topics, equally interesting and profitable, were all spread out in the carpet.

Mr. Pollex and made his escape as soon as he rose from the table, and Miss Polly did not fail to comment largely on the strange impossibility of husbands, insisting that they were as restless and unhappy in the marriage state as caged up tigers, and insisting how gay, and young, and spruce they immediately became on leaving the wives. Kindly and most sympathetically adding, 'If you were to drop off, my dear Julia, Mr. Pollex would be sure to be the most gallant and agreeable man in the village.' After enjoying herself, and entertaining Julia thus delightfully, until it began to grow late, she gathered up her knitting and sallied out to make a call on two more, before she went home.

Mr and Mrs Pellew were young, had been married a year, and were mutually as happy in their union, for industry and virtue, and similar tastes and dispositions could make them. He was engaged in a business, which with industry and good management yielded him a gentle income; he embarked in it however without capital of his own; but Julia had a considerable amount of property which though the principal was not under her control afforded a basis upon which her husband was enabled to raise the credit necessary in his business; and he had the

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and This amiable family had numerous relatives and ac-
quaintances, were looked upon by the good and sensible
part of the neighborhood as patterns of virtue, and were
generally much beloved and admired.

The visit of their friend, Miss Polly was forgotten in a
day or two but things began, before long, to wear rather a
strange aspect. Time after time Mrs Fellow observed,
that her visitors, who began to be much more numerous
than before, put on long faces, and in a concluding strain
langued on the trials of the marriage state, the necessity
of abstinence, and exercise of christian patience, mingled
with sundry hints about the sovereign rights of the sex,
and the best methods of managing unruly husbands; with
now and then a kind of half expressed sympathetic pity
for her. She could not for her life understand what all
this meant, and attributed it to every cause but the right
one.

Her was Mr Fellow to escape this new and to him an
accountable change of the current of feeling among his
neighbors towards him. The symptom he saw was a cold
and shyness on the part of his wife's relatives, some
of them even refusing to speak to him. The female part
of his acquaintances scolded at him; and what was worse,
he thought his customers began to neglect him. By and
by things grew worse; at last his creditors began to press,
he was alarmed; he had never before been asked to pay,
his credit had been perfect; he wondered, and went
about the town; it came in half a dozen prosecutions,
judgments, and executions.

It was now time to move up. At these things were in
progress, he appeared to view them with perfect indiffer-
ence, being usually willing to believe the evidence of his
senses. Now he demanded the cause of this strange trans-
action, and with some difficulty ascertained, that it arose
from the unhappy separation about to take place between
him and his wife, and the cruel manner in which he had
treated her. He demanded the author of the story, and was
directed to an old gentleman who had told his informant.
The old man gave him his wife her neighbor's wife,
and the tale was traced down through about five and
twenty months, growing rather less at each, until it came

AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTERS.

There is stillness in the house of death, which says to every tread softly; and puts the finger of silence on the lip of the boldest timpertience. It was a calm evening in June, when a little boy entered, saying, 'Miss L. wishes you to call, her mother is dying.' I hastened to the well ordered house, and as I entered the neatly arranged yard, it seemed as if the sweet perfume of the death of the righteous was there. A silent grasp of the hand, by the eldest daughter, welcomed me in, who stepped lightly to the dying mother, to administer what might be necessary; while four sisters, beside, attired in white, stood around her couch; the white curtains of the bed and windows, the airiness, and taste, throughout the whole, said plainly that the virtuous woman, who 'worked diligently with her hands' has left her impress here, and her daughters around her are like 'polished stones.' The dying saint was speechless, she had given her last message, and had nothing to do, but to die. An almost speechless silence reigned throughout the night, while the administrative soul seemed standing on the fathoms between two worlds, waiting the last message, till at the morning he belched his first breeze on the trembling poplar, at the window, I heard a convulsive struggle, a shuddering movement. I looked, the daughters had fallen on their knees around her bed, the father raised his withered hands, and implored the God of mercies to send some kind angel, and wait the companion of his youth, on the wings of the morning, in the mansions of the blessed. As he committed her spirit to the God who gave it, the struggle ceased; the soul fled; a burst of loud grief was heard, and all was still again. The eldest daughter as she sobbed away, said, this is the last I can do for the best of mothers. Oh! that we could follow her example, and loved another: while they all again sobbed aloud. Her words continued the father, have distilled like the dew, my daughters, will arise—and call her blessed. The badges of mourning were not needed for ostentation, in the autumn, I called, when about leaving the village, and the lot of their bereaved mother, was un-

required. You must go with us to the grave before you leave forever. I went, the rose they had planted by her head, had long since fallen from its stem, and the five daughters knelt around the little enclosure, which guarded the mound, as I saw them around her bed, when her soul was taking its flight, while it seemed her sainted spirit was looking from the golden battlements of heaven, and dropping the benediction of the blessed upon these plants of her rearing. As I walked away, my heart said, Oh, the blessed fruits of early instruction, and the rich waving harvests of a mother's toil.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman travelling some years since in the Southern States, called at an inn and requested entertainment for the night.—The host informed him, that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He entreated him to lodge him, as he was always furnished with travelling, as well as his board. After much solicitation the host consented to entertain him, provided he would sleep in a certain chamber that had long remained unoccupied, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by a ghost of a barber, who was reputed to have been murdered in that room a number of years since. "Very well," said the guest, "I am not afraid of the ghost; take care of my horse and prepare me some supper." After taking some refreshment, he inquired how, and in what manner the chamber in which he was to lodge was haunted. The host replied, that those who had lodged in the room, stated, that shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protesting accent, saying, "Do you want to be shaved?" Well, replied the guest, if he comes I will let him shave me. He then requested that he might be shown the apartment in which he was to lodge, through a long passage, where were seated a great number of persons at the gaming table.—Feeling a curiosity, which almost overpowered him, after having heard ghost stories, he came in

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searched every closet in his apartment but could discover nothing but a large basin. He then went to bed; but feeling much fatigued, he did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, (which is often the case, when one is excessively tired) and in a few moments he imagined he heard the voice as represented to him by the host. He arose from his bed and searched every part of his chamber, but could discover nothing. He then went to bed, but no sooner had he begun to compose himself again than the question was repeated. He then arose, went to his window the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent.—After a few moments of suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly. Convinced that it was from without, he opened his window, when it was repeated full to his ear. On a closer examination he observed that the limb of a venerable oak, which stood under his window, projected so near the house, as on every breath of wind to grate against the shingles, creating a sound resembling the interrogation, 'Do you want to be shaved?' Having satisfied himself that the ghost was nothing more or less than the limb of a tree, coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed and attempted to go to sleep; but was now interrupted by peals of laughter in the room below, where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking he could turn this discovery to his advantage he took the sheet from the bed, wrapped it around him, and taking the basin in his hand, descended into the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door rushed in exclaiming in a tremulous voice 'Do you want to be shaved?' Terrified at this interruption, they fled from the room in the greatest confusion; some tumbling down the stairs over the heads of others. He then descended, put his basin under the table, and gathered up the scattered bank of money into it, which had been left there; secured it, and retired peaceably to rest.

The next morning on going below, he found the house in the greatest confusion. They immediately asked him how he had enjoyed a good night's rest. He replied in the affirmative 'Well, no wonder,' said the host, 'for the intention of going to his usual place, made a visit to our room, and carried off every cent of

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so that the wonder was only that the creature was so near, for that it was a serpent but too well known in the inland parts of the woods, where it often dropped down from the covert of a large tree, and devoured a traveller alive.

A relation so strange as this could never have gained credit with me, but that I actually saw the creature from the same, capable of doing more than was related.

It continued diverting itself till we assembled a body of twelve of us, to go on horseback well armed to destroy him.

We rode near the place, but not to expose ourselves to danger we rode behind a thicket, from whence we might have levelled our fire-arms at him; but when we arrived there, we found him so much larger than we conceived, that we wished ourselves at home again; and for a long time we dared not fire.

We had now time to observe the creature; and believe me, sir, all the descriptions of monsters of this kind hitherto given are trifles to what we saw in him. The Ceylonese all declared that he was much larger than any they had ever seen, and such a mixture of horror and beauty together, no eye but that which saw it can conceive.

The creature was as thick as a man's waist, yet seemed so fat, and very long in proportion to his thickness; then hanging himself by the tail from the highest boughs of the tree, and reaching the ground with his head. He was surprisingly nimble, and was now diverting himself in the heat of the day, with a thousand gambols round the branches of the tree, and would sometimes come down and twist his tail round the bottom of the trunk, throwing himself his whole length all around it. In the midst of one of these gambols, we were surprised to see him, suddenly spring up into the tree; but the cause was not what we imagined, an animal of the fox kind, which the Ceylonese, coming towards him, he took this way to escape for him. He darted down upon the unwary creature, clanked him in a few minutes, then licked his throat with a broad double tongue of a blackish color, and lay himself at length upon the ground; but with his tail still coiled round the tree.

In this posture I had an opportunity with horror, yet

with admiration, to behold him. He was covered with scales like a crocodile; his head was green, with a large black spot in the middle, and yellow streaks round the jaws; he had a yellow circle of a gold color round his mouth, and behind that another great spot of black. His sides were of an olive color, and his back more beautiful than can be described: his head was very flat, but extremely broad, and his eyes monstrously large and very bright and terrible. When he moved about in the sun he was, if possible, a thousand times more beautiful than before, the color according to the several shades of light presenting a vast variety, in many places looking like changeable colors in silk.

We all aimed our pieces at him as he lay, and fired his head all at once; but whether he accidentally moved just at that time, or our fears made us take bad aim, we either missed him or never hit him, for he took no notice of it; and after a council of war we all agreed to make no further attempt upon him at that time, but to go home and return with a stronger party the next day.

The Caylonese seemed to know the creature well; they called it Anaconda, and talked of eating its flesh when they caught it, as they had no small hopes of doing; they say, when one of these creatures chooses a place for its dwelling, he seldom quits it for a long time.

I detained my company to dine with me, and the afternoon was spent in relating the amazing things which one or other of the company had seen of this sort of monster. In short, they told abundance of things that far exceeded my credulity; but what we saw the next day, surpassed all they had told me, or what they related, and so to exceed truth and probability.

It seems the custom of this creature to lay wait for prey is, by hiding in the boughs of large trees, whence it unexpectedly drops upon the creature, which he seized before it sees an enemy; but the instance we saw of this, I must relate to you.

The next morning, we assembled to the number of thirty, armed, at the same thickets, where we had the place (if I dare call it so) to find our enemy at his old post.

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seemed very fierce and very hungry this morning, and we soon saw the effects of it.

There are great plenty of tigers in this country; one of these of monstrous size, not less than a common heifer, when he went along, came at length under the serpent's tree; in a moment we heard a dreadful rustling in the tree, and swift as thought the serpent dropped upon him, seizing him across the back a little below the shoulders, with his horrible mouth, and taking in a piece of the back bigger than a man's head: the creature roared with agony, and to our unspeakable terror, was running with his enemy toward us; his course however was soon stopped, for the terrible adversary winding his body three or four times round the body of his prey, girded him so violently, that he soon fell down in agony. The moment the serpent had seized his folds, he let go the back of the creature, and rising and twisting round the head, opened its horrid mouth to its full extent, and seized the whole face of the tiger in it, biting and grinding him in a most hostile manner, and at once choking him and tearing him to pieces.

The tiger reared up again on this, and words are too poor to paint his seeming agony; he writhed and tossed about, but all in vain, the enemy wherever he went was with him, and his hollow roaring from within the serpent's mouth was dreadful beyond expression.

I was for firing on the creature in this state, but they all declared against it; they told me, they knew him too well, that they were now very sure of him without any trouble or hazard, if they left him alone; but if they disturbed him in this condition, he would be so outrageous, that several of our lives would assuredly pay the forfeit. They seemed to know so well what they were about, that I readily acquiesced.

Several of us spent the whole day in observing this fight; and surely the agonies of the tiger were beyond all that can be conceived, and his death more horrid than a thousand other deaths with all their tortures put together.

The tiger was a strong and fierce creature, and though unable to hurt or get rid of its cruel enemy, yet gave him a world of trouble; a hundred times would he rear up

and run a little way, but soon fell down again, partly oppressed by the weight, and partly by the writhed twists of the serpent round his body; but though he fell, he was far from being conquered.

After some hours he seemed much spent, and lay as if dead; and the serpent, who had many times girted himself violently round him, attempting to break his bones, but in vain, now let go his hold, and twisting his tail round the tiger's neck, who was now in no condition either to resist or escape, he made towards the tree, dragging with some pains, the tiger after him.

Nature, it seems, informs this animal, that though it can conquer such large creatures as these, it can by no means devour them as they are, since their bodies are too thick for his swallow, and he must therefore break their bones, and reduce them to a soft mass, before he can manage them. This he usually does, as we saw him attempt to do on the tiger, by getting his body very firmly and hard round them, by this means crushing them to pieces; but when this method will not do, he has recourse to the tree, as we now had opportunity to observe. He dragged the tiger by degrees after him to the tree, and the creature being almost dead, unable to stand, he seized him lightly a second time by the back, and set him on his legs against the trunk of the tree, then immediately winding his body round both the tiger and the tree several times, he girted both with all his violence, till the ribs and other bones began to give way, and by repeated attempts of this kind, he broke all the ribs and legs in four or five different places; this took up several hours, and the poor creature all this while was living, and at every crack of the bones gave a howl, though not loud, yet piteous enough to pierce the most cruel heart, and make even man forget his natural hatred to its species, and pity its misery.

After the legs and ribs, the snake attacked the skull in the same manner, but this proved so difficult a task, that the monster tired with fatigue, and seeing his prey in no condition of escaping, left him for the night at the foot of the tree, and retired into it himself to rest; upon which we went home, and I must assure you, I could not sleep, for the poor tiger was naturally so strong, that we had

him still alive.

In the thicket; but the body of known as a matter, was shown all over arrived, we was yet bus close to the before and shape of one what gave it and rendering it to his mind and afterwards of so much here; when I these who stand got it all in.

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In the morning I returned with several others to the thicket; but as we rode up we saw a strange change; the body of the tiger, which we now saw no longer to be known as such, but looked like a red lump of shapeless matter, was dragged to some distance from the tree, and shone all over as covered with gine or jelly; when we arrived, we saw plainly the meaning of this, the snake was yet busied about it. He had laid his legs one by one close to the body, and was now placing the head straight before and licking the body (which had no remaining shape of one) and covering it with its slaver, which was what gave it that shiny look, coating it over like a jelly, and rendering it fit for swallowing; and having prepared it to his mind, seized the head, and began to suck that, and afterwards the body into his throat. This was a work of so much time, that I left him struggling at the shoulder; when I went home to dinner, and by the account of those who stayed to watch him, it was night before he got it all in.

Next morning we assembled for the last time, and the way women and children followed us, assuring us, that as the prey was gorged, there was no danger. I could by no means conceive the meaning of this, till I came to the place, but then I found it very true; the serpent had overloaded himself, that he could neither fight nor run away.

He attempted on our approach to climb the tree, but in vain, and was knocked on the head with staves.

We measured him and his length was thirty-three feet and thirteen inches. He was soon cut up, and I assure you, sir, tasted a flesh whiter than veal, and, as they said that of it, finer tasted than any flesh whatever.

FEMALE CONSTANCY REWARDED.

In Eversard's Letters, published in Italian in 1778 he gives the following interesting account of an adventure which he met with in the quicksilver mines of Idria.

"After passing, through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idria, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the cheerful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious task masters. Such wretches as the inmates of this place my eyes never behold. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover a horrid paleness, caused by the noxious quantities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense; but they seldom consume much provisions, as they lose their appetites in a short time, and commonly in about two years expire from a total contraction of all the joints in the body. In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was startled by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and inquiring after my health with most cordial affection. I turned, and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a most piteous accent exclaimed, 'Ah! Mr Eversard, don't you you know me?' Gracious Heaven! what was my surprise when through the veil of my wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend, Count Alaman. You must remember him as one of the gayest, and most agreeable persons at the court of Vienna; at once the paragon of the men and the favorite of the fair sex. I have often heard you repeat his name as one of the few that did honor to the present age; as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree; as one who made no other use of his fortune but to relieve the distresses of his fellow creatures. Immediately on recognising him, I flew to him with affection; and after a tear of condolence, asked him how he came there.

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To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian infantry, against the Emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was taken prisoner, and afterwards sheltered by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter.—With these he had lived for nine months, till by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and a very obstinate resistance, in which a greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broke alive upon the wheel. On arriving at the capital, however, he was soon recognized, and through the intercession of friends his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual imprisonment and labor in the mines of Idria.

"As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who I at once saw to be born for better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty; and even in this scene of wretchedness, she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was in fact daughter to one of the first families in Germany; and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, whence few of the living return; and with him she is contented to live; with him to toil; forgetting the gayeties of life, despising the splendors of opulence, and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy."

Such constancy could not go unrewarded.—In a letter written nine days after, Mr Everard relates that he was "the spectator of the most affecting scene ever yet beheld. A person came post from Vienna, to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and by a third. Their first inquiry was after the unfortunate Count, and I happened to overhear it, gave the best information I could. Some of these were the brother and cousin of the Count; and one was a fellow soldier and intimate friend of the Count; they came with his pardon, which had been procured by the general with whom the duel had been fought, who was

perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode; presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom.

Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple: nor could I without a tear, behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. We soon emerged from the mine, and Alberti and his wife once more revisited the light of the sun.

The empress has again taken him into favor, his fortune and rank are restored: and he, with his fair partner, now have the pleasing satisfaction of enjoying happiness with double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable.

THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy checked, flaxen haired little girl, used to sit in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich. Often have I sat after a day's toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and ere a portion of that tranquility steal over my bosom. Such was Eliza Huntley, when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I had been absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman, and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognise her; but my friend who was by my side, pulled her aside, and said, "Do you remember little Eliza, who used to sing to me when we were children?"

when we were children, it was

She used to sing to me, and I used to sing to her. She was a friend of mine, and I was a friend of hers. She was a most romantic of life, and I was a most romantic of life. She was a most romantic of life, and I was a most romantic of life.

She did not know me, but she knew whom she knew. She knew him, because he was a friend of hers. She was emboldened by the blue of her eyes, and she was sitting on the marble steps. She was most beautiful, and as she was walking, she put on a most beautiful dress. She was a friend of mine, and I was a friend of hers.

She was a friend of mine, and I was a friend of hers. She was a most beautiful girl, and she was sitting on the marble steps. She was most beautiful, and as she was walking, she put on a most beautiful dress. She was a friend of mine, and I was a friend of hers.

She just came from the guardians, to receive her inheritance. She was a friend of mine, and I was a friend of hers. She was a most beautiful girl, and she was sitting on the marble steps. She was most beautiful, and as she was walking, she put on a most beautiful dress.

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She used to be fond, said he of treating her little circle
of friends with romances—and at last she acted out a
romance herself.—She came out into the gay circles
of life under the auspices of her guardians. It was said,
by some she was rich—very rich—but the amount of her
wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; how-
ever the current, and, as was generally believed, well
founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many
admirers, and among the number many serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on
whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, be-
cause he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers,
emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Prob-
ably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little; but they
were sitting in a moonlight arbor, and as her embarrass-
ment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered,
and as waggish humor happened to have the ascendant,
she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by
his preference, but that there was one matter which she
wished well understood before, by giving a reply, she
bound him to his promise. Perhaps you may have
thought me wealthy; I would not for the world have
you labor under a mistake on that point: I am worth
eighteen hundred dollars.

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if
stetrified. Eighteen hundred dollars! he repeated in a
manner that betrayed the utmost surprise: yes, ma'am,
said he, awkwardly, I did understand you was worth a
great deal more—but—

No, Sir, she replied; no excuses or apologies; think
about what I have told you—you are embarrassed now;
answer me another time; and rising, she bid him good
night.

She just escaped a trap. He went next day to her
guardians, to enquire more particularly into her affairs,
and receiving the same answer he dropped his suit at
once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this
came from one who had succeeded to a large portion

of her esteem; but applying the same crucible to the love he offered, she found a like result. He too, left her, and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She sometime after, became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timorous diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check him in his hopes, and in process of time he too, made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent; it is to virtue, worth, and beauty, said he, that I pay my court; not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth more than gold.—She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married; and, after the union was solemnized, she made him master of all her fortune, with herself. I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars, said she to him; but I have never said how much more; and I never hope to enjoy more pleasure than I feel this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand dollars.

It was actually so; but still her husband often told her that in her he possesses a far more noble fortune.

THE PESTILENCE.

In my mind the urn-burial of the ancients has always been sacredly and pleasantly associated. The clean white marble, containing the purified remains of all we have loved, is an object around which affection still loves to linger; but the damp dark grave, with its silent leaden work of con-
don, is a revolting subject of contemplation, even where love is stronger than death. Then there is the fear of being buried before the vital spark is extinct,—and of returning to consciousness with the weight of earth upon you, and the fresh air of heaven shut out forever! To me this idea is so terribly distinct that it is the specter of my waking hours, and the nightmare of my dreams. Perhaps the vividness of this impression is owing to the remark I frequently heard from an aged relative, while I was yet a very small child: that "hundreds

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and hundreds were buried before they were dead, when the yellow fever raged so terribly in Boston." That period is well remembered by our fathers, when pestilence walked abroad at noon-day, and the hearth stone was silent and dreary as the tomb.

The death-carts went their continued round through every hour of the day, and unshrouded, uncoffined, the newly dead were hurried to their last home. I knew a man, who during this time of peril, was snatched from the grave merely by the persevering affection of his wife. Of the correctness of the story there is no doubt; for I have often heard it repeated by both the parties concerned. This awful visitation of God came upon them when they were newly married; when existence was happiness, and separation worse than death. The young husband became a victim to that disease which was breathing destruction over the city. The friends of his wife urged her to seek refuge in the country, and not risk her own life by a useless attempt to save him. But no persuasion could induce her to leave him; night and day she was by his bedside; and in the anguish of her heart she prayed that the pestilence might rest upon her. But her prayer was not answered—surely and rapidly it did its work upon all her heart held dear; but to her, death would not come, though she prayed for it and sought it with tears. She inhaled the breath of her dying husband; but to her it was poisonous; and in the madness of despair she repined at the mortal decree of heaven. No one was with her in the house—she was alone with the dead. Suddenly the silence of the deserted streets was interrupted by the rumbling of the death-carts; and she knew they had come to take him away from her sight forever; and with the thought it suddenly flashed into her mind that life might still be in him! Her entreaties excited compassion, and she was permitted to keep the corpse one half-hour longer. The impression made upon her mind had the strength of inspiration; and though every restorative, which indignity could devise, had failed to produce effect, she would not relinquish hope. Again the carts came round, and the solemn sound, "Bring out the dead," disturbed the fearful stillness. Again the young wife entreated, wept

and screamed—the hearts of the men, whose dreadful employment accustomed them to such scenes, were touched; but they would not yield. They said “the safety of the city required them to be firm in the discharge of their duty; that they had already disobeyed strict orders, and they dared not do it again; that the hope of restoring him was mere insanity; it was evident he had long been dead.”

When she found they would not be moved by her prayers, she threw her arms round the body, and clung to it with the strength of madness; declaring if they buried one they should bury both.

The men, after a few gentle attempts to remove her, dashed the tears from their eyes, and saying, “We cannot separate them,” left her another half hour of hope. The moment of that interval had a value, of which mortals under ordinary circumstances can form no conception. Restorative, after, restorative, was applied, but in vain. With sickening anxiety she fastened her eye upon the watch, and then on the stiff, cold form beside her. The half hour had nearly gone; in five minutes they would again come to claim the dead; and she felt that she must resist no longer. She breathed into his nostrils,—she moved her hand upon his chest, to restore the action of the lungs,—but no change came over his rigid features. She bathed his temples and moistened his lips with volatile,—the terrible rumbling of the carts was heard, and in the trembling eagerness of the moment she spilled the contents of the vial into his nostrils—a sudden convulsion passed over the face of the dead; a short, quick gasp,—and the eyes heavily opened!

The men with the death carts were startled by a loud splash; that sounded as if it tore asunder the soul from which it came.—When they entered, they found the dead living and the living senseless.

Both husband and wife were soon restored to health. They lived to be the parents of a numerous family; and the husband now survives her, who with the strong arm of love thus snatched him from an early grave.

Massachusetts Journal.

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its Journal.

MR. MATTHEW HALE, a man of great
and eminent abilities, was born in the
the eastern part of England, had two sons. The
eldest had a trembling disposition. He took a pleasure
ship and went abroad after some years. His father died.
The younger son disappointed his father's will and married
the actress. He gave out that his eldest brother was dead
and asked some false witnesses to attest the truth. His
long anxiety of when the eldest brother returned, he came
home in miserable circumstances. His youngest brother
reproved him with severity, told him that he was in im-
possible debt, and expected that his eldest brother was dead
long ago, and could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor
show having neither money nor friends, was in a most
deplorable condition. He went about the streets making
various complaints, and at last he came to a window, in which
when she had heard the poor man's wonderful story, replied
to him in this manner: " You have nothing to give me,
if I undertake your case, and lose it, I will bring you
into very great disgrace, as till the world is at an end, it
is your brother's side. But, however, I will undertake
your cause upon this condition:—You shall either be ob-
liged to pay me a thousand guineas if I gain the cause
against you; if I lose it, I know of no consequence, and I will
close upon it with my eyes open." Accordingly, he pro-
ceeded to action against the younger brother, and he was
greatly perplexed at the next general election, he was
elected a Member of Parliament, and he was
The lawyers having engaged in the cause, all the
trial, and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand
guineas, he was very anxious to win the case. He had
great success. He had the aid of the judges, Lord Chief
Justice Hale, especially; he flew up to London, and
disputed the cause for all its circumstances. The judge,
showing the greatest love of justice, he lay in wait for the
case, and he was very patient and attentive, and
he heard all the evidence in his power. (It was
so probable that he spent his whole scheme and meth-
ods in the case, enjoying the utmost secrecy.) The

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knows no ill, nor fears it. Such innocence was never found in you. Yes, my Eliza, the Lord will provide for you. At this moment a loud rain was heard at the door and a stranger begged admittance. Decken was closing around them and instantly a peal of thunder rent the air. "Yes, come in," said the good woman. "This door was never shut to the wants of the needy; and shall it be?" "Welcome," said she to the youthful stranger approaching her; "the storm and night have prevailed upon you, and here you must remain. None can pity like those who need pity, and surely none can spare the best and all one has."

His cloak and hat moist with the falling rain, being laid aside, he sank exhausted into a chair arranged for him. His countenance, though somewhat languid from weariness, was an index of excellence, and his eye, which the young girl lighted a torch of splintered pine, wandered with searching scrutiny into every corner of the homely apartment, at once denoted a mind strong and piercing. He sat for some moments with fixed eyes and pensive countenance as if recalling some sad calamity, some secret cause of grief. "My young friend," said the old lady, waking him from his insensibility, "hunger and fatigue may have exhausted your body; but whence this gloominess of mind? What hidden grief preys upon your most soul? Unburthen your heaving bosom, give vent to your struggling feelings. But no, not now, you need quiet. But when rest and food shall have recruited your strength, I, me, tell me all. Meanwhile the damelet has crossed the homely board and placed upon it the last remnant of her hard earnings—the puffy loaf. And lending her support to her crippled grandmother, she removed her to the table, seating herself a humble waiter at her side. "Come," said the venerable hostess to her pensive guest, "our meal is ready. Refresh yourself." He casted himself, and she, after breathing a silent offering of thanks to the author of bounty, undertook to break the precious morsel; but it was a mockery and she forsook. Perceiving the surprise of her wondering guest, "shall I apologise?" said she, "tis all we have. But," she continued, dividing him a portion, "the fountain is plentiful

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and we shall not want." "All you have!" exclaimed the stranger folding his arms in sudden amazement,—"all you have and I devour it! No, let me starve, but I'll never break the last loaf of an infirm and helpless widow. This would be madness in a lawless Redoubt. Would you torment me?" replied she, "make me see, as yet but little seeing while a needy friend sits empty by!—Would you rob me? Take away my greatest privilege, an opportunity for doing good! Partake sin, and it will feed us all; reject and it will nourish none."

"O charity," exclaimed the astonished stranger,—"thou art alone. Was there ever such disinterestedness? Tell me, my friend this secret of happiness; whence such composure? and I will yield. Such bread will nourish, will impart abiding substance." "Willingly," said she. "Youth should listen to the voice of the aged. You ask the secret of my happiness—'tis trouble. Whence my composure—from confidence in God. Tears are precious things, they school a soul for heaven."

"This lovely spot, now covered with blight and overgrown with briars once teemed with fruits and plenty. This solitary cell, now crowned with moss and decayed with age, was once alive with the hum of domestic industry, and the joys of conjugal and filial affection. But oh! how suddenly changed. The destroyer came, and daughter glutted his ferocious jaws."

One autumn morning, oh! what a morning, one that broke from my sleep; it was not the sleep of repose, but of astounded reason, and my bed was among the ruins of plunder and pillage. I heard in the darkness of the night cry of distress and hastened from my chamber; the grim visage of a savage rushing upon me with a bloody battle-axe met my eye—here recollection ended. Raining myself from the floor, wounded and bleeding—faint and exhausted with the effort, I gained the bedside of my son, the son of my age. Alas! what a scene was there, a father and a mother butchered in their sleep, and a smiling infant smothered in their blood! "How said she in that dozing hedge, but O! beloved Omar, W—where—where—where? A captive to the merciless savages, food for their voracious tomahawks!"

The young man listened in breathless silence. A spirit had overcome him, and he could not move. He attempted to speak but his words were too big for utterance. After two fruitless efforts he exclaimed "I am Othor!" and casting himself in her withered arms they swooned together. Recovering at length he drew from his bosom a purse of gold. "We need not want for bread," said he; "I was redeemed from the cruel savage, adopted by a wealthy merchant, and now possess his fortune; it is all your own." "The Lord has provided," exclaimed Eliza; "a brother, a benefactor;" "a sister, a home," he replied, "— a heaven" — whispered the dying matron and her spirit fled. The transit was too sudden; her cup was full.

TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE, UNDER TITUS.

It was on the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the King of Babylon; it was almost passed. Titus withdrew again into Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding the repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred spaces with them, forced their way to the Temple. A soldier without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door, on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the

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Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the sol-
diers; he entered with his officers and surveyed the inter-
rior of the sacred edifice. The splendor filled them with
wonder, and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the
holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and again ex-
horted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagra-
tion. The centurion Liberalis endeavored to stir obedi-
ence with his staff of office; but even respect for the Em-
peror gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews
in the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable
hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing around
them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the
wild light of the flames. They supposed that incalculable
treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier unper-
ceived thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the
door; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The
blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat; and
the whole edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Romans, what was
to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which com-
manded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another
of the buildings fell in with a tremendous crash, and were
swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar ap-
peared like sheets of flaming fire. The neighboring hills
were lighted up, and dark groups of people were seen
watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruc-
tion; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowd-
ed with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others

in the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost
speed; he shouted; he made signs to his soldiers to quench
the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed
in the general confusion. The legionaries could not
help; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their
fury, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, per-
ished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and
each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the
edifice, and then hurried to the work of carnage. The
unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands;
they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps
of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed
down the bodies that lay about.

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ed with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others

many a Jewish woman was seen weeping and wailing

morning and evening vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiers, as they ran up and down the heights of the insurgents, who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and thundering sound of falling timber. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights, all the while surrounded screams and wailings; men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who craved mercy, were all hewn down in indiscriminate carnage.

The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries were obliged to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of his troops, but his way fixed into the inner court of the temple, gave a wide into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wratched off the golden spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Roman banners. Afterward they added a part of the wall about fourteen feet wide; they were surprised to find that but two of them, Magnus and Adigod and Joseph son of Dull, plunged headlong into the furnace.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasure in the temple, its wealth of money, jewels, and costly vessels, the plunder which the zealots had laid up, were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a mass of ruins, in which six thousand unburied and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like a multitude of others, had been led up to the temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his almighty power to the people. The soldiers set fire to the building, every one perished. *Familly Library.*

THE TWO APOTHECARIES

About the year 1712, there lived in a country town near Canterbury, a private gentleman named Turner.

Michael, an only son, who having attained the age of sev-
 enteen, was very desirous of qualifying himself to follow
 the profession of apothecary and surgeon. Accordingly
 his father had him bound apprentice for seven years to an
 apothecary of the same place, whose name was Ste-
 vens. The young man was so attentive to his business
 that before he was out of his time, he was universally al-
 lowed to be amongst a proficient in medicine and surgical
 business as his master would have been any other day.
 As his apprenticeship being concluded, the friends and ac-
 quaintances of Mr. Turner, came to make merry and spend
 the evening with him, as was at that time customary, and
 among the rest his father, who entering into conversation
 with Mr. Stevens, relative to his son's capacity and incli-
 nation for his profession, at last addressed him, saying, you
 should grieve to find any thing left undone that might
 tend to lessen his perfect qualification in his art. The
 apothecary replied, Sir, I believe him to be as capable
 of it as myself, except that he cannot have had so much
 experience. I have neglected no part of his instruction,
 and have communicated all I know, except one single
 point, which is a secret I discovered myself, and having
 perceived its truth and its value, I am not willing to
 impart it to any one without an adequate compensation.
 Mr. Turner was unwilling his son should be deficient in
 any point which might be wanting to complete him for
 his profession, and therefore demanded the price of his se-
 cret. Mr. Stevens answered, Mr. Stevens, if your son will be
 content to use it, it may bring him thousands. I look
 upon it as indubitable, and as a mark of prudence, and great
 success; it may be invaluable; but as your son has served
 his time with me, and has behaved well and diligently in
 his business, he will make him master of this most pre-
 cious nostrum for thirty guineas. After a little debate
 between him and his son, Mr. Stevens
 agreed to take twenty guineas, which were paid immedi-
 ately, and he gave in return a slip of paper, on which
 several words were written, containing the recipe of his great
 secret. The young man, having read it, and being a
 sensible gentleman, after reading the recipe, was in a
 violent passion, saying he had been defrauded, and that

parted with his money without an equivalent compensation, and that he would appeal to the laws for redress. The surgeon being in possession of the money remained quiet, and permitted him to vent his rage at leisure; when this had somewhat subsided he calmly said to Mr. Turner, 'Why, sir, although you now make so much light of this secret, because you know it, yet, insignificant as it may seem to you, it has put many hundred pounds into my pocket, and if your son will always bear it in mind, and make proper use of it, he may turn it to as good an account as I have done.'

Still this did not satisfy old Mr. Turner; at length his son interposed, and said to his father, 'Do not, sir, make yourself uneasy about the purchase of this seeming trifling; my master has treated me kindly during the whole term of my apprenticeship, and I have no reason to suppose he wishes to impose on either of us. You, sir, do not understand our business, there are secrets in all trades, and I have no doubt but I shall, as Mr. Stevens says, profit greatly by this valuable arcanum, so that I beg you will be contented, and leave the rest to me; I shall take care the money shall not be thrown away.'

By this interposition of the son, his father became easy, and when the company broke up, took him home again.

A few days after he wanted his son to set up as a surgeon for himself immediately, in opposition to his old master, whom he considered had cheated him. The good gentleman, however, had a mind to travel, and endeavored to convince his father how necessary it was to go to Paris for further experience in the practice of surgery, and that in that city surgeons had opportunities of perfecting themselves in their profession. At length the good gentleman, reluctantly gave his consent, and his son set out for Paris.

After his arrival there he attended the hospitals during a year, and then continued his travels through Italy and Germany. After having thus employed seven or eight years, and being greatly improved in his learning and professional skill in both physics and surgery, he returned to England with a resolution to travel all over it.

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character of a mountebank doctor, which profession was at that time in great esteem both in Germany and Italy.

This he accordingly began to do, with great success and applause, and having completed his tour in about a year, he at last contrived to arrive at the little town where he had served his time.

His long absence had made such an alteration in his person and features that he was under no apprehension of being known, so that assuming the name of Baron de Rognac, and announcing himself as a famous foreign physician, on his travels throughout Europe, he advertised that he proposed remaining some time in Canterbury and vicinity. Accordingly he began by making a figure with his carriage and servants, and in a short time acquired great reputation, as well as emolument from a number of cures which he performed.

It so happened that one day while he was mounted on his stage in this town, attended by his servants, who dealt out his medicines to the numerous purchasers, his old master, Stevens, approached as near as he could, in order to hear this learned doctor harangue.

As soon as the doctor saw him he knew him, and a pleasing fancy that moment striking him, he began to address the attentive spectators as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, it is notorious that the medical practitioners and professors in this country almost entirely neglect the study of those sciences which do not immediately relate to physic, so that they remain unacquainted with many curious facts and observations which tend to elucidate numberless cases in their professional line. These observations are generally known to the most celebrated physicians on the Continent, and are of the utmost consequence to thousands of people who are affected with the most grievous disorders and maladies.

You may observe, ladies and gentlemen, that it is a maxim among the learned, that unless the texture or conformation of parts of the blood be already formed into a particular state, which is vulgarly called a vicious state of the body, it is incapable of contracting certain malignant humors which affect and discompose it, and which malign humors will prevail in a greater or a less degree, and ha-

come more or less virulent according to its vitiated state, at which I grant to be true. But I have now further to observe, that as the face is a palpable index to the mind, wherein we may read tokens of the inward passions, so there are likewise certain signs to be observed in the face only, wherein we may perceive many prognostics and symptoms of various approaching diseases which are then breeding and engendering in the blood; and which, by thus being discovered, if they are skillfully attacked in time, that is, before they get to the height and gain the mastery, may, by proper management, be easily removed; and if they are not so found out and treated, they may, and often do, occasion the certain death of the patient.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the art and mystery which I studied; and if I can discover among the vast concourse of people who now surround me, any such person, whose present necessity requires my assistance, and by whom I may prove the truth of what I have been advancing, I will instantly point him out before you all.

So having spent some time in surveying the throng, and affecting a very grave and penetrating look, he at last pitched upon his old master, and pointing to him, — 'There,' said he, 'is a gentleman, who, I am certain, without any assistance, in ten day's time will be no longer among the living; and no other person in this kingdom, except myself, can possibly administer any thing that will cure him. And so well do I know the nature and cause of the disorder which is now invading his animal fluids, that I would have you, gentlemen, particularly notice, that I assure you, at seven or eight o'clock this evening, he will be seized with a lowness of spirits, restless all night, to-morrow he loses his appetite, then a fever will succeed, after which it will fall upon his nerves, and in a short time it will carry him off.'

'Thus, sir, be pleased to remember,' continued he, addressing the apothecary, 'that I have told you the disorder, stages and changes of this your new disorder; and seek the best advice and assistance you may, you will find all that I have advanced strictly true.'

Here all the people were all amazed at this strange prognostication of the foreign mountebank about their own deaths; and were impatient for his fate. The learned or

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not having finished. All that he intended to say on the subject, immediately proceeded in his harangue upon other matters.

The poor apothecary could think of nothing but what the stranger had prophesied concerning his approaching illness. He went home directly, and related to his wife all he had heard. And some little time after, the good woman perceiving her husband pausing, melancholy, and apparently concerned at it, could not help sympathising a little with him, saying, — "My dear, I am sorry to see you so grave. I hope you do not feel the disease coming upon you already; I should think you are the best judge whether the doctor could perceive any symptoms of illness in you; but if I might advise you, you should, for prevention and security, take something which you may think serviceable directly." "Aye," replied the husband, "but he also told me that nobody but himself could tell what to give me that would do me any good, and therefore, if I find myself attacked according to his prediction, it will be in vain for me to attempt any remedy from my own prescription, or from any person but from him."

From that moment he began to be very uneasy in mind, and consequently his disorder commenced; and as about seven or eight o'clock was the time the doctor had fixed for his lowness of spirits to begin, he was very impatient to see what alteration would appear at that time; when it came he could not avoid fancying himself worse and worse every moment, and very soon after he was so extremely ill that he could sit up no longer, so that he went to bed; and his distemper increasing the next day, as Dr de Retourgnac had foretold, his appetite was totally lost, and the noise of his illness spread over the whole town, to the great credit of the mountebank baron. And although Mr Stevens was very unwilling to send for him, fearing it might tend to lessen his own reputation in future, yet he was persuaded that all the medicines in the world, without his assistance, would be unavailing.

The next day a fever ensued; (which was inevitable with a man of such notions;) by the advice of his wife and some friend, he at last sent for Dr de Retourgnac, who came, but took no notice of ever having seen his pa-

stant before; he felt of his pulse, asked such questions as he thought proper, told him that his disease was of a very dangerous nature, that he had not found any physician in England that knew how to manage it properly, but that still he had hopes of being able to recover him in a few days, as he had been called in time; that if he cured him he would have forty guineas for his medicines and attendance, and that if he did not succeed, he was willing to forfeit a thousand.

To these terms the apothecary gladly consented, and the doctor went home to prepare something to relieve him; we may suppose any simple thing would do, for the cure was to be effected, not by the medicine, but by the physician.

From this moment he began to mend apace, so that, in short, the cure was perfected in four or five days, and the doctor not only received his stipulated reward, but was extolled in an extraordinary manner.

After Mr. Stevens was quite well again, he was very anxious to know by what rule or method the approaching distemper could be found out, and how the cure was to be effected. He thought if he could by any means obtain this secret, he should be happy, and then be able to vie with any of his professional competitors in England.

So after he had made a proposal to the doctor for the purchase of this secret, and had taken a great deal of pains about it, he at last agreed with him to be taught this occult science for a hundred guineas. And when, to his great joy, the bargain was struck, and the money paid, the mountebank baron gave him a paper neatly folded and sealed, which, as he said, contained the whole art and mystery.

The apothecary, with great impatience, broke the seal, and to his great surprise, found the paper contained nothing but the identical nostrum, in his own hand writing, which he formerly sold to Mr. Turner—being only

Conceit can kill—and conceit can cure.

He remained some time as if stunned, till the doctor burst into a fit of laughter, and discovering himself, said

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that he did not approve of the secret! The apothecary
was obliged to be satisfied, finding by his own documents
that he had been diseased and restored. And Monsieur le Ba-
ron de Retournac, now Doctor Turner, by following his
master's advice, when his father purchased the secret, not
only recovered the principal, but four times as much in
addition, besides his fee, and had the pleasure of returning
the compliment to his old master, by properly trying the
most excellent nostrum, and experimentally proving it to
be true.

LONDON.

[From Partington's History of London.]

The immediate site of the city of London is about for-
ty-five miles from the sea, westward, in a pleasant and
spacious valley, stretching along the banks of the Thames,
which river as it flows through the metropolis, forms a
half-curve or crescent. On the northern side, the ground
rises with a quick ascent, and then more gradually, but
equally heightens to the north-west and west, which
is the most elevated parts. On the south side of the riv-
er, the ground is nearly level, and was anciently an en-
ormous morass of many miles in extent; this has been re-
duced through the artificial embankment of the river,
probably commenced by the Romans which must have
been the work of ages. The average breadth of the river
in this part of its course, is from four to five hundred
yards; its general depth at low water, about twelve feet;
at spring tides it rises from ten to twelve feet above
the level. The tides used to flow to the distance of six-
teen miles above London Bridge; by the demolition of the
structure, it goes much higher. Considered as the ag-
gregate, London comprises the city and its liberties, with
the city and liberties of Westminster, the borough of
Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous vil-
lages of Middlesex and Surrey. The extent of this dis-
trict, from east to west, or from Poplar to Kensington,

nearly eight miles; its breadth from north to south is very irregular, and may be said to vary from three to five miles. The circumference of this immense congregation of buildings may be estimated at twenty miles. The metropolis is computed to contain upwards of sixty squares and twelve thousand streets, lanes, courts, &c., and the whole formed by nearly three hundred thousand buildings of various descriptions, of public structures, churches and dwelling houses, warehouses, shops, &c. It is a remarkable fact that vegetation is earlier, by ten days or a fortnight, on the west and south west sides of the metropolis than at the northern and eastern sides. The more prevalent winds blow from the north east and south west; and these with little variation, occupy about ten or eleven months in the year. The thermometer sometimes rises to eighty degrees of Fahrenheit's scale; very rarely to eighty-four degrees; but the common summer heat is from sixty five degrees to seventy five degrees. In winter it sometimes falls to fifteen degrees, but the most common winter heat, when it freezes, is between twenty and thirty degrees; it has been known to fall below the point marked 0, but very rarely; the most frequent when it does not freeze, is between forty and fifty degrees. The annual temperature of London is fifty one degrees nine minutes, or in round numbers, fifty two degrees. The situation of London is so very favorable, that springs which yield large quantities of water, are found on digging almost every where. In the year 1877, London is said to have contained about thirty-five thousand inhabitants. According to the census of 1801, London at that time contained 121,529 houses, inhabited by 218,072 families, making 884,755 persons. In 1811, it had increased to 1,069,104, and in 1822 to 1,225,196 persons. By the last census of 1831, it appears that a still further increase had taken place of no less than 248,105, thus making the present population of the metropolis 1,474,000. The number of oxen annually consumed in London has been estimated at 110,000, calves 50,000, sheep 800,000, lambs 250,000, hogs and pigs 200,000; besides animals of other kinds. Smithfield is the principal market for the above articles, and the total value of butcher's meat sold there annually

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amounted at £8,000,000. There are on an average, annually brought to Billingsgate market 2,500 cargoes of fish, fifty tons each, and about twenty thousand tons by land-carriage; in the whole 120,000 tons. The annual consumption of wheat, in London, may be averaged at 600,000 quarters, each containing eight Winchester bushels at 2,000,000 barrels, each containing thirty six gallons; spirits and compounds, 11,000,000 gallons; wines 65,000 pipes; butter 21,000,000 lbs. The quantity of coals consumed is about 1,200,000 chaldrons, of 36 bushels, or a ton and a half to each chaldron. About 10,000 cows are kept in the vicinity of London, for supplying the inhabitants with milk, and they are supposed to yield nearly seven millions nine hundred thousand gallons every year; even this great quantity is considerably increased by the dealers; who adulterate it, by at least one fourth, with water, before they serve their customers. The port is actually occupied by shipping, from London Bridge to near Deptford, a distance of at least four miles, is from four to five hundred yards in average breadth. The number of vessels belonging to this port in September, 1800, was ascertained, by the official documents laid before the House of Parliament, to be 2,666, carrying 568,262 tons, and 21,402 men. Comparing this number with the number constituted in 1701-2, the increase will be astonishing; at that period the vessels amounted only to 560, carrying 1,822 tons, and 10065 men. The average number of ships in the Thames and docks is 1100; together with five thousand barges employed in lading and unlading, and 1,200 small craft engaged in the inland trade, and five thousand wharves for the accommodation of passengers; 1200 revenue officers are constantly on duty in different parts of the river; 4000 labourers are employed in lading and unlading; and 8,000 watermen navigating the river and coast. The household troops, and three regiments of foot guards, containing about 7,000 men, including officers and two regiments of horse guards containing 1,000 men, form the principal military establishment for the metropolis; but none of these troops are permitted to enter the city without special leave of the Lord Mayor; it is difficult to ascertain the exact number

of men to be furnished in general

of churches and chapels belonging to the establishment in the metropolis, but it is not far short of 200. The number of religious edifices belonging to the Dissenters in the metropolis is above that number. There are 80 chapels, or places of worship, for the independents, among whom are included the Scotch Presbyterians. The Baptists have nearly fifty chapels; the Methodists or followers of Whitefield and Wesley, twenty three; the Unitarians nine; the Arians two; the Quakers six; the Swedenborgians, four; the Huntingdonians, three; the Sandimonians, the Moravians, the New Lights, and the Free Thinkers, have each a chapel each. In the metropolis, there are six Jewish Synagogues, fifteen Roman Catholic Chapels, and nineteen foreign Protestant churches.

DESCRIPTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

By Publius Lentulus Roman Governor of Judea.

There now lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ; whom the barbarians esteem a prophet; but his own followers adore him as the offspring of the Immortal God. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or a touch. He is tall and well shaped, of an amiable, reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls below his ears, curling on his shoulders, parted on the crown of the head, like the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks without spot, save that of a lovely red. His nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry. His beard thick, and of a color suitable to the hair of his head, reaching an inch below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes bright, clear and sweet. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being religious and grave. No man has seen him laugh, but he has wept frequently. He is very temperate, modest and silent. He is a man of most excellent beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men."

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

HER SORROWS AND JOYS.

Mary's severest trials commenced, after Jesus had passed the period of youth.—When he appeared before the eyes of the public, she heard with pleasure his commanding exhortations, and saw with wonder his stupendous miracles; but she perceived with pain that he did not claim the throne of his father David, and that he even rejected all attempts to make him a king. As she was ignorant, in common with the rest of his disciples, of the true nature of his character, she did not yet comprehend that his kingdom is not of this world. She groaned with the rest of the inhabitants of Judea, under the tyranny of the Romans. Loving her country, she ardently wished a deliverance from the iron yoke; she hoped that her son would vindicate its independence; but so unambitious was he of worldly honors and popular applause, that she began to fear he would not undertake the arduous work if he was not the king of Israel: what was he? Doubts filled her heart; her mind was perplexed with mysteries; and she could find no clue, by which she could escape from the labyrinth.

The hatred and envy of the leading men of Judea excited her alarm: While Jesus relieved the poor, comforted the mourners, and bound up the wounds of the injured, he reproached the Pharisees with their hypocrisy, avarice, and threatened them with the vengeance of heaven. Such bold invective, she apprehended would make her enemies. She feared, what in truth took place, that she could not long escape the effects of their jealousy and rage. She was exceedingly terrified, when she heard him declare, that he was going up to Jerusalem, where he should be betrayed into the hands of his implacable persecutors, who would inflict on him a cruel and shameful death: for though he added, that on the third day he would rise again, yet it is evident that she understood not the meaning of his words. Were then all her hopes to be swallowed with the dust? Was he not the promised Messiah, who was to restore the kingdom to Israel? Was

she to be deprived of a beloved son, and her country of a deliverer?

Accompanying him to Jerusalem, she soon saw him, as he had predicted, 'in the power of his enemies.' He was betrayed by one of his chosen companions, and forsaken by the rest. Adjudged guilty of death by the great Sanhedrin of the Jewish nation, he was delivered over to be punished by their masters, the Romans. She beheld him passing through the streets of Jerusalem, his temples pierced with a crown of thorns, and bearing his cross, but so exhausted with fatigue, that he was not long able to support it alone. Having arrived at the place of execution, the soldiers rudely stripped off his clothes. With anguish of soul she saw the nails forced through his hands and feet; she heard the sound of the terrible hammer; she beheld his blood streaming from his wounds; she looked on the deadly paleness of his countenance: her ears were smitten with the terrific cry: the spear was thrust through his side and her own soul was pierced through also. Was it then any consolation to her, that her son, in charishing to the last his tenderness for his mother and forgetting his own anguish amidst his anxiety for her safety, committed her to the care of the beloved John? She was indeed deprived of him forever, if another protectress was necessary. She heard his dying groans; and with all hope expired.

With pleasure I now turn to the joys of Mary. The terror and anguish of her soul was extreme, but of short duration. On the third day, Jesus as he had foretold, rose triumphantly from his grave. He appeared to her, explained the nature of his kingdom; and she now confessed that it was not of this world. Every mystery was unfolded, and all her doubts dispelled. She understood that the Messiah was sent to redeem mankind from sin and death, to establish the dominion of righteousness, to exalt his faithful followers, not to earthly but to heavenly thrones; to manifest the glory of the Supreme Being, and to procure peace and reconciliation between God and man. During the period of forty days, she had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with her son; and when he ascended gloriously into heaven, to sit down at the

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right hand of his Father, who was present with the dis-
ciples, and looked at him with exultation, till a cloud con-
cealed him from their sight. With a heart filled with grati-
tude for the salvation bestowed on her and the world, she
probably spent the remainder of her days in tranquility,
under the protection of this benevolent John, expecting
his blessed home, even the manifestation of the glory of
the great God, and of her saviour Jesus Christ; once a
humble and obedient son, but now her exalted sovereign
England, in that city of London, where she was born.

ULAN'S LEAP.

On the 25th of April, 1792 Benjamin Ulan left the
hills, above the mouth of the Kenhawa river, (now
East Pleasant, Virginia) and crossing the Kenhawa, he
followed a path that led up to a point, the top of a hill
was half a mile below the Kenhawa, in pursuit of a stray
deer. As he approached the hill he was seen by three
Indians, then on the top, who carefully concealed them-
selves, with bags in ambush, until he reached the top; when
one of them who had arms, fired at him. One of the
others passed through his clothes, and touched but did not
penetrate in his right hip; the other missed him. Their
fire had been ineffectual, they separated, and he
was running and occupying the only passage, by which
he could descend the hill; in the direction of the Stock
and the other smile at him. Thus surrounded, he
had with no other alternative but to fall into their
hands to be captured, or leap down a high precipice of rocks
on the North side of the hill, starting the Ohio river
with many of the Indians, and knowing that
towards him, he was called that a death, if not
death awaited him. In this awful predicament,

he stood pondering over his melancholy condition, without arms to defend himself; until the Indian had come nearly up to him; when he summoned resolution, and commenced a rapid retreat towards the brink of the precipice, hotly pursued by the Indian—arrived there he did not hesitate, but leaped down the precipice, passing through the top branches of a small Buckeye tree, he jumped fifty-five and a half feet before he touched the ground; recovering as soon as possible, he made three other leaps, the first seventeen, the second seven, and the third eleven feet, which took him down nearly to the base of the hill. He then ran to the Ohio river, plunged into the water, and undertook to swim across, but finding the water very cold, and that the Indians had not pursued him he returned to the shore, ran up the beach, re-crossed Kanhawa in a small canoe, and soon arrived at the Stockade. The distance of each leap was measured by the late Col Lewis of Virginia, and Col Boon of Missouri, who were at the Stockade at the time. From the fall of the leaves in autumn, to their budding in the spring, the precipice can be seen by boatmen descending the Ohio River, from a great distance; and ever since that occurrence, it has received from them the appellation of "ULIN'S LEAP." Notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts he made, after descending the precipice, and which enabled him to effect his escape, they were not made without considerable injury; for some time his life was despaired of—but he finally recovered. He is now a respectable citizen of Grant County, Ky. He is sixty-five years of age; he is hale, active, and sprightly—mirthful, jolly and gay. He enjoys perfect good health, save some occasional pains in his back and hips, which he thinks, results from the injury he received, when he leaped down the precipice of rock. After the treaty of 1795, it was ascertained from some of the Indians, who came into Point Pleasant and mingled with the whites, that a story had been in vogue among them, and extensively believed on the authority of those who observed Ulin, "That they had fired on a white man, who ran to the top of a high precipice of rock, where he took wings and flew off." It will be seen that

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A WESTERN ADVENTURE.

Early in the spring of 1780, Mr ALEXANDER M'CONNEL, of Lexington, Ky. went into the woods on foot to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse in order to bring it in. During his absence, a party of Indians, on one of their usual skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed the hunter would speedily return to take care of his catch. Three of them therefore took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return.—Mr M'Connell, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, instantly overpowered, and borne off as a prisoner. His captors however, seemed to be a merry, good natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound, and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer for the use of his company, until they began to regard him with great jealousy.—Having travelled with them in this manner several days, they at length reached the banks of the river. Heretofore, the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely, so that evening he had remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which the cords gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffaloeskins closely around his wrists, and having tied it in an oblique knot, and attached the extremities of the rope to their own bodies in order to prevent his moving without alarming them, they very compassionately went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not as he pleased.

M'Connell determined to effect his escape that night, if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it much more difficult.—He, therefore, lay quietly until midnight, anxiously contemplating upon the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians, to whom he was fastened, was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted. With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded at length in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut his own way was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his person from the arms of the Indians, he walked to the fire and sat down. He saw that his work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home without destroying his enemies, he would undoubtedly be pursued and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even although unarmed and unhelped. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally, as to destroy each of his enemies in turn without awakening the rest.—Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless—and if he failed with a single one, he must instantly be overpowered by the survivors. This knife, therefore, was out of the question.

After a cautious refection for a few minutes, he found his plan. The guns of the Indians were stacked near fire-shed their knives and tomahawks were in sheaths on their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening their owners—but the former he carefully moved, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not look for them. He then returned to the spot where the diems were still sleeping, and taking a second look at them he rested the muzzle upon a log, within easy reach of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the

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and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal. At the report of their guns, the others sprang to their feet, and stood wildly around them. McConnell, who had run instantly to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies, who happened to stand in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body, the second fell, bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth and only one who remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell which announced equal terror and astonishment. McConnell, not wishing to fight any more such battles, collected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within five days.

THE PIONEERS.

The difficulties and dangers to which the early settlers of the State of New York and those inhabiting the western part of New England were exposed from the incursions of the Indians, and for the want of those articles most necessary for their subsistence, are but little known to the present generation. Most of the country where now flourishing towns and villages are, was then covered with woods. Wolves, bears, and catamounts, were not infrequent. The Indians watched every opportunity to attack the inhabitants—they were not off their guard. Every house was well barricaded, and so constructed as to resemble a small fort. The rifle was the chief instrument on which they depended both for defence and supply. Frequent animosities arose between the Indians and the whites, and some of them terminated in a most sanguinary manner.

In the year 1696, a man by the name of Allen removed his family from the vicinity of Boston to the banks of the Hudson, not far from where the modern Ilm is situated. His family was composed of his wife, his

two sons, and a relative by the name of Johnson. Both these were men of muscular frames and both had an inveterate hatred towards the Indians. The brother of Johnson had been taken prisoner and burnt by them. The father of Allen had been murdered by a Mohican chief in his own house. The former had been educated a hunter. The latter had devoted his life thus far to agricultural pursuits. There they lived in security for the space of a year, during which time they had cleared and cultivated several acres of land. The produce of this, together with the animals killed in the chase, supported the family. But while in this condition, they had every reason to expect an attack from the savages. Small parties had been seen prowling around their dwelling, and foot-steps were distinctly visible in the neighboring forest.

One evening, just after sundown, as Johnson was sitting in the door of the cottage; his attention was suddenly riveted by an object on the top of a tall pine, almost concealed by its branches. It appeared to stir. His suspicions were increased. Presently the sound of a distant Indian whoop was borne to his ears. He immediately communicated his intelligence to Allen, who with alacrity proceeded to put the house in a state of defence. The animals in the pine-tree alarmed their fears. Johnson, who was well acquainted with almost every custom of the Indians, snatched up his rifle, saying 'the heathen dog in yonder tree would murder us, had he the chance to do it. He never goes day without gain.' He raised his rifle. The next moment the lifeless body of a large Indian tumbled to the ground. Allen was about to rush from the house with his rifle when he was arrested by the powerful arm of his companion. 'Stir not,' said he 'for less than half an hour we shall have the whole gang upon us.' 'But,' answered Allen, 'there can be no danger in that, especially when such a rich prize presents itself.' 'You would lose more than you would gain. Every tree may contain an Indian. Trust me, if we survive this night, we may think ourselves fortunate.' This was sufficient to dissuade him from his object. All the doors were barred, the straw was taken from the beds to smother the fire, and, should they attempt to enter the chimney, they

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were screwed into the looms of the rides.—Scarcely had
two things been effected, when a loud yell issued from
the woods and the battle commenced. The balls of many
the twenty rifles lodged in the door. "Now you will
believe me," said Johnson. "Send Tim into the garret to
watch their motion, and to blank away upon them about
half an inch of their flesh." Young Allen was imme-
diately at his post. The evening advanced and the moon
and her pale, smoky light upon the earth. Not a breeze
was stirring. In a time like this, the imagination of men
is more courageous than these, would have metamorphosed
every tree and stump into an Indian. No sound was heard
but the occasional snapping of twigs trodden upon by
the savages. They dared not show themselves for fear
that they should be fired upon by the inmates of the house,
although one was seen creeping slowly and cautiously
towards the lifeless body of his brother warrior.
He perceived this, and with a well directed shot laid him

The Indians again renewed their fire upon the house.
Allen received a ball in the breast, and staggering
towards the wound, her husband caught her in his arms
and laid her on a mattress of straw.

"Oh! my God deliver us!" exclaimed she, and expired.
This raised Allen to a degree of fury. He rushed out
of the house determined to be revenged. He had scarcely
taken a rod when he fell pierced with balls.

There were now three living persons in the house John-
son and the two young Allens. They were with so much
aim to kill or wound ten of their adversaries. They
were now entering every part of the house. They
were wounded and fainting for the loss of blood.
The result of the contest wholly depended upon Johnson.
He was engaged. One of the savages and the latter
attempted to enter the chimney but was shot ere he
could accomplish his purpose. They tied dry leaves besmeared
with pitch, to their arrow heads, and sent them his-
sing upon the roof, which being very combustible was
soon on fire. Reduced to this extremity the besieged
had one resource: Johnson threw open a small door
which had then been concealed, and exhorted them

to run for their lives; but through loss of blood they were unable to move. At this crisis he rushed out, but was opposed by an Indian, who aimed a blow at him with his rifle, which he evaded and in turn struck him to the ground. Improving his advantage, he took his flight unperceived by the Indians, being sheltered from their observation by a deep ravine.—He continued his course in a southerly direction for about a mile; when he arrived at the verge of a precipice, at the bottom of which the stream now called Posternkill dashed its way down the rocky bed. A small but wild cascade had formed by its perpetual course a deep gulph below where he stood. 'Here,' said he to himself, 'I will await the approach of those infernal hells, and rather than submit to their tortures, will throw myself upon the rocks below.'—While thus in suspense, the Indian whom he had but lately encountered stood before him, and said in good English, 'I am the destroyer of your brother; you killed my father, you are a man now take your revenge.'—'You are the murderer of my brother; exclaimed he and rushed upon him with all his gigantic strength. The next moment they were locked in each other's arms in fierce strife. Each endeavored to plunge his knife into the heart of the adversary or throw him to the earth. The Indian grappled his antagonist around the waist.—Johnson seized him by the shoulder, and with one desperate effort hurled him into the eddying waters below. 'Now I am revenged,' said he. He turned back to review for the last time the house of Alen. The house was a heap of ruins, and the remains were not to be seen, and the Indians had departed. With difficulty he reached the nearest settlement. The Indians for many years afterwards, as they passed near this place, approached it with dread, and often stood, listening, fancying they heard his spirit shrieking amongst with the roaring of the waters.

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DESTRUCTION OF THE TONQUIN.

[From *Capt. Cook's Adventures on the Columbia River*.]

The Tonquin sailed from the Columbia on the 6th of June 1811, on a trading speculation to the northward, and Mr M'Kay (brother of Lieut. Col. M'Kay of Montreal) was on board, as an interpreter, a native of Grey's Harbour, who was well acquainted with the various dialects of the tribes on the coast. From this Indian the following minutely particular were learned. A few days after the departure from the Columbia they anchored opposite a village, named New Whitty, in the vicinity of Neolha, where Mr M'Kay immediately opened a brisk trade with the natives. He went on shore with a few men, was received in the most friendly manner, and slept a couple of nights at the village. During this period several of the natives visited the vessel with furs. The subsiding manner of the captain were not calculated to win their confidence, and having struck one of their principal men whose name I do not know, a conspiracy was formed by the chiefs of the tribe to surprise and cut off the vessel. The interpreter, having discovered their designs, took them in acquainting Mr M'Kay, who instantly hurried on board for the purpose of informing the captain of the intended attack. That evening Mr M'Kay told the captain that the Captain only laughed at the information, and said that he could never believe that a parcel of wretched Indians would have the courage to attack his ship. The natives in the mean time, spurred on by Mr M'Kay's sudden return that their plans were undiscovered, visited the ship in small numbers, totally ignorant of the plot to throw our people off their guard. The first of these who had been struck by Captain Thomas, who was the head of the conspiracy, came on board in a manner seemingly friendly, and apparently forgetful of the injury he had received. Early in the morning of the 13th, previous to that on which the ship was to leave New Whitty, a couple of large canoes, each containing about twenty men, appeared alongside. They brought several barrels of powder and, as the sailors imagined they came

for the purpose of trading, were allowed to come on deck. Shortly after another canoe, with an equal number, arrived also with furs; and it was quickly followed by two others, full of men carrying beaver, otter, and other valuable skins. No opposition was made to their coming on board; but the officer of the watch perceiving a number of other canoes putting off, became suspicious of their intentions, and warned Captain Thom of the circumstances. He immediately came on the quarter-deck accompanied by Mr McKay and the interpreter. The latter, on observing that they all wore short cloaks or smocks of skin, which was by no means a general custom, at once knew their designs were hostile, and told Mr McKay of his suspicions. That gentleman immediately apprized Captain Thom of the circumstances, and begged of him to lose no time in clearing the ship of the intruders. This caution was, however, treated lightly by the captain, who remarked, that with the arms they had on board they would be more than a match for three times the number. The sailors in the mean time had all come on deck, which was crowded with the Indians, who completely blocked up the passages, and obstructed the men in the performance of their various duties. The captain requested them to retire, to which they paid no attention. He then told them he was about going to sea, and had given orders to the men to raise the anchor; that he hoped they would go quietly away; but if they refused he should be obliged to force their departure. He had scarcely finished, when a signal given by one of the chiefs, a loud and frightful yell was heard from the assembled sagages, who commenced a sudden and simultaneous attack on the officer and crew with knives, bludgeons, and short spears, which they had concealed under their robes. Mr McKay was one of the first attacked. One Indian gave him a terrible blow with a bludgeon, which partially stunned him; upon which he was seized by five or six others, who threw him into a canoe alongside, where he quickly recovered, and was permitted to remain for some time unharmed. Captain Thom made an ineffectual attempt to reach the cabin for his arms, but was overpowered by his assailants. His only weapon was a jack-knife, with which he killed

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came on deck, number, and. Halted by two and other val- uir, coming in ing in hand- ing of the de- circumstances, accompanied by an accom- pany of others, at once knew Kay of his cap- tained Captain of him to low- er. This can- e captain, who on board they the number on deck, which pletely blacked in the perfor- requested them. He then the given orders to ed, they would ould be obliget finished, when and and fight- ges, who came on the off- at three, while Kay was a cry- him; who three by received, me uninjured to reach the d by punish- which he killed

of his savage assailants by ripping open their bow- ds, and mutilated several others. Covered with wounds, he rested himself for a moment by leaning on the tiller wheel, when he received a dreadful blow from a weapon called a *poutumugen*, (a species of half sabre, half club; six or two to three feet in length, six inches in breadth and double edged,) on the back part of his head, which felled him to the deck. The death dealing knife fell from his hand, and his savage butchers, after extinguishing the few sparks of life that still remained, threw his mangled body overboard.

On seeing the captain's fate, our informant, who was close to him, and who had hitherto escaped uninjured, jumped into the water, and was taken into a canoe by some women, who partially covered his body with mats. He states that the original intention of the enemy was to make Mr M'Kay a prisoner; and after securing the vessel, to give him his liberty, on obtaining a ransom from Astoria; but on finding the resistance made by the captain and crew, the former of whom had killed one of the principal chiefs, their love of gain gave way to revenge, and they resolved to destroy him. The last time the ill-fated gen- tleman was seen, his head was hanging over the side of a canoe, and three sarages, armed with *poutumugens*, were uttering out his brains.

In the mean time, the devoted crew, who had maintain- ed the unequal contest with unparalleled bravery, became gradually overpowered. Three of them, John Anderson, the boatswain, John Weekes, the carpenter, and Stephen Weekes, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in gaining possession of the cabin, the entrance of which they secure- ly fastened on the inside. The Indians now became more cautious, but they well knew there were plenty of fire- arms below, and they had already experienced enough of the prowess of the three men while on deck, and armed with handspikes, to dread approaching them while they had more mortal weapons at their command. An- derson and his two companions, seeing their commander now dead and dying around them, and feeling more- over the uselessness of any further opposition, determined on taking a terrible revenge. Two of them, therefore,

set about laying a train to the powder magazine, while the third addressed some Indians from the cabin windows, who were in canoes, and gave them to understand that they were permitted to depart unmolested in one of the ship's boats they would give them quiet possession of the vessel, without firing a shot; stipulating, however, that no canoes should remain near them while getting into the boat. The anxiety of the barbarians to get possession of the plunder, and their disinclination to risk any more lives, induced them to embrace this proposition with eagerness, and the pinnace was immediately brought astern. The three heroes having by this time perfected their dreadful arrangements, and ascertained that no Indian was watching them, gradually lowered themselves from the cabin windows into the boat; and having fired the train, quickly pushed off towards the mouth of the harbor, no obstacle being interposed to prevent their departure. Hundreds of the enemy now rushed on deck to seize the long expected prize, shouting yells of victory; but their triumph was of short duration. Just as they had burst open the cabin door, an explosion took place, which in an instant, hurled upwards of two hundred savages into eternity, and dreadfully injured as many more. The interpreter, who had by this time reached land, says he saw many mutilated bodies floating near the beach, while heads, arms, and legs, together with fragments of the ship, were thrown to considerable distance on the shore. The first impression of the survivors was, that the Master of Life had sent forth the Evil Spirit of the waters to punish them for the cruelty to the white people. This belief, joined to the consternation occasioned by the shock, and the screams and lamentations of the wives and other relatives of the seamen, paralyzed for a time the exertions of the natives, and favored the attempt of some of the British comrades to escape. They rowed back to the side of the harbor, with the intention, as is supposed, of coming along the shore to the Columbian; but after clearing the bar, a head wind and flowing tide drove them back, and compelled them to land; later at night, on a beach, where they fancied themselves free from danger, and where, weary from the loss of blood, and the

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exertions of the day, they fell into a profound sleep. In the mean time, the terror of the Indians had in some degree subsided, and they quickly discovered that it was human agency so many of their warriors had been destroyed. They therefore determined to have the lives of those who had caused the destruction of the ship, and being aware, from the state of the wind and the tide, that the boats could not put to sea, a party proceeded after dark, cautiously along the shore of the bay, until they arrived at the spot where their helpless victims lay slumbering. Trembling and exhausted, they opposed but a feeble resistance to their savage conquerors; and about midnight their agonising screams mingled with those of their departed comrades. Thus perished the last of the gallant crew of the *Arcton*.

ADAM AND ANDREW POE.

About the middle of July, 1782 seven Wyandotts crossed the Ohio, a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from all parts of the small settlement and pursued the assassins with great expedition. Among the most active and brave of the party were two brothers, Adam and Amos. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, courage, and hardihood, he had no equal—being finely formed and acquainted with the perils of the woods. They had followed the Indians far, before they became satisfied that they were conducted by Big Foot, a renowned warrior of the Seneca tribe, who derived his name from the size and shape of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as inexhaustible. He had nine brothers, but little inferior to him in size and courage, and as they generally went together, they were the terror of the whole country. Big Foot was employed as the head of measuring the

earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to any thing but themselves. Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big Foot quickly recovered, and attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a Boa Constrictor! Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprung from his feet. Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man, while he held him in his arms. Adam, in his anger struggled manfully to extricate himself from the arms of the giant, but in vain.—The lesser Indian approached him with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and send him staggering back into the water. Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for the second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would be aimed. This lasted for several seconds, until a sudden motion from Big Foot, compelled him to abandon his pretence. Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding it deeply but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle, for the Indian could not venture to shoot, for fear of

hurting the companion) he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar and the other upon his hip, pitched him ten feet into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength. It was now a fatal fight between them, for in the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist, gave him a great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. The Indian quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first; and Adam, seizing him by the scalp lock, put his head under water and held it there until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian however to use Adam's own expression, 'had on been possuming!' He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle, both were carried into the current, beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle on the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam, when he thought he would be too late, turned and swam out into the river, intending to dive and thus frustrate his enemy's intention. At that instant, Andrew, having heard that his brother was also in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and saw Adam in the river, covered with blood.

Indian through the water, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to 'shoot the Big Indian upon the shore.' Andrew's gun however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the lesser Indian, so that both were upon equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his rammer out of its sheath in too great a hurry, threw it into the river and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder, when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands and he fell forward upon his face on the very margin of the river. Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore—but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother, to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living, before attending to the dead. Big Foot, in the mean time, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians escaped. Five of Big Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandott nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished.—It is said that the news of this calamity threw the whole tribe into mourning of a remarkable size, their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, grounded on their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition had saved many prisoners from the stake, and had given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. A chief of the same name was alive in that part of the country so late as 1792, but whether a brother or

son of Big Foot is not known. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after this memorable conflict—but never forgot the tremendous ‘hug’ which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot.

INVENTION OF LETTERS BY AN INDIAN.

The following extract from Mr SAMUEL L. KNAPP'S Lectures on American Literature, records one of the most extraordinary events since the original invention of letters.

“The invention of the Cherokee alphabet has excited the astonishment of the philosopher in this country and in Europe; but as I have not yet seen any satisfactory account of the progress and history of this great effort of genius of the present day, I will state what I know of it, from the lips of the inventor himself.

“In the winter of 1828, a delegation of the Cherokees visited the city of Washington, in order to make a treaty with the United States, and among them was See-quah-yah the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. His English name was George Guess; he was a half blood, but had never from his own account, spoken a single word of English up to the time of his invention, nor since. Prompted by my own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends, I applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters, one a half blood, Captain Roger, and the other a full blood chief, whose assumed English name was John Mew, to relate to me, as minutely as possible, the mental operations, and all the facts of his discovery. He cheerfully complied with my request, and gave very accurate and satisfactory answers to every question, and at the same time careful to know from the interpreter if I understood his answers. No stoic could have been more grave in his demeanor than was See-quah-yah; he pondered according to the Indian custom, for a considerable time after each question was put, before he made his reply, and often took a whiff of his calumet while reflecting on an answer. The details of the examination are too

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ing to enter into them; but the substance of it was—that
he (See-quah-yah) was now about sixty-five years old,
but could not precisely say—that in early life he was gay
and talkative, and although he attempted to speak in
Council but once, yet was often from his easy colloquial
powers, and ready command of his vernacular, a story
teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents
of every kind gave him some distinction when he was
quite young, so long ago as St Clair's defeat. In this
campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was
found on the person of a prisoner, which was wrongly
read by him to the Indians. In some of their delibera-
tions on this subject the question arose among them
whether the mysterious power of the "talking leaf" was
the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery
of the white man himself? most of his companions were of
the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained
the latter.

"This frequently became a subject of contemplation
with him afterwards, as well as many other things which
he knew, or had heard, that the white man could do: but
he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject un-
less a swelling in his knee confined him to his cabin, and
which at length made him a cripple for life, by shortening
the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war
and the pleasures of the chase, in the long nights of his
confinement, his mind was again directed to the mystery
of speaking by letters, the very name of which, of course was
not to be found in his own language. From the cries of
wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking bird, from the
voices of his children and companions, he knew that feel-
ings and passions were conveyed by direct sounds from
one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him
to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language.
His own ears were remarkably discriminating, and he cal-
led to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children.
When he thought he had distinguished all the differ-
ent sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictorial
images of birds and beasts, to convey those sounds
others, or to mark them in his own mind. He soon
found this method as difficult or impossible, and tried

arbitrary sounds without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist in recollecting them and distinguishing them from each other. At first these signs were very numerous; and when he got so far as to think his invention nearly accomplished he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter who seemed to enter into the genius of his labors, he reduced them at last to eighty-six, the number which he now uses. He then set to work to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded—as yet he had not the knowledge of the pen as an instrument, but made his characters on a piece of bark, with a knife or nail. At this time he sent to the Indian agent, or some trader in the nation, for paper and pen. His ink was easily made from some of the bark of the forest trees, whose coloring properties he had previously known—and after seeing the construction of the pen, he soon learned to make one, but at first he made them without a slit; this inconvenience was, however, quickly removed by his sagacity. His next difficulty was to make his invention known to his countrymen; for, by this time he had become so abstracted from his tribe and their usual pursuits, that he was viewed with an eye of suspicion. His former companions passed his wigwam without entering it, and mentioned his name as one that was practising improper spells, for notoriety or mischievous purposes, and he seems to think that he should have been hardly dealt with if his docile and unambitious disposition had not been so generally acknowledged by his tribe. At length he summoned some of the most distinguished of his nation in order to make his communication to them—after giving the best explanations of his discovery that he could, stripped of all supernatural influence he proceeded to demonstrate to them in good earnest that he had made a discovery. His daughter, who was his only pupil, was ordered to go out of hearing, while he requested his friends to name a word or sentiment, which he put down, and then she was called in and read it to them; then the father retired and the daughter wrote; the Indians were wonder-struck but not entirely satisfied. See-quah-yah then proposed that the tribe should select several youths from among their brightest young men that

might communicate with him. At length agreed upon a division of negroes, and the Indian name of the youths for they offered to be wrought separated from the tribe, watched with master and pupil were viewed with infidelity but this ordered a it. How near the same on the try. See-quah philosopher, talents, and the Great Spirit. ed in mystery

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might communicate the mystery to them. This was at length agreed to, although there was some lurking suspicion of necromancy in the whole business. John M—(his Indian name I have forgotten,) a full blood, with several others, were selected for this purpose. The tribe watched the youths for several months with anxiety, and when they offered themselves for examination the feelings of all were wrought up to the highest pitch. The youths were separated from their master, and from each other, and watched with great care. The uninitiated directed what master and pupil should write to each other, and the tests were viewed in such a manner, as not only to destroy their infidelity but more firmly fix their faith. The Indians on this ordered a feast, and made See-quah-yah conspicuous at it. How nearly alike is man in every age! Pythagoras did the same on the discovery of an important principle of geometry. See-quah-yah became at once schoolmaster, professor, philosopher, and chief. His countrymen were proud of his talents, and held him in reverence as one favored by the Great Spirit. The inventions of early times were shrouded in mystery. See-quah-yah disdained all quackery.

“He did not stop here, but carried his discoveries to numbers. He, of course, knew nothing of the Arabic digits, nor the power of Roman letters in the science. The Oherokees had mental numerals to one hundred, and had words for all numbers up to that, but they had no signs or characters to assist them in enumerating, adding, subtracting multiplying or dividing. He reflected upon this until he had created their elementary principles in his mind, but he was at first obliged to make words to express his meaning, and then signs to explain it. By this process he soon had a clear perception of numbers up to a million. His great difficulty was at the threshold—to fix the powers of his signs according to their places. When this was overcome, his next step was in adding up his different numbers, in order to put down the fraction of the decimal, and give the whole number to its next place; but when I knew him he had overcome all these difficulties, and was quite a ready arithmetician in the fundamental rules. This was the result of my interview, and I can safely say that I have seldom met a man of more shrewd-

ness than See-quah-yah. He adhered to all the customs of his country, and when his associate Chiefs on the mission assumed our costume, he was dressed in all respects like an Indian. See-quah-yah is a man of diversified talents; he passed from metaphysical and philosophical investigation to mechanical occupations with the greatest ease. The only practical mechanics he was acquainted with were a few bungling blacksmiths, who could make a rough tomahawk or tinker the lock of a rifle; yet he became a white and silversmith without any instruction, and made spears and silver spoons with neatness and skill, to the great admiration of the Cherokee nation. See-quah-yah has also a great taste for painting. He mixes his colors with skill; taking all the art and science of his tribe upon the subject, he added to it many chemical experiments of his own, and some of them were very successful and would be worth being known to our painters. For his drawings he had no model but what nature furnished, and he often copied them with astonishing faithfulness; his resemblances of the human form, it is true, are coarse, but often spirited and correct; and he gave action and sometimes grace to his representation of animals. He had never seen a camel-hair pencil when he made use of the hair of animals for his brushes. Some of his productions discovered a considerable practical knowledge of perspective; but he could not have formed rules for this. The painters in the early ages were many years in coming to a knowledge of this part of their art; and even now they are more successful in the art than perfect in the rules of it. The manners of the American Cadmus are the most easy, and his habits are those of the most assiduous scholar; and his disposition is more lively than that of any Indian I ever saw. He understood and felt the advantages the white men had long enjoyed, of having the accumulation of every branch of knowledge, from generation to generation, by means of a written language, while the red man could only transmit his thoughts to uncertain tradition. He reasoned correctly when he urged this to his friends as the cause why the red man had made so few advances in knowledge in comparison with us, and to remedy this was one of his great aims, and one which

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he accomplished beyond that of any other man living, or, perhaps, any one who ever existed in a rude state of nature.

"It perhaps may not be known that the Government of the United States had a fount of type cut for his alphabet, and that a newspaper printed partly in the Cherokee language and partly in the English, has been established at New Echota, and is characterized by decency and good sense; and thus many of the Cherokees are able to read both languages. After putting these remarks on paper, I had the pleasure of seeing the head Chief of the Cherokees, who confirmed the statement of See-quah-yah, and added that he was an Indian of the strictest veracity and sobriety."

THE PET LAMB.

Every one who has been at Alesbury, has heard the story of the Pet Lamb. Many summers ago a sweet little blue eyed girl was to be seen each morning, as soon as the dew was off the grass, sporting to the meadow, along the brook that runs between the village and the river, with the only companion in which she appeared to take delight, a beautiful snow white lamb. It was the gift of a deceased sister; and the little girl was now an orphan. Her family had been wealthy and respectable in early life, when they lived in Philadelphia; but her father having met with some very severe losses in trade, went to try his fortune in the East Indies, and the first news the family received afterwards was of his decease at sea. They were destitute and being driven from the country by the breaking out of a malignant disease were brought by chance into the residence of a venerable old lady, who, having buried her mother and sister came to Alesbury to spend her remaining days with her only charge, this engaging orphan. Left in this situation thus early in life, no wonder, poor girl, that she loved her little lamb, the only token of a sisters affection, for that sisters love, no wonder that all the affections of her innocent

heart should cling to the last object left to her desolate youth, and grow fresher and fresher as the grass grew greener over the sod that pressed the ashes of her loved friends.

The little creature was perfectly tame and would follow its young mistress, when permitted, through the village, wherever she went: and when she used to go to school on the village green, it would lie down in the shade of the trees until she was ready to return home with it. She washed its soft fleece, and fed it with her own hands every day; and so faithful was she always in her attention to her pretty favorite, that the villagers all loved her, and many a warm hope was expressed that she, like that helpless lamb, might find a fond and devoted protector, when the friend who was now her foster mother, and was fast wasting away beneath the weight of years should go down to the shades of the still tomb, and leave her young and inexperienced, in a world of selfishness and vice.

During the time her kind patron lived, Clarissa was treated as a daughter.

Contiguous to their dwelling was the residence of a well-living farmer, whose little son used frequently to clamber over the stiles into the meadow to see Clarissa and her lamb; and in process of time their young hearts became knit together by a tie more tender than that which binds a brother and sister. It was thought they would be married—and they perhaps thought so too; for Charles's father often hinted that a union of the two places would be a delightful thing. But the old lady died, and her will fell into the hands of rogues, who succeeded in getting possession of the property.

This was the death blow to Clarissa's hopes, the intercourse between her and Charles was instantly broken off by his father—he was sent to a medical school at a distance, and she was forced to put herself out to service among families who had scarcely before considered themselves her equals. It was a bitter fortune; but she bore it with heroic fortitude at first—for still she received letters from her brother Charles as she called the young companion of her brighter fortunes, and still she had her

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For a month herself up to spirit; sickness—she was no village, attract ed by all. now stood a po ter a portion w takes possessio with how much trample, when or loveliness th treacherous wa how vanishing world. But in and that "unta low and vulga She resolved th to her the hum better to improv herself to her fa did so, but still her poor Pet La

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little lamb. But at last this secret correspondence was discovered and broken off, and all possibility of further intercourse prevented, and last of all they took from her, her only remaining friend and favorite, the memorial of a dying sister's love—her little Pet Lamb. She tried all the means in her power to prevent a separation, but in vain, the only privilege granted her was, to have her name, (Clarissa Beaumont Alesbury,) marked on its fleece in beautiful gold letters, and then she kissed it for the last time, and saw it delivered to a drover who was proceeding with a large stock to the city.

For a month the deserted and unfortunate girl gave herself up to the destroying influence of a melancholy spirit; sickness and sorrow preyed upon her delicate frame—she was no longer the gay and sporting belle of the village, attracting the admiration of every one, and courted by all. Often at the parties of her old associates she now stood a poor unnoticed servant, and she felt how bitter a portion was cheerless poverty, when it invades and takes possession of hearts once rich and happy,—she felt with how much meanness of pride the world delights to trample, when it can on every thing of virtue, or beauty, or loveliness that is superior to its own. She felt how treacherous was hope, how vain the promises of youth, how vanishing the friendship of an interested and selfish world. But in process of time her native strength of mind, and that “untaught innate philosophy,” unknown to the low and vulgar, triumphed even over her misfortunes. She resolved that since it was the will of heaven to allot to her the humblest sphere in life, she would strive the better to improve her narrow privileges, and to resign herself to her fate without one rebellious murmur. She did so, but still she often shed a tear over the memory of her poor Pet Lamb.

We now beg pardon of our Alesbury friends, while we go with the reader a little trip to Philadelphia. On the extensive commons which lay towards the Schuylkill, a large collection of cattle was exhibited by a company of traders; as the sight was a very fine one, many persons from the city came out to see it. Among the rest was a gentleman whose demeanor and features were strikingly em-

Memorial of a deep and fixed sorrow. He walked slowly along surveying, with a downcast eye, the moving, bustling group—his hands behind him, and his dress rich, but hanging carelessly about him. As he cast his eye over the passing flocks, he thought he saw a lamb with the name of Clarissa Beaumont on its neck; and suddenly arousing from a lethargy, he plunged into the crowd and seized it. He was not mistaken in the name—and when he inquired about its history, and was told it came from Alesbury, he purchased it, and had it conveyed to town. His conduct which was wholly inexplicable to the bystanders who crowded round him at the time, was not rendered the less so to those who knew that the next day he set out in company with the lamb he had purchased for the interior of Pennsylvania.

It was a holyday among the young people at Alesbury on account of the anniversary of the birth of my landlady of the inn's eldest daughter, and a large party was assembled around the tea table, in the afternoon, in the full glow of hilarity and mirth. Poor Clarissa Beaumont, the prettiest of them all was there—not as a companion but as a servant, the butt of a vulgar jeer, secretly scorned and openly insulted by those who were jealous of her splendid superiority of intellect and beauty of person and manners, and exposed to a hundred impertinent liberties from those who had once courted her favor, and grown proud on receiving a smile from her sweet lips. She was there, still treasuring up the bitter lesson that love and friendship and respect, have no foundation in anything but wealth—when a noble carriage and two beautiful bays drove up to the door of the inn. The attention of the company was arrested, all were at the window, and lo, an old gentleman stepped from it while his servant handed him down Clarissa Beaumont's Pet Lamb! The astonished girl flew to embrace it, but before she could clasp its neck the arms of the noble stranger were open to encircle her—she fell into them and fainted—it was her father!!! The report of his death in the East Indies was unfounded—he had returned within a month to Philadelphia, with an ample fortune, and after having been led to suppose that all his family were deceased, this accident

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brought him to new life and joy in the recovery of a darling child, the image of an idolized wife, and the last pledge of her fervent love.

The scene that followed may be imagined. Clarissa was again the angel of the village—but she treated the fulsome fawning and congratulations of her old acquaintances with as little attention now as she had their scoffs before. Her father took her in a few days to Philadelphia, where she lived in the bosom of luxury and splendour, yet as kind as amiable, and lovely as she had ever been. And even then true to her early effections she did not forget her faithful Charles, whose true heart had never changed through all his father's persecutions and humiliation, but when his father lost his estate, and his family were reduced to abject want, she married him and all were restored to plenty and happiness again.

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LOO CHOO ISLANDERS.

In the year 1816, Lord Amherst was sent as an Ambassador from Great Britain to China. While he remained at China, two armed vessels—the frigates *Alcesta* and the brig *Lyra*—which accompanied his Lordship, visited the island called Loo Choo. The *Alcesta* was commanded by Capt Maxwell, and the *Lyra* by Capt Hall.

Capt Hall and a surgeon of one of the vessels, wrote each of them a narrative of the voyage, and an account of the people of Loo Choo. From their narrative the following particulars have been collected.

"The Island of Loo Choo is about 60 miles long and 20 broad; it is situated in the happiest climate of the globe. Refreshed by the sea-breezes which blow over it at every period of the year, it is free from the extremes of heat and cold which oppress many other countries. The people seemed to enjoy robust health; for we observed no diseased objects, nor beggars of any description."

"On the approach of the ships, the astonished natives were perched on the surrounding rocks and heights, gazing on the vessels as they entered. Soon after several

canoes came along-side, containing some people in office, who wished to know to what country we belonged, and the nature of our visit."

Being informed that the ships had been with an Ambassador to China—that they needed repairs &c.; the natives immediately sent carpenters to assist, but were assured that there were carpenters on board, and that an asylum was all that they required during the time of the repair, with permission to take on board provisions and water.

An immediate supply of bullocks, pigs, goats, fowls, eggs, and other articles followed this intimation. Supplies of the same description being sent on board as often as was necessary, for about six weeks; but the chief authorities who sent them, refused any pay or remuneration whatever.

It was intimated to this people that it was necessary to have a party on shore, such as ropemakers and smiths. They requested that this might not be done till they could hear from their king. But after a visit from one of the chiefs, several officers went on shore to an entertainment provided for them.

"About this time a mutual friendship began to exist between us; confidence took place of timidity; and now instead of permitting only a few to visit the shore at a time, they fitted up the garden of a temple as a general arsenal for us."

"Many of these islanders displayed a spirit of intelligence and genius. They all seemed to be gifted with a sort of politeness, which had the fairest claim to be termed natural; for there was nothing constrained, nothing studied in it."

"It was interesting to observe, indeed, how early the gentle and engaging manners of all classes here won upon the sailors no less than upon the officers. The natives from the first were treated with entire confidence; no watch was kept over them, nor were they excluded from any part of the ships; and not only was nothing stolen but when any thing was lost, nobody even suspected for an instant that it had been taken by them."

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ity, so strongly existing among the common class of British seamen, which induces them to hold all foreigners cheap, was at this island completely subdued and tamed by the gentle manners and kind behaviour of the most pacific people in the world."

"Although completely intermixed and often working together, both on shore and on board, not a single quarrel or complaint took place on either side during the whole of our stay. On the contrary, each succeeding day added to friendship and cordiality."

"It was very interesting to observe the care which the natives took of the sick, whom they assisted all the way from the beach to the temple; a number of people attended to support such of them as had barely strength enough to walk."

"When they were safely lodged, eggs, milk, fowls, and vegetables were brought for them; and whenever any of them were tempted by the beauty of the scenery to walk out, several of the natives were ready to accompany them."

"The administration of the government seems to partake of the general mildness of the people, and yet it appears highly efficient, from the very order which is always maintained, and the general diffusion of happiness."

"Crimes are said to be very unfrequent among them, and they seem to go perfectly unarmed; for we observed no warlike instruments of any description! not even a bow or an arrow was to be seen." "And the natives always declared they had none. They denied having any knowledge of war, either by experience or tradition."

"We never saw any punishments inflicted at Loo Choo; up with a fan, or any angry look, was the severest punishment ever resorted to, as far as we could discover. In giving orders, the chiefs were mild, though firm; and the people always obeyed with cheerfulness."

"When they saw the effect of our fowling pieces in the hands of some of the gentlemen, they begged that they might not kill the birds, which they were always seen flying about their houses. An order was immediately issued to desist from this sort of sporting."

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"The period of our departure being now fixed, all our stores were embarked on the evening of the 26th October. The next morning, the Loo Choo, as a mark of respect, arrayed themselves in their best apparel, and proceeding to the temple, offered up to their gods a solemn sacrifice, invoking them to protect the Englees, to avert every danger, and restore them in safety to their own land.

"In the manner of this adieu, there was an air of sublimity and benevolence, by far more touching to the heart than the most refined compliments of a more civilized people. It was the genuine benignity of artless nature and of primitive innocence.

"Immediately following this solemnity, our particular friend, crowded on board to shake hands and say—FAREWELL! whilst the tears, which many of them shed, evinced the sincerity of their attachment."

"We stood out seaward, and the breeze being favorable, this happy island soon sunk from our view; but will be long remembered by the officers and the crew for the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants having fixed upon every mind a deep and lasting impression of gratitude and esteem."

A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE OF WASHINGTON.

Washington was stationed at Alexandria with a regiment, of which he was Colonel. At an election for members of the Assembly, Washington was in favor of Colonel G. Fairfax, and Mr W. Payne headed the friends of William Elzey.

In the course of the contest, Washington grew weary and said something offensive to Mr Payne, who elevated his shalalah, and at one blow, extended our hero on the ground.

News was soon carried to the regiment that their commander was murdered by the mob. In a moment the whole regiment was under arms, and in rapid march towards the town, burning for vengeance. During this time, Washington was so far recovered as to go out

meet his enraged joy to see him alive.

After thanking him, he assured them that by their love to him to their barracks.

Feeling himself honored by Payne the honor, Early next morning to meet him at the

Payne took it for granted in full expectation was his surprise, a brace of pistols, and on the table.

Washington rose with a smile, begged a minute, to rectify an error, wrong in the affair, some satisfaction, in my hand, let us be

An act of such effect on the mind of came the most entire ington.

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meet his enraged soldiers, who crowded around him with joy to see him alive.

After thanking them for such evidence of attachment, he assured them that he was not hurt, and begged them by their love to him and their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks.

Feeling himself the aggressor, he resolved to make Mr Payne the honorable reparation of asking his pardon. Early next morning he wrote a polite note to Mr Payne, to meet him at the tavern.

Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the tavern in full expectation of smelling gunpowder. But what was his surprize, on entering the chamber, in lieu of a brace of pistols, a decanter of wine and a pair of glasses on the table.

Washington rose to meet him, and offering his hand with a smile, began—“Mr Payne, to err sometimes is nature, to rectify error is always glory: I believe I was wrong in the affair of yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand, let us be friends.”

An act of such sublime virtue, produced its proper effect on the mind of Mr Payne, who from that moment became the most enthusiastic admirer and friend of Washington.

Abridged from the Baltimore Patriot.

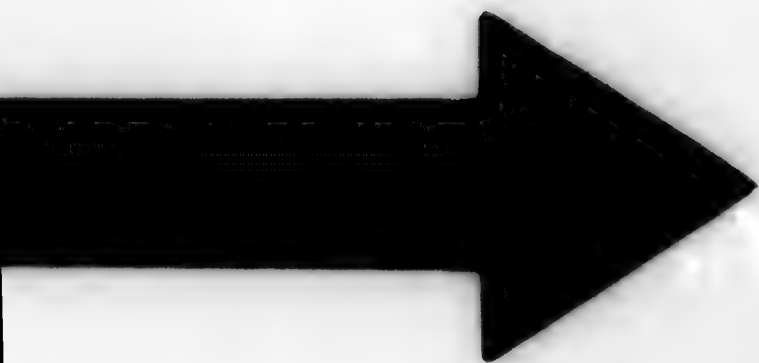
REMARKS.

“He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city.” In the first instance Washington was overcome by his passions: but in the second, he was the conqueror. Of the many anecdotes of this great man, I recollect no one in which he appears to better advantage.

In no other instance, perhaps, did he ever make a greater display of true courage and magnanimity. Compared with the course which he adopted, how mean and contemptible would he have appeared, had he sought revenge by a duel, and added sin to sin!

How cowardly and barbarous then is the conduct of duellists in general, when compared with the just, humane,

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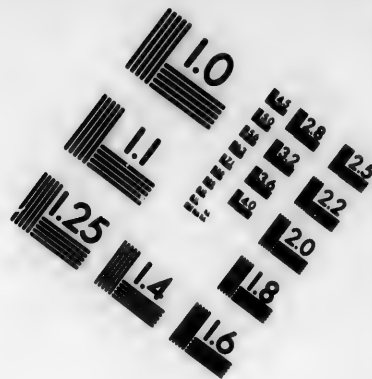
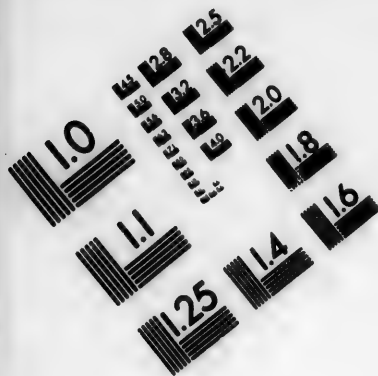
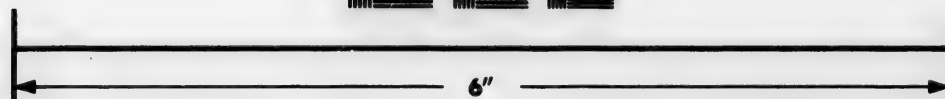
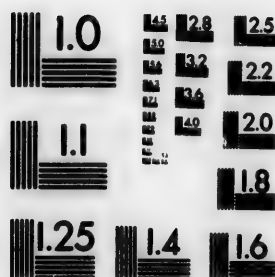


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and dignified conduct of Washington, in retracting his own wrong and presenting the hand of friendship to one who had rendered him evil for evil—a severe blow for an offensive word.

Let it be the care of Christians to give proper celebrity to such examples of magnanimity and self command—such elevation of mind above the influence of barbarous customs: then duelling and war will soon cease to be popular, and be banished from the world.

ARCHBISHOP SHARPE AND THE ROBBER.

It was a custom with Archbishop Sharpe in his journeys, generally to have a saddle horse attending his carriage, that in case of feeling fatigued with sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. In his advanced age, a few years before his death, as he was going in this manner his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two in advance of his carriage, a decently dressed, good looking young man on horseback came up to him, and with a trembling hand, and faltering tone of voice, presented a pistol to his Grace's breast, demanding his money.

The archbishop, with great composure turned round, and looking steadfastly at him, desired that he would remove that dangerous weapon and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, Sir," cried the youth with great agitation, "no words, 'tis not a time for words now, your money instantly." "Hear me young man," said the venerable prelate "come on with me. I, you see, am a very old man, and my life is of little consequence; yours seems far otherwise. I am Sharpe, the Archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind, but conceal your perturbations and tell me who you are and what money you want, and on the word of my character, I will not injure you, but prove a friend.

"Here, take this, (giving him a purse of money) and now tell me how much you want, to make you independent of so dangerous and destructive a course as you are now engaged in." "Oh, Sir," replied the man, "I de-

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est the business as much as you do; I am—but—but—at
ome there are creditors who will not wait; fifty pounds,
y lord, would indeed do what no thought or tongue be-
ides my own can feel or express."

"Well, sir, I take it at your word; and upon my hon-
or if you will compose yourself for a day or two, and then
call on me at—, what I have given you shall be made
up that sum; trust me I will not deceive you."

The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went
off; and at the time appointed, actually waited on the
Archbishop, received the money, and assured his lordship
that he hoped his words had left impressions which no in-
fluence could ever efface. Nothing more transpired of
him for a year and a half; when one morning a person
knocked at his Grace's gate, and with a peculiar earnest-
ness of voice and countenance desired to see him.

The Archbishop ordered the stranger to be introduced.
He had scarcely entered the room, when his countenance
changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breath-
less on the floor. On recovering, he requested an audi-
ence in private: this being granted, he said, "My lord,
you cannot have forgotten the circumstance of relieving
a highwayman. God and gratitude will never suffer it to
be obliterated from my mind. In me, my Lord, you now
behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by
your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps su-
perior, to millions. Oh, my lord, 'tis you 'tis you that
have saved me, body and soul; 'tis you that have saved
my much loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom
I loved dearer than my own life.

"Here my lord is the fifty pounds; but never shall I
find language to express what I feel; God is your wit-
ness, your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven be
your present and everlasting reward." The Archbishop
was refusing the money, when the gentleman added,
"My lord, I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your
Grace knew him, I am sure, my name is—; my mar-
riage alienated the affection of my father, who left me to
poverty and penury.

"My distresses—but your Grace already knows to what
they drove me. A month since my brother died a bachel-

or, and intestate; his fortune has become mine; and I spared and preserved by your goodness from an ignominious death, am now the most penitent, the most grateful and the happiest of human beings." [*Percy Anecdotes.*]

Shenstone the poet, and Rev Rowland Hill, were each of them robbed, and each of them by kindness rescued his robber from impending destruction, and placed him in circumstances to provide for himself and his family.

NATURAL AND MARTIAL VOLCANOES COMPARED.

A description of the desolations made by natural volcanoes, excite a degree of astonishment, sympathy, and horror.

But there is another species of volcano, far more destructive to mankind than those which have been described; many of which have existed in Europe, and in other quarters of the globe.

An ambitious, blood-thirsty war-maker is a martial volcano, whose eruptions have been more horrible than any which have been recorded of Etna, Cotopaxi, or any other natural volcano of the earth.

One Tamerlane or Ghengis Khan—one Alexander or Cesar—one Edward III or Charles V—one Frederic of Prussia or Philip of Spain—one Louis XIV or Napoleon of France, has probably caused more misery and desolation, than all the volcanoes of Europe, or of any other quarter of the world.

An earthquake, which should swallow up all Europe would produce less misery, and less destruction of human life, than has been caused by the martial volcanoes of the part of the globe.

Yet such has been the infatuation of our race, that no other men have been so much praised as these military destroyers. The murderers of millions have long been held in admiration, if not adored, by a deluded world.

Who is not astonished that Cotopaxi has sent forth a column of 20 or 30 miles in its course!

But what is all this, which the flaming lava, which the crater of a volcano has sent forth. The eruptions of volcanoes, whole provinces, hundreds, and even millions of inhabitants, are destroyed.

In one eruption of a volcano, extended to Java, the inhabitants with the exception of a few, perished. The eruptions of volcanoes, whole provinces, hundreds, and even millions of inhabitants, are destroyed.

"Volcano"

Their eruptions send forth a column of smoke, which indicates an infernal fire.

For a considerable time, such princes cause much misery and danger.

Next is seen the threatening and indicates an infernal fire.

This is soon followed by the united substances of the whole countries, and the danger.

Thus one man has done more in ten centuries, with seldom less than a hundred years.

The name volcano, the fabulous "giant," with justice be ascribed to him.

Who is not astonished, when he hears that Etna or Cotopaxi has sent forth rivers of burning lava to the extent of 20 or 30 miles, spreading ruin and horror throughout its course!

But what is all this when compared with the extent to which the flaming lava has spread, which has issued from the crater of a wanton volcanic Prince!

The eruptions of one martial volcano have desolated whole provinces, and spread the flames of destruction for hundreds, and even thousands of miles in various directions.

In one eruption of Tomboro the ashes of the explosion extended to Java, a distance of 300 miles, and filled the inhabitants with consternation and dismay; but the explosions of a martial volcano have caused the death and ruin of multitudes of men, more than 3000 miles from the crater.

"Volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue!"

Their eruptions too are preceded by terrific, menacing smoke, which indicates an explosion. It is thus with volcanic Princes.

For a considerable time previous to a violent eruption, such princes cause to be heard in all the adjacent countries loud bellowsings of complaints, and cries of insult and danger.

Next is seen a smoking manifesto—"breathing out threatenings and slaughter"—the heat of which clearly indicates an infernal origin.

This is soon followed by the explosion of volcanic, ignited substances, and boiling lava, which overspreads whole countries with misery, death, and horror, lamentation and woe.

Thus one martial volcano, not more than six foot high, has done more mischief in *one year*, than Etna has done in *ten centuries*, with a height of two miles, and a "crater seldom less than a mile in circuit."

The name *volcano* was probably derived from Vulcan, the fabulous "god of subterranean fire." It may then with justice be applied to the military destroyer, whose

"tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, that setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell."

CURIOSITY.

In the great circle of human affairs, there is room for every one to be busy and well employed in his own province, without encroaching upon that of others. It is the province of superiors to direct; of inferiors to obey; of the learned, to be instructive; of the ignorant, to be docile; of the old, to be communicative; of the young to be advisable and diligent. Art thou poor? Show thyself active and industrious, peaceable and contented. Art thou wealthy? Show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane. If thou livest much in the world, it is thy duty to make the light of a good example shine conspicuously before others. If thou livest private and retired, it is thy business to improve thine own mind, and to add, if thou canst do no more, one faithful subject to the Messiah's kingdom. There is no man so sequestered from active life, but within his own narrow sphere he may find some opportunities of doing good; of cultivating friendship, promoting peace, and discharging many of those lesser offices of humanity and kindness, which are within the reach of every one, and which we owe to one another. In all the various relations which subsist among us in life, as husband and wife, masters and servants, parents and children, relations and friends, rulers and subjects, innumerable duties stand ready to be performed; innumerable calls to virtuous activity present themselves on every hand, sufficient to fill up with advantage and honor the whole time of a man.

These are much worthier and nobler objects of your attention, than any of those trifling varieties which you can explore and discover in the character of those among whom you live. By lifting your view to so high a standard, you will be preserved from descending to those futile and corrupted employments of thought, which occupy the idle, the vain and the malignant. It is incredible, how

much time and attention is wasted in examining the affairs of the world. Were only their time spent in some degree of useful labor, they would in some degree be thrown away; the result of much mischief. It is a great defect with a thousand people, that they rush and severe censures. It foments ill nature, and standing and discomfited. The reproof which comes oftener home, is of man; 'What is your material and important task is assigned, and you must examine how that passes. It is proposed to busy ourselves, and should discover a defect. It is a weed to be pulled up, and should be done. This world, and fit for it. Wherefore, instead of employing our criticism, we are edged by Him who is assistance for every one to follow Christ. That idle curiosity which leads men to pry into the reprehensible on the order, and breaks the peace, and nourishes several from a proper attention. It interrupts, I say, society. In this world, we are bound to rest, to give mutual offices to each other, and to most advantage. It is necessary in the course of his own part to the affairs of his own

much time and attention are thrown away by men in examining the affairs of others, and discussing their conduct. Were only their time and attention thrown away, the evil would in some degree, be less. But they are worse than thrown away; they are not merely fruitless, but productive of much mischief. Such a habit of thought is connected with a thousand vices. It is the constant source of rash and severe censure. It arises from envy and jealousy. It fomented ill nature and pride. It propagates misunderstanding and discord. All those evils would be prevented, if the reproof which our Lord administers in the text, came oftener home, with proper authority to the reflection of man; 'What is that to thee?' Each of us have more material and important business of our own to fulfil. Our task is assigned, our part allotted. Did we suitably examine how that part was performed, we should be less disposed to busy ourselves about the concerns of others. We should discover a disorder to be corrected at home; many a weed to be pulled out from our own grounds; much remaining to be done, in order to render ourselves useful in this world, and fit for a world to come.

Wherefore, instead of being critics on others, let us employ our criticism on ourselves. Leaving others to be judged by Him who searcheth the heart, let us implore his assistance for enabling us to act well our own part, and to follow Christ.

That idle curiosity, that inquisitive and meddling spirit, which leads men to pry into the affairs of their neighbors, is reprehensible on three accounts. It interrupts the good order, and breaks the peace of society. It brings forward and nourishes several bad passions. It draws men aside from a proper attention to the discharge of their own duty.

It interrupts, I say, the order, and breaks the peace of society. In this world we are linked together by many ties. We are bound by duty, and we are prompted by interest, to give mutual assistance, and to perform friendly offices to each other. But those friendly offices are performed to most advantage, when we avoid interfering unnecessarily in the concerns of our neighbor. Every man has his own part to act, has his own interest to consult, his affairs of his own to manage, which his neighbor has

no call to scrutinize. Human life then proceeds in its most natural and orderly train, when every one keeps within the bounds of his proper province; when, as long as his pursuits are fair and lawful, he is allowed, without disturbance, to conduct them in his own way. That you study to be quiet, and to do your own business, is the apostolical rule, and indeed the great rule, for preservation of harmony and order. But so it is, that in every age, a set of men have existed, who, driven by an unhappy activity of spirit, oftener perhaps than by any settled design of doing ill, or any motives of ambition or interest, love to intermeddle where they have no concern, to inquire into the private affairs of others, and, from the imperfect information which they collect, to form conclusions concerning their circumstances and character. These are they who, in Scripture, are characterised as tattlers, and busy bodies in other men's matters, and from whom we are called to turn away.

Though persons of this description should be prompted by nothing but vain curiosity, they are, nevertheless, dangerous troublers of the world. While they conceal themselves to be inoffensive, they are sowing dissension and feuds. Crossing the lines in which others move, they create confusion, and awaken resentment. For every man conceives himself to be injured, when he finds another intruding into his affairs, and, without any title, taking upon him to examine his conduct. Being improperly and unnecessarily disturbed, he claims the right of disturbing in his turn those who wantonly have troubled him. Hence many a friendship has been broken; the peace of many a family has been overthrown; and much bitter and lasting discord has been propagated through society.

[Pierpont]

THE GOVERNOR AND NOTARY.

In Former times there ruled, as Governor of the Alhambra, in Spain, a doughty old cavalier, who, from having lost one arm in the wars, was commonly known by

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name of el Gobernador Manco, or the 'one armed governor.' He, in fact, prided himself in being an old soldier, wore his mustachios curled up to his eyes, a pair of campaigning boots, and a toledo as long as a spit, with his pocket-handkerchief in the basket hilt.

He was moreover, exceedingly proud and punctilious, and tenacious of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway, the immunities of the Alhambra, as a royal residence and domain, were rigidly exacted. No one was permitted to enter the fortress with fire arms, or even with a sword or staff, unless he was of a certain rank; and every horseman was obliged to dismount at his gate and lead his horse by the bridle.—Now as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Grenada, being, as it were, an excrescence of the capitol, it must, at all times, be somewhat irksome to the captain-general who commands the Province, to have thus an imperium in imperio, a pretty independent post in the very centre of his domains. It was rendered the more galling, in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor which took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction, and from the loose vagrant character of the people, that had gradually nestled themselves within the fortress as in a sanctuary, and from thence carried on a system of rogueries and depredation at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city.

Thus there was a perpetual feud and heart burning between the captain-general and the governor, the more virulent on the part of the latter inasmuch as the smallest of the two neighboring potentates is always the most capacious about his dignity. The stately palace of the captain-general stood in the Plaza Nueva, immediately under the hill Alhambra, and here was always a bustle and parade of guards and domestics, and city functionaries. A telling bastion of the fortress overlooked the palace and public square in front of it; and on this bastion the old governor would occasionally strut backwards and forwards, with his toledo girded by his side, keeping a wary eye down upon his rival, like a hawk reconnoitering a quarry from his nest in a dry tree.

Whenever he descended into the city, it was in grand

parade, on horseback, surrounded by his guards, or in his state coach, an ancient and unwieldy Spanish edifice, of carved timber and gilt leather, drawn by eight mules, with running footmen, out-riders, and lacquies, on which occasion he flattered himself he impressed every beholder with awe and admiration, as vice-regent of the king, though the wits of Grenada, particularly those who loitered about the palace of the captain-general, were apt to sneer at his petty parade, and in allusion to the vagrant character of his subjects, to greet him with the appellation of king 'of the beggars.' One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between those two doughty rivals, was the right claimed by the governor, to have all things passed free of duty through the city, that were intended for himself or garrison. By degrees, this privilege, had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of contrabandists took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress and the numerous caves in its vicinity, and drove a thriving business under the connivance of the soldiers of the garrison.

The vigilance of the captain-general was aroused. He consulted his legal adviser and factotum, a shrewd, meddlesome escribano or notary, who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra, and involving him in amaze of legal subtleties. He advised the captain-general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of his city, and he penned a long letter to him in vindication of the right. Governor Manco was a straight forward cut-and-thrust soldier, who hated an escribano and this one in particular worse than all escribanos.

'What!' said he, curling up his mustachios fiercely 'does the captain-general set his man of the pen to practical confusions upon me? I'll let him see that an old soldier is not to be baffled by school-craft.'

He seized his pen, and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which, without deigning to enter into argument, he insisted on the right to transmit free of search and denounced vengeance on any custom-house officer who should lay his hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra. While this question was agitated between the two pragmatical potentates it so happened

that a mule laden one day at Xen the city on its way headed by a tender the governor rusty and stout approached the g banner of the Al and drawing h vanced with his wary side glance ready for a snap

'Who goes there?'
'A soldier of turning his head'
'What have you?'
'Provisions for the march.'
'Proceed.'

The corporal convoy but had of custom-house

'Hallo there open those packs'

The corporal battle array.

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'A fig for the teer, halt, I say'

'Stop the corporal cocking his muzzle'

The muleteer tom-house office whereupon the dead.

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that a mule laden with supplies for the fortress, arrived one day at Xenil, by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city on its way to the Alhambra.—The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart; as rusty and staunch as an old toledo blade. As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alhambra on the pack-saddle of the mule and drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular advanced with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side glance of a cur passing through hostile ground, ready for a snap and a snarl.

‘Who goes there?’ said the sentinel at the gate.

‘A soldier of the Alhambra,’ said the corporal without turning his head.

‘What have you in charge?’

‘Provisions for the garrison.’

‘Proceed.’

The corporal marched straight forward followed by the convoy but had not advanced many paces, before a posse of custom-house officers rushed out of a small toll-house.

‘Hallo there!’ cried the leader, ‘muleteer halt, and open those packages.’

The corporal wheeled round, and drew himself up in battle array. ‘Respect the flag of the Alhambra,’ said he, ‘these things are for the governor.’

‘A fig for the governor, and a fig for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say.’

‘Stop the convoy at your peril!’ cried the corporal, cocking his musket, ‘muleteer proceed.’

The muleteer gave his beast a hearty thwack; the custom-house officer sprang forward, and seized the halter; whereupon the corporal levelled his piece and shot him dead.

The street was almost immediately in an uproar.

The old corporal was seized, and, after undergoing sundry kicks, and cuffs and cudgelings, which are generally given impromptu by the mob in Spain, as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons, and conducted to the city prison while his comrades were

permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been rumaged, to the Alhambra.

The old governor was in a towering passion when he heard of this insult to his flag and capture of his corporal. For a time, he stormed about the moorish halls, and vapored about the bastions, and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the captain-general. Having vented the first ebullition of his wrath, he despatched a message, demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offences of those under his command. The captain-general aided by the pen of the delighted escribano, replied at great length, arguing that, as the offence had been committed within the walls of his city, and against one of the civil officers, it was clearly within his jurisdiction. The governor rejoined by a repetition of his demand; the captain-general gave a sur-rejoinder of still greater length and legal acumen; the governor became hotter and more peremptory in his demands, and the captain-general cooler and more copious in his replies; until the old lion-hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.

While the subtle escribano was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor he was conducting the trial of the corporal, who mewed up in a narrow dungeon of the prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron-bound visage, and receive the consolations of his friends.

A mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to the Spanish form by the indescribable escribano.—The corporal was completely overwhelmed by it. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged.

It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrance and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put in capilla, that is to say in the chapel of the prison, as is always done with culprits the day before execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end, and repent them of their sins.

Seeing things drawing to an extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this

purpose, he ordered round by his Alhambra into cribano, he sum

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purpose, he ordered out his carriage of state, and, surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city.—Driving to the house of the escribano, he summoned him to the portal.

The eye of the governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

‘What is this I hear,’ cried he, ‘that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?’

‘All strictly according to law—all in due form of justice,’ said the self-sufficient escribano chuckling and rubbing his hands. ‘I can show your excellency the written testimony in the case.’

‘Fetch it hither,’ said the governor.—The escribano bustled into his office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard-headed veteran.

He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time, a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

‘Prythee, man, get into the carriage, out of the pestilent throng, that I may the better hear thee,’ said the governor.

The escribano entered the carriage, when in a twinkling, the door was closed, the coachmen smacked his whip—mules, carriage, guards, and all, dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing a cartel or exchange of prisoners—the corporal for the notary.—The pride of the captain-general was piqued; he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forthwith caused a gallows, tall and strong to be erected in the centre of the Piazza Nueva, for the execution of the corporal.

‘Oho! is that the game?’ said the governor. He gave orders, and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the plaza. ‘Now’ said he, in a message to the captain-gen-

eral, 'hang my soldier when you please; but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look to see your escribano dangling against the sky.'

The captain-general was inflexible; troops were paraded in the square; the drums beat, the bells tolled. An immense number of amateurs had collected to behold the execution. On the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion, and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campana, or Tower of the bell.

The notary's wife pressed through the crowd, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain general, implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband, and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones, to a point of pride, 'for you know the old governor too well' said she, 'to doubt that he will not put his threat in execution, if you hang the soldier.'

The captain-general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamor of her children. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra, under a guard, in a gallows garb, like a hooded friar, but with head erect, and a face of iron.—The escribano was demanded in exchange according to the cartel. The once bustling and self-sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon more dead than alive. All his flippancy had evaporated; his hair, it is said had nearly turned grey with affright, and he had a down-cast, dogged look, as if he still felt the halter around his neck.

The old governor placed his one arm a-kimbo, and, for a moment, surveyed him with an iron smile. 'Henceforth, my friend,' said he, 'moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows; be not too certain of your own safety, even though you should have the law on your side; and above all, take care how you play off your school-craft another time upon an old soldier.'—*Washington Irving.*

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THE WILD GIRL.

In 1731, as a nobleman was shooting, at Songi, near Chalons, in Champagne, he saw at a distance in the water, something which he took for a couple of birds, and at which he fired.

The supposed birds avoided the shot by diving, and rising at another place, made to the shore, when it appeared that they were two children, nine or ten years of age.

One of these children returned to the river and was never afterwards seen; the other went to the village of Songi. The inhabitants were frightened at her singular appearance.

They set a great dog at her; but she waited his attack without stirring from her place, and as soon as he was within reach, gave him such a blow with her club as laid him dead at her feet.

Unable to gain admission into any house, she returned into the fields, climbed up a tree, and there took her repose.

The Viscount d'Epinoxy offered a reward to any one who would catch this wild girl. At length she was allured to come down by a woman who walked under the tree with a child in her arms, and offered her fish and roots.

When she had descended, some persons lying in wait seized her and conveyed her to the Viscount's seat. At first she was taken into the kitchen, where she fell upon some wild fowl, and ate them up before the cook missed them.

The Viscount delivered her to the care of a shepherd, recommending him to be extremely attentive to her, under a promise of paying him well for his trouble.

It cost a great deal of trouble to render her a little tame. Once she eloped in a severe frost, during a heavy fall of snow, and after a long search was found sitting on a tree in the open fields.

Nothing was more astonishing than the swiftness and agility with which she ran. She did not take long steps like other people, but her run was rather a flying trip, which was more like gliding than walking.

Several years after she had been caught she was capa-

ble of outstripping wild animals, which she proved to the queen of Poland in 1737; being taken out on a hunting party, she ran after rabbits and hares that were started, caught them presently, and brought them to the queen.

In her savage state she had no language, but a sort of wild scream, which sounded frightfully when she was in anger, and particularly when a stranger attempted to take hold of her.

Long afterwards her speech had something wild, abrupt and childish; but when she was a little civilized, she appeared to be a quick, lively girl.

There was nothing, from which she was more difficult to be weaned, than eating flesh and vegetables raw. Her stomach could not bear dressed victuals.

Once the Viscount had a large company, and she sat at table with them. None of the high seasoned dishes being to her taste, she started up, vanished like lightning, filled her apron with live frogs from the nearest pool, hastened back, and bestowed them among the guests with a liberal hand, joyfully exclaiming—"here, here, take some!"

In the year 1732, this remarkable girl was baptized by the name of Maria le Blanc. On account of the change in her mode of life, she was often ill, and, after the death of her patron, spent the remainder of her days in a convent.

How this child came into that wild state, and in what country she was born, could never be ascertained with certainty. It was conjectured that she was an Esquimaux brought to Europe in some ship.

When she had learned to talk, she said that she had twice crossed the sea—gave a description of boats resembling those of the Esquimaux; and when she was shown a series of delineations of people of different countries she seemed agreeably surprized on coming to that in which the Esquimaux were represented. [*Placing Precursor*]

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AMIABLE TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIANS.

There is no nation in the world who pay greater respect to old age than the American Indians. From their infancy they are taught to be kind and attentive to aged persons and never to let them suffer for want of necessaries or comforts.

The parents spare no pains to impress upon the minds of their children the conviction that they would draw down upon themselves the anger of the Great Spirit, were they to neglect those whom in his goodness, he had permitted to attain an advanced age.

It is indeed a moving spectacle to see the tender and delicate attentions which, on every occasion, they lavish upon aged and decrepid persons.

When going out a hunting, they will put them on a pole or in a canoe, and take them into the woods to their hunting ground, in order to revive their spirits, by making them enjoy the sight of a sport in which they can no longer participate.

At home, the old are as well treated and taken care of as if they were favorite children. They are cherished, and even caressed; indulged in health and nursed in sickness; and all their wishes and wants are anticipated.

Their company is sought by the young, to whom their conversation is considered an honor. Their advice is asked on all occasions: their words are listened to as oracles. Nay, even the second childhood, often attendant on extreme old age, is never with the Indians a subject of ridicule or laughter. Respect, gratitude and love, are too predominant in their minds to permit any degrading idea to mix with these truly honorable and generous feelings.

Insanity is not common among the Indians; yet I have known several who were afflicted with mental derangement.

Men in this situation are always considered as objects of pity.

Every one, young and old, feels compassion for their fortune; to laugh or scoff at them would be considered a crime, much more so to insult or molest them.

The nation or color of the unfortunate object makes no difference; the charity of the Indian extends to all, and no discrimination is made in such a lamentable case.

Suicide is not considered by the Indians either as an act of heroism or of cowardice, nor is it with them a subject of praise or blame. They view this desperate act as the consequence of mental derangement, and the person who destroys himself is to them an object of pity.

The first step that parents take towards the education of their children, is to prepare them for future happiness by impressing upon their tender minds, that they are indebted for their existence to a great, good and benevolent Spirit, who not only has given them life, but has ordained them for certain great purposes.

The parents next proceed to make them sensible of the distinction between good and evil, that good acts are pleasing to the good Spirit; all that is bad proceeds from the bad Spirit, who had given them nothing.

Instruction is given in the gentlest and most persuasive manner; nor is the parent's authority ever supported by harsh, compulsive means; no whips, no punishments, no threats are ever used to enforce commands or compel obedience.

A father needs only say in the presence of his children "I want such a thing done; I want one of my children to go upon such an errand, let me see who is the good child that will do it."

This word *good* operates, as it were, by magic, and the children vie with each other to comply with the wishes of their parent. In this manner of bringing up children, the parents are seconded by the whole community.

If a child is sent from his father's dwelling to carry a dish of victuals to an aged person, all in the house will join in calling him a *good* child. If a child is seen leading an old person, the villagers call on one another to look and see what a *good* child that must be. When a child has committed a *bad* act, the parent will say, "Oh! how grieved I am that my child has done this *bad* act. I hope he will never do so again." This is generally effective, particularly if said in the presence of others.

[Hutchinson]

Not many years ago a man from New England, connected with the aristocracy, the fashionable circles, the sequence of his life, whether was reported as a figure on the stage, came quite the thing, relished by the people, offered for a rebuke. Thus matters stood, he made a party in Cambridgeshire, invited guests. Many devotees of pleasure, old fellow who knew they are one was taxed to. The Yankees, the American did, came to freedom and entered into affected enjoyment, feelings to the man of good nature, would be proud cavaliers, he might have been his respectful and attention in the dress, themselves his friends. But a combination of ladies, staunch the American. The American, dancing, waltzing and playing various games, indefatigable ladies, scheme, it was very. After some few

CROWNING THE WISEST.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young gentleman from New-York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where either in consequence of his fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly. Thus matters stood when the Hon. Mr—(M. P.) and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted in order to kill that stubborn old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn-out fashionist in the party. His good nature, would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed had not the ladies, won by his respectful and pleasant civilities, and his constant attention in the drawing room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends.

But a combination was at last formed among a trio of ladies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American. They proposed to vary the eternal evening waltzing and piping by the acting of charades and playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies, who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some few charades had been disposed of, one of

[Hicksville]

the gentleman begged leave to propose the game called 'Crowning the wisest' This is played by selecting a Judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively, the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answers receives the crown.

Our American much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, in the society with which he was mingling required of him to sustain himself. He was, to be sure, treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans or appreciated the Republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for questioning him should fall in succession, and be the last. The first one was a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension he put his question.

"If I understand rightly the government of your country you acknowledge no distinctions of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman—will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found."

‘For your benefit,’ replied the American, smiling calmly, ‘I would recommend the Falls of Niagara—a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid; in short it turns men from their idols; and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true christian is always polite.’

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether of applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustachioed and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station, he had been coveting

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His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

'Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?'

'You must maintain as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, the best government which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose argue with you to the end of your life.' The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce a certain triumph said,— 'I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies—which are the fairest?'

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which beamed from many a lovely lip might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered,—

'The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and love in our country—consequently those ladies who are the most admired, most beloved, and respected by the gentlemen must be the fairest. Now I assert confidently that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished as in the Republic of the United States—therefore the American ladies are the fairest. But,—and again bowed low—'if the ladies before whom I have the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my country we should think them Americans.'

The applause was enthusiastic, and after the mirth was decided to as to allow the Judge to be heard he decreed to crown to the Yankee.

[Ladies Magazine.]

CAPT. MORRELL'S VISIT TO A SLAVE SHIP.

On a Southern voyage of trading and discovery, Capt Benjamin Morrell, Jr. visited a slave ship off the Coast of Africa, of which he has given the following account.

I have already informed the reader, that when I entered the Bay of Benguela, there were no less than four slave dealers from Brazil, waiting to complete their cargoes.—One of these receptacles of human misery lay at anchor within fifty fathoms of the Antarctic; and I was so distressingly annoyed by the shrieks and groans of its hapless inmates, the wretched victims of unfeeling avarice, that I resolved to visit the vessel, and make an offer of such medical aid as might have a tendency to alleviate the anguish of the sufferers. With this determination, I ordered a boat to be manned, and boarded the brig without ceremony.

I was received by the officers on deck with a certain degree of courtesy, not unmingled with surprise; which, when I made known the object of my visit, assumed an expression of derision or contempt. Firmly adhering to my original purpose, however, I insisted upon seeing, and, if necessary, administering to those sufferers, whose audible complaints had so powerfully excited my sympathy. The captain gave orders that my demand should be complied with; and gracious Heaven! what a horrible spectacle was presented to my view!

If the reader has ever been on board of a Hudson River market sloop, loaded with calves and sheep for the slaughter houses, he may form some idea of the Brazilian slave brig. A range of pens, or bins, occupied each side of the main-deck, from the cat head to the main chain in which were confined such a number of slaves, as were permitted to come on deck at one time. In a line with the main hatchway, on each side, was erected a bulk-head or partition separating the men from the women; while a narrow passage remained open to the gangway, abait the sternmost pen, or between that and the quarter deck.

The slaves, perfectly naked, were stowed in rows fore and aft, in a sitting or crouching posture; and most of the men had their faces between their knees, either indulg-

in a moody silence, or some plaintive sighs of the females who, in spite of all their passing along, deepairing humanizing glances, such supplicating expressions, that looked totally unmanned the poor negroes, the white man's sympathy. Even the most cover their nakedness. After having traversed this sickening scene, I found a range of pens on each side of the deck, where the females were confined in partition or bulk-heads. Two women evidently partly from the officers, I gathered that the wretches had been repeatedly applied with atrocious cries and than brutality had just arrested my attention. I saw their wives and mothers, their breasts and faces with hunger agonized, or the reptiles nourished by maternal anguish, their husbands—fathers and friends; a vision of feeling, the stripes, until nature. On learning the reason those softer

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in a moody silence or mournfully chanting in a low voice, some plaintive song of their native villages. The feelings of the females were of course more clamorously expressed, in spite of all their tyrants' exertions to keep them quiet. In passing along the deck between these two ranges of despairing human beings, I encountered such mute imploring glances, such appalling looks of misery, such piteous supplicating expressions of countenance, such torrents of tears, that looked like pearls on ebony, as completely and totally unmanned me. My own tears fell like rain, and the poor negroes gazed on the strange phenomenon of a white man's sympathy with wonder, doubt and admiration. Even the females had not been allowed a rag to cover their nakedness.

After having taken a cursory view of the whole heart-quickening scene, my attention was attracted to the after range of pens on the starboard side, which contained about half the females then on deck. Here, as on the opposite side of the deck, the two sexes were separated by a partition or bulk-head eight feet in height; near which were two women evidently writhing in the agonies of death. Partly from the officers and partly from their fellow sufferers, I gathered the shameful facts that these dying wretches had been reduced to their present situation by repeated applications of the lash, as a punishment for their piteous cries and heart-rending wailings. This worse than brutality had elicited those shrieks and groans which first arrested my attention on board the *Antartic*. They were wives and mothers; their infants had been torn from their breasts and thrown upon the ground, either to perish with hunger among the grass, or to become the prey of beasts or the reptiles—or, possibly, to be preserved and nourished by strangers. In the phrenzied paroxisms of maternal anguish, they had called for their infants—for their husbands—for their parents—for their brothers, sisters and friends; and for this natural involuntary ebullition of feeling, their bodies had been cruelly lacerated with stripes, until nature sank exhausted, no more to revive.

On learning these facts, indignation enabled me to suppress those softer feelings which were before nearly cho-

to seize him; but this was too much for me to witness. I sprang before the dying man, drew my dirk, and ordered the officer to desist on the peril of instant death.

'Hold!' I exclaimed 'you shall not molest him. Back! back! back! on your life! No man shall touch him unless he cut his way through my body. You have butchered the wife of his bosom; he is now dying from the effect of your savage barbarity, and they shall not be separated until his spirit is united with her's, in that blessed world where fiends of hell like you can never come. Back! or your blood shall mingle with the negro's!'

The officer recoiled a few paces, while the others stood gazing at me and each other in mute amazement. I stood fixed in my purpose, however, and not one of the conscience-struck, guilt-appalled, cowardly wretches, could muster up sufficient courage to oppose my single arm. The dying captive's struggle was short. In a few minutes more he breathed his last, on the cold inanimate lips of her he loved more than he feared death. I then returned my dirk into its sheath, and again addressed the embarrassed officer:—

'Step forward, inhuman monster! and contemplate the effects of your cruel barbarity—your triple murder. Look there! on the remains of those three poor victims of your avarice and cruelty! Think too of their hapless infants; which, if not happily already gone to meet their parents in a better world, are fated never to enjoy a parent's tenderness in this. How will you answer for crimes like these before the God of justice? I do not marvel at your cowardice, the inseparable concomitant of guilt like yours. I do not wonder that you turn pale at my just rebuke, and tremble there like culprits at the gangway. But how much more will you tremble when you are arraigned before the bar of Divine Justice, and hear the voice which brought the universe into existence—'Inasmuch as ye have not shown mercy to one of the least of these, ye have not done it unto me.'

With these words I advanced to the gang-way, and was about to depart, when the captain of the brig expres-

sed a hope that I would not leave them in anger, but that I would walk below and join them in a glass of wine. I promptly declined the proffered courtesy, assuring him that it gave me very unpleasant feelings to breathe the same air with men engaged in this abominable traffic; but were I to drink with them, I should feel guilty of an act of wanton impiety that had stained the untarnished luster of the flag under which I sailed.

They retorted with a most provoking assurance, that great numbers of American vessels were at that moment engaged in the same traffic: vessels which they knew were owned in the United States, commanded by American captains, and manned by American and English seamen.

CHONG AND HANSI.—A CHINESE STORY.

[From Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*.]

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife in all the kingdom of Corea: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity; wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his, was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening one day to go among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, (being clothed all over in white,) fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan which she held in her hand; Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the

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reason. Alas! replied the lady her eyes bathed in tears, how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave! he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath, he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavoring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home, adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to oblige his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her could be guilty of such bare-faced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarcely been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honorable seat of honor, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual adroitness and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness: so fond a husband, so radiant a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity; when lo! their happiness was at once dis-

turbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was, at first, inconsolable for his death: after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day, she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and, on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended, until the time prescribed by the law for his interment. In the mean time, Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathized with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant, approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her clothes, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living: she, therefore, struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprize. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendor. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what

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Choang, being loud lamentation; serenity; so, in himself, he placed unwilling that depended in vain, with the large

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they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood, for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he, the same night, married the widow with the large fan.

As they were both apprised of the foibles of each other before-hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity; and not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment.

THE WITCH.

When Lord Chief Justice Holt presided in the Court of King's Bench a poor decrepid old creature, equally bowed down by age, poverty and infirmity, was brought before him charged as a criminal, on whom the full severity of the law might be visited with exemplary effect. The terrors of impartiality never set on any judge's brow with more impressive dignity or threatening aspect than on that of Judge Holt. The trembling culprit was overwhelmed with her fears. The charges were opened. 'What is her crime?' asked his lordship. 'Witchcraft.' 'How is it proved?' 'She uses a powerful spell.' 'Let me see it.'—The spell was handed to the bench; it appeared a small ball of variously colored rags of silk bound with threads of as many different hues; these were unrolled and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment, on which were written certain characters now nearly illegible from much use. 'The prosecutor avers that was the spell;' the judge, after looking at this potent

charm a few moments, addressed himself to the terrified prisoner: 'Prisoner, how came you by this?' A young gentleman, my lord, gave it to me to cure my child's ague.' 'How long since!' 'Thirty years my lord—' 'And did it cure her?' 'O yes, and many others.' 'I am glad of it.' The judge paused a few moments, and addressed himself to the jury; Thirty years ago I and some companions as thoughtless as myself went to this woman's dwelling, then a public house; and after enjoying ourselves found we had no means of discharging our reckoning. I had recourse to a stratagem. Observing a child ill of an ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classic line you see, on a scrap of parchment, and was discharged of the demand on me by the gratitude of the poor woman before us, for the supposed benefit; nature doubtless did much for the patient, the force of imagination the rest. This incident but ill suits my present character and the seat in which I sit, but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which it becomes me to atone.'

LIFE OF A LOOKING GLASS.

It being very much the custom, as I am informed, even for obscure individuals, to furnish some account of themselves, for the edification of the public, I hope I shall not be deemed impertinent for calling your attention to a few particulars of my own history. I cannot, indeed, boast of any very extraordinary incidents; but having, during the course of a long life, had much leisure and opportunity for observation, and being naturally of a reflecting cast, I thought it might be in my power to offer some remarks that may not be wholly unprofitable to your readers.

My earliest recollection is that of a carver and gilder's shop, where I remained for many months, leaning with my face to the wall; and, having never known any livelier scene, I was very well contented with my quiet condition. The first object that I remember to have arrested my attention, was, what I now believe, must have been

large spider; about, began, all over my face, not then known to my gaze, I. At length, when, I felt myself immediately attracted, which, at the time, for my safety; on finding myself, solemnly carved, the period of, four score years, presently placed, street; which. Here, my attention, succession of objects, not long before, of attention, I distinguished, in the neighbors, in the gers, who appeared, would offend, they passed. But, that while the object, took any notice of, me, generally, good-looking people, which I attribute, remember one year, shop regularly, who never omitted, went by; so that, each other. I must, I was in great debt, the regards, that the only individual, the attentions, had. My vanity, I have one, I

large spider; which, after a vast deal of scampering about, began, very deliberately, to weave a curious web all over my face. This afforded me great amusement; and not then knowing what far lovelier objects were destined to my gaze, I did not resent the indignity.

At length when little dreaming of any change of fortune, I felt myself suddenly removed from my station; and immediately afterwards underwent a curious operation, which, at the time, gave me considerable apprehensions for my safety; but these were succeeded by pleasure, upon finding myself arrayed in a broad black frame, handsomely carved and gilt; for you will please to observe, that the period of which I am now speaking, was upwards of fourscore years ago. This process being finished, I was presently placed in the shop window, with my face to the street; which was one of the most public in the city. Here my attention was at first distracted by the constant succession of objects, that passed before me. But it was not long before I began to remark the considerable degree of attention I myself excited; and how much I was distinguished, in this respect, from the other articles, my neighbors, in the shop-window. I observed, that passengers, who appeared to be posting away upon urgent business, would often turn and give me a friendly glance as they passed. But I was particularly gratified to observe, that while the old, the shabby, and the wretched, seldom took any notice of me, the young, the gay, and the handsome, generally paid me this compliment; and that these good-looking people always seemed best pleased with me; which I attributed to their superior discernment. I well remember one young lady, who used to pass my master's shop regularly every morning in her way to school, and who never omitted to turn her head to look at me, as she went by; so that at last we became well acquainted with each other. I must confess, that at this period of my life, I was in great danger of becoming insufferably vain, from the regards, that were paid me; and, perhaps, I am not the only individual, who has formed mistaken notions of the attentions he receives in society.

My vanity, however, received a considerable check from one circumstance; nearly all the goods by which I

was surrounded in the shop window (though many of them much more homely in their structure, and humbler in their destinations) were disposed of sooner than myself. I had the mortification of seeing one after another bargained for and sent away, while I remained, month after month, without a purchaser. At last, however, a gentleman and lady from the country, (who had been standing sometime in the street, inspecting, and, as I perceived, conversing about me,) walked into the shop and after some altercation with my master, agreed to purchase me; upon which, I was packed up, and sent off. I was very curious, you may suppose, upon arriving at my new quarters, to see what kind of a life I was likely to lead. I remained, however, sometime unmolested in my packing case, and very flat I felt there. Upon being, at last, unpacked, I found myself in the hall of a large stone house in the country. My master and mistress, I soon learned, were new married people, just setting up house-keeping; and I was intended to decorate their best parlor, to which I was presently conveyed; and after some little discussion between them in fixing my longitude and latitude, I was hung up opposite the fire-place, in an angle of ten-degrees from the wall, according to the fashion of those times.

And there I hung, year after year, almost in perpetual solitude. My master and mistress were sober, regular old fashioned people; they saw no company except at fair time and Christmas day; on which occasions only, they occupied the best parlor. My countenance used to brighten up, when I saw the annual fire kindled in that ample grate;—and when a cheerful circle of country cousins assembled round it. At those times I always got a little notice from the young folks; but those festivities over, and I was condemned to another half year of loneliness. How familiar to my recollection at this hour, is that large, old fashioned parlor! I can remember, as well as if I had seen them but yesterday, the noble flowers on the crimson damask chair covers and window curtains; and those intricately carved tables and chairs. I could describe every one of the stories on the Dutch tiles that surrounded the grate; the rich China ornaments on the wide mantel-pieces; and the pattern of the paper hangings, which con-

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The room being little used, the window shutters were rarely opened; but there were holes cut in each, in the shape of a heart, through, which, day after day, and year after year, I used to watch the long dim, dusty, sunbeams, streaming across the dark parlor. I should mention, however, that I seldom missed a short visit from my master and mistress on a Sunday morning, when they came down stairs ready dressed for church. I can remember how my mistress used to trot in upon her high-heeled shoes, unfold a leaf of one of the shutters, then come and stand straight before me; then turn half round to the right; then to the left; never failing to see if the corner of her well starched handkerchief was pinned exactly in the middle. I think I can see her now in her favorite dove colored lustring (which she wore every Sunday in every summer for seven years at least,) and her long full ruffles and worked apron. Then followed my good master, who, though his visit was somewhat shorter, never failed to come and settle his Sunday wig before me.

Time rolled away; and my master and mistress, with all that appertained to them, insensibly suffered from its influence. When I first knew them, they were a young, blooming couple as you would wish to see; but I gradually perceived an alteration. My mistress began to stoop a little; and my master got a cough, which troubled him more or less to the end of his days. At first, and for many years, my mistress' foot upon the stairs was light and nimble; and she would come in as blithe and brisk as a hawk; but at last, it was a slow, heavy step; and even my master's began to totter. And, in these respects, every thing else kept pace with them: the crimson damask that I remembered so fresh and bright, was now faded and worn; the dark polished mahogany, was, in some places, worm-eaten; the parrot's gay plumage on the walls grew dull; and I myself, though long unconscious of it, partook of the universal decay. The dissipated taste I acquired, upon my first introduction to society, had long since subsided; and the quiet, sombre life I led, gave me a grave meditative turn. The change which I witnessed

in all these things around me, caused me to reflect much on their vanity ; and when, upon the occasions before mentioned, I used to see the gay, blooming faces of the young, saluting me with so much complacency, I would fain have admonished them of the alterations they must soon undergo ; and have told them how certainly their bloom must fade away as a flower. But alas ! you know Sir, looking-glasses can only reflect.

After I remained in this condition, to the best of my knowledge, about five and forty years, I suddenly missed my old master : he came to visit me no more ; and by the change in my mistress' apparel I guessed what had happened. Five years more passed away ; and then I saw no more of her ! In a short time after this, several rude strangers entered my room ; the long, rusty screw, which had held me up so many years, was drawn out ; and I together with all the goods and chattels in the house, were put up to auction in that very apartment which I had so long peaceably occupied. I felt a great deal hurt at the very contemptuous terms in which I was spoken of, by some of the bidders ; for, as I said, I was not aware that I had become as old fashioned as my poor old master and mistress. At last, I was knocked down for a trifling sum and sent away to a very different destination.

Before going home to my new residence, I was sent to a workman to be refitted in a new gilt frame ; which, although it completely modernized my appearance, I must confess, at first set very uneasily upon me. And now although it was not till my old age, I for the first time became acquainted with my natural use, capacity and importance. My new station was no other than the dressing room of a young lady, just come from school. Before I was well fixed in the destined spot, she came to survey me, and with a look of such complacency and good will as I had not seen for many a day. I was now presently initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet. O, what an endless variety of laces, jewels, silks, and ribbons ; pins, combs, cushions, and curling irons ; washes, essences, powders, and patches, were daily spread before me ! If I had been heretofore almost tired with the sight of my old mistress' everlasting lustring, I really felt still more so with the profusion of ornament and preparation.

I was, indeed, astonished ; they were new to me, after being so long neglected. Never before, without a single leisure hour I was allowed, to confess to their length ; the hour of dressing was engaged with her, in the room—in the world, of so much that I have frequented that aspect with wonder when she returned her engagements. How she might be, still entered ; but instead of a few hours I was, and not unfrequently disappointed or disappointed. My mistress was young companions to see how they respected to me in the course of opportunity of observations. In this manner I by my mistress, without her in her or in that her aspect towards compared it with appeared to regard and would frequently of displeasure and taken place in me ; indeed I content, with regard ; I have been a course of my

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I was, indeed, favored with my mistress' constant attentions; they were so unremitting as perfectly to astonish me, after being so long accustomed to comparative neglect. Never did she enter her room on the most hasty errand, without vouchsafing me a kind glance; and at leisure hours I was indulged with much longer visits. Indeed, to confess the truth, I was sometimes quite surprised at their length; but I do not mean to tell tales. During the hour of dressing, when I was more professionally engaged with her, there was, I could perceive, nothing in the room—in the house—nay, I believe nothing in the world, of so much importance in her estimation as myself. But I have frequently remarked with concern, the different aspect with which she would regard me at those times, and when she returned at night from the evening's engagements. However late it was, or however fatigued she might be, still I was sure of a greeting as soon as she entered; but instead of the bright, blooming face I had seen a few hours before, it was generally pale and haggard, and not unfrequently bearing a strong impression of disappointment or chagrin.

My mistress would frequently bring a crowd of her young companions into her apartment; and it was amusing to see how they would each in turn come and pay their respects to me. What varied features and expressions in the course of a few minutes I had thus had an opportunity of observing! upon which I made my own quiet reflections.

In this manner I continued some years in the service of my mistress, without any material alteration taking place either in her or in me; but at length I began to perceive that her aspect towards me was changed, especially when compared it with my first recollections of her. She now appeared to regard me with somewhat less complacency; and would frequently survey me with a mingled expression of displeasure and suspicion as though some change had taken place in me, though I am sure it was no fault of mine; indeed I could never reflect upon myself for a moment, with regard to my conduct towards any of my owners; I have been a faithful servant; nor have I once, in the course of my whole life, given a false answer to any

one I have had to do with. I am, by nature, equally averse to flattery and detraction; and this I may say for myself, that I am incapable of misrepresentation. It was with mingled sensations of contempt and compassion, that I witnessed the efforts my mistress now made, in endeavoring to force me to yield the same satisfaction to her as I had done on our first acquaintance. Perhaps, in my confidential situation, it would be scarcely honorable to disclose all I saw; suffice it then to hint, that to my candid temper it was painful to be obliged to connive at that borrowed bloom, which after all was a substitute for that of nature; time, too, greatly baffled even these expedients, and threatened them wholly ineffectual.

Many a cross and reproachful look had I now to endure which, however, I took patiently, being always remarkably smooth and even in my temper. Well remembering how time had spoiled the face of my poor old mistress, I dreaded the consequences if my present owner should experience, by and by, as rough treatment from him; and I believe she dreaded it too: but these apprehensions were needless. Time is not seldom arrested in the midst of his occupations; and it was so in this instance. I was one day greatly shocked, by beholding my poor mistress stretched out in a remote part of the room, arrayed in very different ornaments from what I had been used to see her wear. She was so much altered that I scarcely knew her; but for this she could not now reproach me. I watched her thus for a few days, as she lay before me as cold and motionless as myself; but she was soon conveyed away, and I saw her no more!

Ever since, I have continued in quiet possession of the deserted chamber; which is only occasionally visited by other parts of the family. I feel that I am now getting old, and almost beyond further service. I have an ugly crack, occasioned by the careless stroke of a broom, across my left corner; my coat is very much worn in several places; even my new frame is now tarnished and old-fashioned; so that I cannot expect any new employment.

Having now, therefore, nothing to reflect on but the past scenes of my life, I have amused myself with giving you this account of them. I said I had made physiognomy my study, and that I have acquired some skill in the

interesting science, at least be deemed morally best pleased to appear the most so far to alter that for those with little consideration and their aspects sections.

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Keimer, a printer, had contrived a new system of paper money. Fearing that it might strike off the New-Jersey three Commissioners, all of them while at work the master and the printer, had never all his leisure hours in pleasure in the clarity in the deco- whiskers, the coc- great things with- show was caught While Ben, striped Keimer would stare with his gilt snuff- his right, be-span- grant Macaba to- Yet as before said- wanted new ideas- Presently they tu- hardly thought it- the character of- pearance. But in-

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interesting science. The result of my observations will at least be deemed impartial, when I say that I am generally best pleased with the character of those faces, which appear the most so with mine. And I have seen occasion so far to alter the opinions of my inexperienced youth, that for those who pass the least with me, and treat me with little consideration, I conceive the highest esteem; and their aspect generally produces the most pleasing reflections.

[Jane Taylor.]

SUPERIORITY OF TALENT.

Keimer, a printer in Philadelphia, and Franklin's employer, had contracted to furnish the blanks for an emission of paper money by the government of New-Jersey. Fearing that our Philadelphia printers, says the author, might strike off more money bills than they had desired, the New-Jersey legislature thought proper to send two or three Commissioners to superintend the press. These gentlemen, all of the shrewd sort, and constantly with them while at work, soon found out the difference between the master and the young journeyman,—Keimer, though a printer, had never been a reader; Franklin had devoted all his leisure hours to reading. The one had ever courted pleasure in the furniture of his mind; the other, popularity in the decorations of his body. The shape of his whiskers, the cock of his hat, the cut of his coat, were great things with Keimer; every trick at easy outside show was caught up by him. But it would not do. While Ben, stripped to the buff, was heaving at the press, Keimer would stand by stately as a prince at his levee—with his gilt snuff box nicely poised in his left hand, and his right, be-spangled with rings, tastily carrying the fragrant Macaba to his nostrils, courting the commissioners. Yet as before said, it would not do. The commissioners wanted new ideas, and Keimer had none to give them. Presently they turned to Ben, whom, by the by, they hardly thought it worth while to interrogate, considering the character of his master, and his young and raw appearance. But in place of the old yes and no of master

Keimer, he gave them such answers as at once surprised and delighted them. He was slow to speak, but when the commissioners, curious to explore his intellect, which had so unexpectedly startled them, purposely put a number of deep questions to him on the subject of their paper money, such as its effects upon agriculture and commerce, and the laws that should regulate its quantity, he answered all in his own peculiar way of sagacious brevity, that made them declare he must have studied nothing else all his life. The reports which these gentlemen made in his favor, produced their natural effect. Ben, was invited every where, and treated with the most flattering attention;—Keimer, though his employer, was entirely neglected, or invited only as a compliment to Ben.'

ESCAPE OF WASHINGTON.

[*From the Manuscript, a periodical published in N. Y.*]

Washington's a watch-word, such as ne'er
Shall sink, where there's an echo left to air.

BYRON.

The name of Washington is dear to every American. Distinguished, not only for bravery and intelligence, but for the purest virtues which can adorn the human heart, he has been venerated in the memory of distant nations, and immortalized by the blessing he shed upon his country. He resembles the orb of day imparting his twilight long after he is set, and invincibly dispensing his light and cheering warmth to the world. Cautious and prudent, he was never surprised by the most disheartening failures, nor alarmed into compliance by the most daunting threats. His eye could penetrate the darkest designs, and his powers of invention enabled him to escape the most formidable stratagems. The very means employed by the enemy to incommode him, were frequently in his own hands the instruments of their ruin. As an illustration of his eagle-eyed caution, I will briefly narrate his escape from a singular plot, which I learned from the lips of a venerable man several years since deceased.

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When the American army was stationed at West-Point, during the revolutionary war, the British Head-Quarters were not many miles distant on the Hudson ; and each were waiting, like the figures on a Chess-Board, for some favorable movement, to disconcert and thwart the operations of the other. Scouting parties would engage in frequent skirmishes, and waggons of provisions, ammunition and clothing would fall into the power of those, superior in number and address. On one of these occasions a quantity of English uniform was seized by an American detachment ; and several notable advantages obtained by the latter, inspired the enemy with a desire to retaliate.

N. Y.]

BYRON.

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About this time, while at West-Point, General Washington had an intimate acquaintance, resident not far distant from the army, in whose family he enjoyed the kindest hospitality, as well as relief from sterner engagements which harrassed his weary mind. As every circumstance was food to either army, a visit like this, not many miles from their camp could not escape the cognizance of the English : and to possess such a prisoner as Washington, would tend, in their opinion, to shorten the period of the war. But the undertaking was difficult ; there were guards advanced to cover the American commander, and there was no mode of discovering his visits except by winning over some one of the family.

The friend whom the general visited was once thought to have espoused the interests of the British ; but he had taken a decided stand in favor of America, and though a brave man, he professed the strictest neutrality, alleging as his reason—his years and his dependent family.

During the intimacy of the general, it was rumored in the American army, that his friend had been seen often returning from the British camp. Washington seemed to disregard the account, for he never ceased to visit the family, and apparently mingled as cordially with the host, as if no suspicion had crossed his mind.

At length, one day, as the general was taking leave, his friend earnestly requested him to dine with him. He reminded him of the uncommon delight which his intimacy conferred—begged him to lay aside every formality, and regard his house as his home, and hinted that he did not think that the general considered it in that light ; as the

guard that always accompanied him seemed to indicate that he was not visiting a friend. "By no means, dear Sir," exclaimed the worthy patriot; "there is no man I esteem more than yourself; and as a proof of the confidence which I repose in you, I will visit you alone to-morrow, and I pledge my sacred word of honor that not a soldier shall accompany me." "Pardon me, general," replied the host, "but why so serious on so trifling a subject? I merely jested." "I am aware of that," said the hero, smiling; "but what of that? I have long considered the planting of outposts unnecessary, inasmuch as they may have excited the suspicion of the enemy; and although it be a trifle, that trifle shall not sport with the friendship you indulge for me." "But then—the hour, general!" "Oh, yes, two o'clock." "Precisely," returned the other.

At one o'clock on the following day, the general mounted his horse, and proceeded alone upon a by road which conducted him to the hospitable mansion. It was about half an hour before the time, and the bustling host received him with open arms; in addition to the greetings of the delighted family. "How punctual, kind Sir!" exclaimed the warm-hearted friend; "Punctuality," replied Washington, "is an angel virtue, embracing minor as well as important concerns. He that is not punctual with a friend, that friend may doubt his integrity." The host started; but recovering himself, he added—"Then yours is a proof that we enjoy your fullest confidence."—Washington proposed a promenade upon the piazzas previous to dinner. It overlooked a rough country several miles in extent; fields of grain sweeping beneath the sides of black hills producing nothing but rocks and grass: shallow runlets of water flowing along the hollows of the uneven waste—then hidden by woodlands intercepting a prospect of the country beyond—spotted now and then with several glimpses of the Hudson, stealing through the sloping grounds below, and conquered on both sides by the dim, purple highlands frowning sometimes into hoary battlements, and tapering again into gentle valleys, hardly illuminated by the sun. "This is fine bold scenery!" exclaimed General Washington, apparently absorbed in

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the beauty of the prospect. "Yes, Sir," replied his friend, looking wishfully around as if expecting some one's approach; but, catching the piercing glance of Washington, his eyes were turned with confusion to the floor.

"I must rally you, my friend," observed the general: "Do you not perceive yonder point that boldly rises from the waters, and suddenly is lost behind the hill which obstinately checks the view?" "I do," returned the absent listener, engaged in something else than the subject of enquiry. "There," continued the hero, "my enemy lies encamped; and were it not for a slight mist I could almost fancy that I perceive his cavalry moving; but hark! that cannon! Do you not think that it proceeds from the head-quarters of the enemy?"

While pointing out to his friend the profile of the country, the face of the latter was often turned the opposite way, seemingly engrossed in another object immediately behind the house. He was not mistaken: it was a troop seemingly of British horse, that were descending a distant hill, winding through a labyrinth of numerous projections and trees, until they were seen galloping through the plain below—and then they were hidden by a field or forest that swelled along the bosom of the landscape.

"Would it not be strange," observed the general, apparently unconscious of the movement behind him, "that after all our toils, America should forfeit her liberty?"—"Heaven forbid," said his warm-hearted friend, becoming less reserved, and entering more warmly into the feelings of the other. "But," resumed Washington, "I have heard of treachery in one's own camp; and, doubtless, you know that it is possible to be 'wounded in the house of one's own friend.'" "Sir," demanded the down-cast host, unable to meet the searching glance of the noble Washington; "who can possibly intend so glaring a crime?" "I only meant," replied the general, "that treachery was the most hideous of crimes; for Judas-like, it will sell its Lord for money!" "Very true, dear sir," responded the anxious host, as he gazed on a troop of British horse, winding round the hill, and riding post haste towards the hospitable mansion. "Is it two o'clock yet?" demanded Washington, "for I have an engagement this

afternoon at the army, and I regret that my visit must be shorter than intended." "It lacks a full quarter," said his friend, seemingly doubtful of his watch, from the arrival of the horsemen. "But bless me, Sir! what cavalry are those, that are so rapidly approaching the house?" "Oh they may possibly be a party of British light horse," returned Washington, "which mean no harm, and if I mistake not, they have been sent hither for the purpose of protecting me."

As he said this, the captain of the troop was seen dismounting from his horse, and his example was followed by the rest of the party.—"General!" returned the other, walking to him very familiarly, and tapping him on his shoulder, "General you are my prisoner!" "I believe not," said Washington looking calmly at the men who were approaching the steps; "but friend," slapping him in return on the arm, "I know that you are mine! Here, officer, carry this treacherous hypocrite to the camp, and I will make him an example to the enemies of America."

The British General had secretly offered an immense sum to this man to make an appointment with the hero at two o'clock, at which time he was to send a troop of horse to secure him in their possession. Suspecting his intentions, Washington had directed his own troop to habit themselves as English cavalry, and arrive half an hour precisely before the time he was expected.

They pursued their way to the camp, triumphing in the sagacity of their commander who had so astonishingly defeated the machinations of the British General. But the humanity of Washington prevailed over his sense of justice. Overcome by the tears and prayers of the family he pardoned his treacherous friend, on condition of his leaving the country forever; which he accordingly did; and his name was ever after sunk in oblivion.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

In a small town in one of the New England States, there resided some years ago, two young men, whose sub-

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sequent fortunes serve forcible to show the advantage of personal application to study and business on the one hand, and the folly of relying on ancestral honors and extensive patrimonies on the other. Samuel Ledyard was the only favorite son of a gentleman, who, in point of riches and honors, stood confessedly at the head of the aristocracy of that section of the country. Nature had done much for Samuel's person, though she had not been remarkably generous towards him in the bestowment of her mental gifts. The fact, however, that he was the darling son of the rich and Honorable Judge Ledyard, was enough in his estimation, not only to make up for what nature had refused to grant him, but to give him a great superiority over his less favored neighbors. The best that the fashions of this world can give was abundantly provided to gratify the vanity of Samuel. That he was superior to every one else none dared openly to deny, as all feared to incur the haughty frowns of the patrician father; and it is not astonishing that Samuel should presume himself to be all which the flatterers of his family insisted that he should be.

Within a few rods of the stately mansion of Judge Ledyard, stood the humble dwelling of Peter Le Forest, the house joiner. Peter had a son of the same age of Samuel. Stephen Le Forest, however was but a poor boy; and what added, if possible still more to his shame, (in the estimation of the Ledyards) he was a joiner, a laboring man. Though Samuel and Stephen were near neighbors from their birth, little acquaintance and less intimacy was allowed between them. If Samuel, in his great condescension ever did speak to Stephen, it was to remind him of his father's greatness and the obscurity of Stephen's, and to insult him by any other means at hand.

These boys, for most of the time from six to sixteen, went to school but not together. A select establishment must be prepared for the children of the Judge, while Stephen, with his scanty supply of books, under the tuition of different masters, at the common schools, had to make the best progress he could. He applied himself, however, and made good proficiency. When these youths were at the age of sixteen, and as Samuel was about to

enter college, the Ledyards learned with surprise and indignation that it was the design of Peter Le Forest to send Stephen also to college, and at the same university where Samuel was to acquire his literary honors! Stephen Le Forest, however, had as good a right to go to college as Samuel Ledyard, and the faculty being independent of both, would receive the former as readily as the latter. The thought that Stephen was to be class mate with Ledyard was revolting to the pride of the Judge and his aristocratic son, but determining that Samuel should have no intercourse with Stephen, and trusting that the great wealth of Ledyard would exalt the former in the good esteem of the faculty and students over the latter, he was sent to Cambridge and entered the class with Stephen.

During the four years residence at college, Samuel adhered strictly to his determination to have no intercourse with poor Stephen Le Forest, the laborer's son. To his fellow students he professed to know *the thing*, and knew him only to despise his poverty and obscurity. The prodigality of Samuel was proverbial in the college, and in more than one instance his violation of principle and neglect of study, subjected him to the reprimand of the President.—Stephen pursued the even tenor of his way, attended to his studies, recited his lessons well, and by his amiable and unpretending deportment, acquired the good will of the better part of the students and the approbation of others.

After leaving college, both Samuel and Stephen were placed in situations to prepare for the bar. In due time Stephen was admitted to practice, and opened an office in the village of his nativity. Samuel's father dying about this time, he abandoned his legal studies, presuming that business would be unnecessary to him, so great was the inheritance left him by his father. For some years he made it his only business to dash about in stately pride expending what he regarded as the inexhaustible riches left him by his father. Time however, proved his mistake. Before prodigality and dissipation, 'riches took to themselves wings and flew away.' The gaming table made fatal inroads upon his property. He saw Stephen flourishing in his profession and despised him, for though

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In ten years passed by credit in his humiliating and influence, his pretty office on habits were such was dismissed from

In the mean joiner's son arose Ledyard entered the bar in the college leaving the service the same honor formerly held. sentenced to the he remained a member from him. These names only the wheel of fortune glorious upwards, ruins below.—We by any fanciful error long a story has conditions. We were that was the president duty called him to we saw the tear the Judge, and his voice read language of so well command we looked on the? Oh, that you at 'pride goeth

in the course of a few years Stephen had accumulated more property than Samuel had remaining, still it was a circumstance sufficiently humbling in his view of the former, and sufficiently honorable in his view of himself, that Stephen was the son of Le Forest the carpenter, and he was the son of Ledyard, the judge.

In ten years Samuel had not a cent remaining. Harassed by creditors, and having too much pride to stand in his humiliation before Stephen, now a man of wealth and influence, he left his native village and entered some pretty office on board of a ship in the Navy. Here his habits were such as caused him to be cashiered, and he was dismissed from the service in disgrace.

In the mean time by industry and perseverance, the joiner's son arose to eminence in his profession. Before Ledyard entered the Navy, Le Forest stood at the head of the bar in the country, and about the time of Samuel's leaving the service in disgrace, Stephen was appointed to the same honorable office which the senior Ledyard had formerly held. Since that time Samuel Ledyard has been sentenced to the State Penitentiary for his crimes, where he remained a miserable object of pity when I last heard from him. These are facts substantially from real life. The names only are fictitious. They seem to show how the wheel of fortune in a free country will carry the meritorious upwards, while it precipitates the profligate into ruins below.—We have no thought to adorn the tale by any fanciful embellishments. The desire not to tell too long a story has compelled us to leave out studied descriptions. We were present at the trial of Ledyard. Le Forest was the presiding Judge on the bench, and when his duty called him to pronounce upon the unhappy criminal, we saw the tear to steal down the manly cheek of the judge, and his voice faltered as he gave utterance to the grand language of the law.—For ourselves, we could not so well command our passions. We thought of the past, we looked on the present, and wept. How could we help? Oh, that youth, in every circumstance would learn, that 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit

before a fall, while he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'

CATHARINA ALEXOWNA.

Catharina Alexowna, was born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia. She was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother in their cottage covered with straw ; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion. Thus, when the fatigues of the day were over both would sit down by their quiet fire side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind ; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of thought ; not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country ; but their offers were refused ; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died ; she now, therefore, left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children ; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the mas-

ters who attended to continue to improve once more reduced Livonia was a miserable state most heavy upon possessed of so many miseries of hope every day more exhausted, she a city of greater

With her scattered out on her journey a region miserable by the Swedes to become masters had taught her way.

One evening in the cottage by the window at night, she was insisted upon qualifying comp. They might violence, had not by, come in to her soldiers immediately greater than her deliverer, former instructor,

This was a haughty stock of money quite exhausted, in order to their houses : her great what he could spare horse, and gave Glück, a faithful friend at Marienburgh. Our beautiful state

ters who attended the rest of his family. Thus she continued to improve till he died; by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot; she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, *to follow the comp.* They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance; upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catharina; the little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece, by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses: her generous countryman, therefore, gave her what he could spare to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr Cluck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, to be well

received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters; and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself, in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty she offered him her person; which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking; the very day on which they were married, the Russians lay siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time, the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms.

Marienburgh was taken by assault: and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor but still was free: she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Minzikoff, the Russian general; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his sister. Here she was treated

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ed with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the Prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Lavonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the proper ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low, mud-walled cottage, Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smiles. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this preeminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary Prince, her husband, labored for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dress, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of Empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret, regretted by all.

[Goldsmith.]

THE EXILE OF THE ALLEGANY.—BY J. S. L.

A few years since I was travelling in Pennsylvania. When I reached the base of the Alleghanies, I left my horse in the care of a peasant, and ascended on foot. I climbed ridge after ridge, braced by the pure air, and excited by the increasing majesty of the scenery, until I wholly forgot the flight of hours and my remoteness from the inhabitants beneath. When I attained the summit, the day was fast waning, and the rising wind moaning through the defiles of the hills and shaking the bare branches of the trees, warned me of a coming storm. I immediately began to descend, in the vain hope of reaching the foot of the mountain before night fall. Darkness had already gathered in the eastern vallies, and the last ray of light was leaning on the western ridge when I observed a rude cabin sheltered beneath the branches of a hemlock. I approached and raised the latch of the door, which was not barred, and though on my entrance I perceived the room to be unoccupied. The desertion, however, seemed only temporary for a few embers were decaying on the hearth. I threw some pieces of wood on the brands, and seating myself on the rough bench, began by the dim and imperfect light to scan the apartment. All around me spoke of barrenness and destitution; it seemed the very temple of poverty where she had gathered all the symbols of her worship. "What miserable out-cast," thought I, "can be the tenant of so comfortless a habitation? What could have induced the most poverty-stricken wretch to abandon the crowds of life, where the overflowings of the rich man's table may find their way to the poor man's board, and to dwell in this mountain solitude, whither the footsteps of charity cannot pursue him? Is it a crime, is it pride, or is it misanthropy?"

Musing on this theme, and fatigued with the toils of the day, I sunk into a reverie. The forest storm was now raging without in all its destructive violence, which, added to the loneliness and desolation of the spot, produced a feverish excitement of mind that encouraged wild and fantastic ideas. Shade after shade fitted across the dream of my imagination, and I could hear in the howlings of

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the gale, the cry of distress and the shout of rapine. All the vague apprehensions of an overhearted fancy came crowding and pressing on my heart, and although reason struggled for the mastery, yet she could not overcome them. While thus wrapped in a waking dream, with my eyes bent downward, a shadow like the form of a man suddenly darkened the floor: I sprang hastily upon my feet, and the action recalled my scattered senses. A man coarsely clad, but of a majestic and venerable bearing, stood before me. In one hand he held a hunting gun, and in the other some forest game, which, little as it was, seemed a heavy burden upon his aged frame. "A stranger in my cabin!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, but not of apprehension. "A stranger," said I, "who is in need of hospitality." A slight flush apparently of pain rose to his cheek as he replied, "If a seat by my hearth-fire and a part of mountain game, deserve the name of hospitality, you shall freely share them; they are all it is in my power to offer." With these words, he laid aside his burthen, and divested himself of his outer garments, kindled a light and sat down by the fire. I had now an opportunity of studying his appearance more narrowly; it was remarkable and interesting. His form was tall and graceful, though bent with years; his forehead high and bold, and his temples partially covered with locks that recalled winter in whiteness. His clear grey eye had a military quickness in his motion, and it seemed as if it could belong to one who had watched the movement of armed bands rather than the flight of the forest bird, or the bound of the forest deer. His face had that educated expression which invariably characterizes the cultivated man, and that well bred-aspect which can only be obtained by habitual intercourse with polished society. Struck by the incongruity between such a man and such a habitation, I determined to learn, if possible, the cause of his situation and the history of his life.

With this design, after our frugal repast was ended, and conversation had inspired mutual confidence, I ventured to touch the string. The character of his mind as it became developed, and the style of his remarks had awakened an intense interest, which I had neither the

power nor the design to conceal. I was confident that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. "How happens it," I said "that you have chosen this solitude, so bare and so comfortless, for the asylum of your age? Methinks that splendid mansions and courtly society might claim, and proudly too, a form and mind like yours for an inmate and an ornament. What can have driven you across the circle that encloses social life, to this solitary abode?" "Young man," the stranger replied, "it is but a common tale, and why should I obscure the fair light of youthful feeling with the shadow of aged suffering? My tale is one which, when told, will leave a dark remembrance, that will hang like a cloud on your brightest and happiest hours. It is one which I shall tell in sadness, not in wrath, but which you will hear with feelings swelled by both. Listen to my words, and if while I speak your voice should break forth in curses upon injury and ingratitude, remember that I curse not, but *forgive*. You ask what has made me an exile for life, and a tenant of this wild spot; my answer is the ingratitude of others and my own just pride. Could I have tamed my own high spirit, to bear insulting pity and scornful charity, I would never have forsaken the haunts of men, but I prefer the savage independence of a mountain hunter to the polished servitude of a courtly parasite. You will understand the reason of my exile from the events of my life.

"Young stranger, you see before you one whose name once sounded far and wide across the fields of America; one, whose banners your fathers followed to battle forty years ago; one who afterwards presided in the councils of your nation, and whose head was raised high among the great ones of the land. In the tenant of this wretched hut you behold a man of lofty ancestry and once a princely fortune; the last of a time-honored family, on which the cloud of misfortune has settled darkly and forever. What boots it that I should tell you that years and years ago, long ere the freedom of America was yet in embryo, the name which I bear was made famous by my gallant ancestors on fields where the British Lion waved bloodily and triumphantly—that the war-cry of our family was loudest in the conflict, and its flag foremost in the charge

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of the brave! To the young and untamed spirit, such recollections are like the rays of morning which herald a glorious and shining day; but on the old and withered heart they fall like sunset beams, fraught with memory but not with expectation. But to my story; my father left his European home for America, when America was yet an appendage of Britain. His wealth and his influence descended to me. I was in the prime of my days when the aggression and tyrannies of the English ministry gave birth to the revolution of the colonies. Although my inheritance placed me high in the aristocracy of Britain, and my fortune pleaded strongly against the perils and chances of such a struggle, I did not hesitate for a moment. I embraced the righteous cause, ardently and firmly; and from that instant, ancient ties were severed, and America was the land of my allegiance. I became one of the leaders of her armies. My country was then poor, and I was rich—the brave men whom I commanded were suffering for the necessaries of life; the treasury was bankrupt, and I advanced from my own purse the means of support to my soldiers who would otherwise have been compelled to disperse. The events of the revolutionary contest I need not relate to you, for they must be familiar to every man between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. After its triumphant termination, as the fortunes of my country were on the increase, my own were on the wane. Ill crowded on ill, and that destiny which overturns the haughtiest and the proudest families, decreed that mine should lie prostrate in the dust. When the last and deadliest vial of fate was poured upon me, and the last leaf of my prosperity had withered, and *not till then*, I applied to my country, not for charity, but for the repayment of a sacred obligation. I asked from her abundance a return of the money I had loaned her in her destitution; and how, think you, was I paid?"

"Surely," said I "with heartfelt gratitude and boundless liberality."

"With inhuman neglect and with heartless insensibility!" exclaimed the aged man; "the men who then represented the nation, were nursed in prosperity until their hearts were hardened, and they scorned and neglected the

veteran warriors who had trampled the bravest and the best of England's chivalry to the earth, that their sons might be free."

"What," said I, "were not such claims as yours, which stood on the double foundation of justice and gratitude, promptly acknowledged and cheerfully cancelled?"

"Promptly acknowledged!" he replied with mingled grief and irony, "know you not, that an American congress is a *deliberative* body, and that deliberation is never prompt! Cheerfully cancelled! know you not, that its ruling principle is *economy*, and that economy is never cheerful in parting with its ore?"

"But surely," I interrupted, "the nation was just, and paid its debts fully, if not with good will?"

"Listen to the sequel, and marvel at national justice," was the reply: "When I exhibited my accounts against the government there were some trifling items not sufficiently authenticated, which required examination. This examination was postponed from time to time; more interesting questions arose, on which members displayed their rhetorical abilities; congress did not choose to be hurried in its proceeding; the importunities of an aged, forlorn and famished man, were considered as froward obtrusions. I was friendless and uninfluential; I could neither uplift the aspiring, nor prop the falling; my prayer was as ineffectual as that of the oppressed Israelites to the stern Egyptian, and heaven did not interpose in my behalf its supernatural afflictions to force them to their duty. A winter past, and left my claims undecided; another and another rolled away, and still saw me neglected. True, I was lingering out a comfortless old age, obtaining subsistence in summer from the game of the woods, and inhabiting in winter a miserable lodging in one of the narrow alleys of the national metropolis. But what of that! the men who were to canvass my claims, fared sumptuously and lived in splendor, and felt not the wretchedness of justice deferred. Business must take its course, and my claim was an affair of business. One generous man, who had known me in better days, did not shrink from my adversity. He followed me one wintry day from the hall of the capital to my obscure retreat in the metropolis and

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with a benevolence that the proudest heart could not resist, forced me to his own house, and gave me the most honored seat at his own hospitable board. He would listen to no refusal, and I remained his guest until spring. If heaven has blessings in store for generous deeds, may the eye of heaven beam benignly on that generous man!

At last my claims were heard, after years of anxiety and endurance, during which I was once seized by the clanks of the law, and thrown, in mid winter, into a prison at Georgetown, which would have been my grave, but for the active and warm hearted charity of a woman. It is about a month since a pension of five hundred dollars a year was awarded to me, in lieu of my claim of some thousands."

"How," I exclaimed, "a pension! Then government has made a profitable bargain; for your exhausted frame already leans over the grave, and long ere the receipts of the pension can equal the amount of your claim, the clock will rattle on your coffin." Little did I imagine how soon my prophecy was to be fulfilled; fate had already given the last turn to the hour glass of his life and its sands were nearly wasted.

"I came hither yesterday," continued he "to take a last look of my mountain hut, and to prepare for removal a few family memorials, the only valuables which it contains. I have pursued the game to-day for the last time in these wilds: to-morrow when we descend the mountain, I will acquaint you with other particulars in my eventful life, and I will then tell you who I am. And now, good night, we both need repose."

That morrow dawned upon his lifeless body! I had observed, during his recital, that his frame shook as if struggling between mental excitement and physical debility. Paleness and flushes alternately crossed his cheeks as his excited feelings contended with his languid frame. An undefined foreboding hung like lead upon my heart as I bade him good night and entered the adjoining apartment. I wrapped my cloak around me, and threw myself upon the floor, but I could not sleep. About midnight I was startled by a sound which seemed like the groan of one in pain. Was it the wind sighing through the trees, or was

it the agony of suffering humanity? I listened, it was repeated again, in tones that struck thrillingly on my heart. I sprung to the door and entered the other room; the hearth-fire was decayed, and I vainly stirred its brands for light. I opened the narrow casement; the night was dark and sullen, and cloud upon cloud rose in frowning masses from the horizon to the zenith. I could see nothing, but from a corner of the apartment the moans came distinctly to my ear. I groped my way to the spot—it was indeed the moan of that aged man. I laid my hand upon his brow; it was damp and cold—I touched his breast; the heart-pulse beat faintly and almost imperceptibly. "Merciful God!" I exclaimed, "he is dying here in solitude and in darkness, with no aid to cherish that spark of life which timely interference might yet keep burning." "Benevolent stranger," he murmured brokenly and faintly, "what can arrest the wheel of death, when it rolls over a form so aged as mine? My hour has come, and I have so lived that I can brave its horrors. The tardy justice of my country has come too late, and ——" His voice ceased; I heard the death rattle rising in his throat; I raised him gently in my arms, and the heart-broken veteran of the Revolution expired peacefully upon my bosom!

The storm was yet howling without, as I laid the dead softly upon its pillow, and approached the window of the hut. "Yes," I exclaimed, "on such a spot and in such a scene should an injured hero die; nature at least may mourn his death though cold and selfish man will learn without emotion."

At last the gray dawn of light specked the horizon and gradually ascended the east, ushering in the morning on which the old man was to have quitted his rude cabin for a better home. He had indeed quitted it, and forever for a home, where the memory of coldness and ingratitude cannot darken the brightness of the blessed; but the memory of his wrongs may yet, in the hour of retribution, be a pointed steel in the breasts of each and all of those whose neglect traced on his faded cheeks the furrows of anguish amidst those of time. He forgave, but heaven will punish.

I descended and stopping a few orders for his horse, have been followed by a few hirelings. Previously to my taking a few boxes and on the inn I subscribed with

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Frank Seymour, my companion. He met him, and was the husband of the village, and upon whom he was the favorite, which was the frequent resort for of such unminions. Frank was just never so happy in business, he could on his knee, and to her piano, or heard from the fire-side on a warm creature that seemed literally. The first time at his own house, expressions which was a man who but every thing and neatness, and upon every thing one could fail of

I descended the mountain, after a last look at the dead, and stopping at the first habitation, gave the necessary orders for his burial; and the hero, whose hier should have been followed by a nation, was laid in the ground by a few hireling peasants. Such is national gratitude. Previously to my leaving the cabin, I observed on a small shelf a few books. I opened one that was old and worn and on the inner cover, I discovered a family escutcheon subscribed with these words, "ARTHUR ST. CLAIR."

THE DEMON OF THE CLOSET.

Frank Seymour was, for many years, my friend and companion. He was about thirty years old when I first met him, and was rising fast to eminence at the bar. He was the husband of one of the most charming women in the village, and the father of a bright flaxen-headed boy, upon whom he doated with all a father's fondness. He was the favorite of all who knew him, and his house, which was the prettiest in the neighborhood, was a frequent resort for all his friends who loved to visit a scene of such unmingled happiness as they there witnessed. Frank was justly proud of his beautiful wife, and was never so happy as when, released from the cares of his business, he could sit in his own snug parlor, with his boy on his knee, and listen, while she sung some favorite air to her piano, or join in the merry laugh that was so often heard from the cheerful group that gathered around his fire-side on a winter's evening. There never was a happier creature than his wife then seemed to be. Her heart seemed literally full of joy to overflowing.

The first time that I met Frank, was at a little party at his own house. I shall never forget the agreeable impressions which I received at that visit; and if ever there was a man whom I envied, it was he. He was not rich, but every thing around him wore such an air of comfort and neatness, and there was such a finishing touch of taste upon every thing within and around his house, that no one could fail of being struck with whatever he saw there.

There was no idle expense of decoration, but the furniture was so judiciously selected, and the ornaments so tastefully arranged, that his parlor was really a pleasanter object to the eye, than many a gorgeously furnished drawing room of a far more princely mansion.

He was not rich, as I have said, but he had been so far successful in business as to be above the fear of poverty, and he was sometimes suspected of an undue propensity to acquire wealth.

There was a closet which opened into his parlor in which he was understood to keep his private papers, and whatever money he might possess, the door of which was ever carefully locked; and, as his wife never made any inquiries into his pecuniary concerns, she never felt any curiosity to examine what his closet contained.

His fondness for money seemed to increase with its possession, until it became a passion which could no longer escape the attention and remark of his friends. His visits to the place of the deposit of his wealth were observed to be more frequent, and with the growth of this passion, there came over his manner, in his ordinary intercourse with his friends, a change, which they could not describe, but could not fail to lament. Frank, however, was still the same noble fellow before the world that he had ever been and appeared at times with such a brilliancy and power as to surprise even his admirers; and whatever might have been the seeming coldness of his manner to his friends at one time, he was so ardent, so generous and fascinating at another, that they forgot his former coldness and were ready to forgive every weakness of his nature.

It had not occurred, however, at that time, to his wife, that any change had taken place in her husband's manner or feelings. There was an indescribable something which at times made her sad; but it was a feeling so new to her that she did not know how to trace it, or to what to ascribe it. She often saw a frown upon her husband's brow, but she did not doubt it was that of care or thoughtful abstraction, which the perplexities of business might have planted there, and she was satisfied with this mental explanation. He had become less and less frequently

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the companion of her evening hours, but she knew that business engagements detained him, and she cheered the long and lonely hours which she spent in waiting his return, with a thought that it could not be long before this time of toil would give place to competency and ease, when she might again enjoy the society of one for whom she had cheerfully given up the world. And when she heard his well known step, she forgot the time she had impatiently watched his approach, and welcomed him with a wife's sweetest smile.

Not only had Frank's visits to his treasure become more frequent than formerly, but he appeared anxious to avoid the observation of others, especially of his wife, whenever he made them. Often did she hear him leave his bed at midnight, and listen to the sound of his footsteps as it was directed to this closet; and the sound of the bolt, as he unlocked the door, grated harshly on her ear at that still hour, when no other sound could be heard but the soft breathing of her infant, that slept undisturbed by her side. Nor could she fail to remark a wildness in his eye, and a hurried confusion of manner in her husband, whenever he returned from this secret haunt to his couch, which were alike strange and unaccountable to her. She did not, however, allow her thoughts to dwell on these appearances, and still struggled to be as happy as before.

Such was the state of things when the birth of a third child rendered it necessary for Frank to employ the services of one of those ancient matrons who become the repositories of village scandal, and whose early wrought fancies revel in creations of the wonderful and the strange.

She had known Frank when he was the delightful father of his first-born, and she saw him now the cold, indifferent, and unfeeling parent of a third innocent and helpless infant. She saw, too, that there was a change in every thing around her. There was a paleness upon the cheek of his wife, which was something more than the hue of disease; and the fond yet timid look, which she cast upon her husband, as he sat moody and silent by her bed side, was something so different from what had once been the case, that even the crone, whose heart had

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long been callous to all the softer emotions, was touched by her altered appearance.

It was now June, but the little garden around the house was green with rank weeds, among which a scattered flower was here and there struggling to lift its head. The woodbines and honey-suckles had been beaten down from their decaying frames, and lay neglected amidst the grass that was springing up in the walks, which had once wound through the beautiful shrubbery that had sheltered and surrounded the house.

If Frank at any time broke his sullen silence in her presence, money, expense, and ruin were the topics of his conversation; and the oftener he sought this fatal closet, the more gloomy and morose he became.

The crone of whom I have spoken, at length resolved to discover the cause of this change. She had heard the hints and surmises already referred to. She had remarked his secret visit to a particular spot, and did not doubt if she could even peep within that secret and forbidden place, the mystery would be solved. She determined to make the attempt, and having waited till she heard him descend in the course of the night to the parlor, she followed him with a silent and stealthy step. The clock from the neighboring church tolled the hour of one as she entered the parlor, and heard the door of the secret closet creak on its hinges. Frank was just entering it, and the lamp which he held threw a dim light upon the deep darkness within, which was all she could distinguish, as the door was closed as soon as he had entered. She listened for a moment, and heard deep but indistinct mutterings of voices in the closet, and then all was still again. She listened still longer, and then heard the sound of hoarse and half suppressed oaths and curses which seemed to come from no earthly voices, and soon all was again silent. She could endure it no longer; her blood chilled with terror, and she hastened back to the sick chamber of his wife, not doubting that she had heard the unearthly sounds of no human dialogue; and had heard too, mingled with this, the *chink* and ring of the money for which Frank had sold his soul as he counted it over and deposited it in his secret hiding place. Her suspicions were

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confirmed beyond a doubt, when, in a few minutes, he looked into the chamber where she was sitting by the side of the suffering patient, on his way to his own apartment, and she saw a glare and wildness in his blood-shot eyes, which no one could mistake for a human expression. Nor were her convictions weakened when she heard at intervals during the night, from the chamber to which he had retired, the uneasy tossing of his frame upon his bed, and the half articulate terms of blasphemy which he muttered to himself, or, to her excited imagination, addressed to the spirits that haunted his couch.

The terrors of that night were too great for her to endure a second time, and she abruptly left the house in the morning.—From that hour every one in the village studiously avoided Frank's presence; and if he was seen at all, it was generally after dark upon some unfrequented path, ruminating in silence or muttering to himself. His demeanor became more and more reserved and morose, and even to his former friends he was moody and repulsive. He was no longer seen at church on the Sabbath, nor at his office on week days, and no one doubted at last that a demon had possessed him.

About six months after the night of which I have spoken, I received a pressing note of request from Frank's wife to come to his house. I went, and I could not have imagined it possible that such a change could have taken place between what I then saw and what I had witnessed a few years before when I visited there. Frank was facing the man with an unsteady step. His two eldest children stood shivering over an ill supplied fire, near which his mother was sitting with a feeble and sickly countenance upon her knee, and presented at once the picture of horror and despair. Her beauty had all faded, and a haggard paleness had taken its place. Her husband had that morning received a letter which seemed to exasperate him to a paroxysm of rage, and under this excitement he had offered her personal violence. Domesticated she had long been destitute of, and her children were too much terrified for her to dare to remain any longer alone. Every thing that I saw wore the aspect of cheerless misery. The piano that I had once listened to was gone; every

ornament in the room had disappeared ; and a few broken chairs and a shattered table were all the furniture that remained. I sat down in silence, and my eye rested on the once fine features of Frank Seymour. I had scarcely seen him for a year, and I shuddered at the change that I witnessed even within that period of time. I never before saw so much of the very fiend in human shape as his swollen visage and sunken eye presented. He muttered half stifled curses upon his family and the world, and sometimes a ghastly smile would steal over his livid countenance, and this would be succeeded by a darker frown upon his hard-knit brow.

I felt that my situation was becoming awkward and most painful, and was making an effort to break away from so revolting and heart-rending a scene, when a loud, quick knock was heard upon the door, and a stranger, without waiting to be bid, entered. Frank seemed to anticipate his business, and, in a sullen, dogged manner, demanded what he wanted ? ' This will inform you,' said the stranger, showing him a paper, ' and by virtue of this, I take whatever is in this house into my own custody.' without waiting for any reply, he began to make a memorandum of whatever the room contained. He then proceeded to other parts of the house, and in a little while returned to the parlor, apparently dissatisfied and disappointed. ' You have other property than this,' said he, exhibiting a meagre list of a few nearly worthless articles. ' You have other property than this, and I must have it.' ' Nothing,' said Frank, who had by this time recovered in some measure from the stupor and confusion into which the entrance of the stranger had thrown him. ' Nothing—I have not a cent for you, nor will I bear your insolence any longer—so, leave my house, or,' with an oath, ' it shall cost you dear.' ' Mr Seymour,' said the stranger, coolly, but firmly, ' I know, and you know my duty too well to think I shall shrink from performing it.' ' That door,' pointing to the secret closet, ' is the only place which I have not examined, and I must examine there also.'—Frank's rage now became positively terrible ; he foamed at the mouth, and trembled in every limb ; and as the stranger advanced towards the closet, Frank, with

a horrid oath, seized his throat, recoiled, and rushed upon the door, as it fell, the stranger caught the Demon's rapid body ;—the substance, begging his wife. Ther-
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a horrid oath, that no man living should ever open that door, sprung like a tiger upon him, and attempted to seize his throat. The stranger, who was a stout athletic man, recoiled so as to evade this attempt of Frank, and having with a single blow prostrated him upon the floor, rushed upon the door and burst it from its hinges. As the door fell, the mysteries of that place were disclosed. The stranger cast one glance and shrunk back, for there stood the Demon, to whom Frank had sold himself, soul and body;—there was the Fiend, who had consumed his substance, beggared his family, and more than widowed his wife. There stood the altar, on which, like the ancient worshipper of Baal, he had immolated his children, and made himself an out-cast and a demon.

Reader you have anticipated me—for it is not fancy's picture—there stood his half-drained BOTTLE.

JAMES V. IN DISGUISE.

James V. had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps, that he might enjoy amusement of which he could not have partaken in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV. his father, and several adventures are related of what befel them on such occasions. One or two of these narratives may help to enliven our story.

When James V. travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is,) of Ballengiech—Ballengiech is a steep path which leads down behind the Castle of Stirling.—Once when he was feasting in Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighboring hills.—The deer were killed and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who had a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company

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hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way the King asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed, he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as laborer. He then asked the King in turn, who he was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment near the palace; but he added, if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manifold assistance, and at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Good man, of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the Goodman in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonders and remarks. At length he asked him if he should like to see the King, to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, told him the King would not be angry.—‘But,’ said John, ‘How am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?’—‘easily,’ replied his companion, ‘all the others will be bareheaded, the King will wear his hat or bonnet.’

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the King. ‘I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat,’ said his conductor.—‘Then,’ said

John, after he had again looked round the room, 'it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bare-headed.

The King laughed at John's fancy; and, that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present an ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands, when his Majesty should come to Holyrood palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV. came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson, of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING.

A DANISH STORY.

On the north west of Zealand stretches a small fertile peninsula, studded with hamlets, and connected with the main land by a narrow strip of waste ground. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses, the land runs out into the stormy Cattegat, and presents an awful, wild and sterile appearance. The living sands have there obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the hurricanes which blow from all points of the ocean, are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert, whose hills of sand rise and fall with a motion as incessant as that of the waves which roar around them. In travelling through this country I spent upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

While riding through the desolate region a thunder storm rose over the ocean, towards the north; the waves roared, the clouds scudded along in gloomy masses before the wind, the sky grew every instant more dark, "men

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ing earth and sea : " the sand began to move in increasing volumes under my horse's feet, a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust, the traces of the path became invisible, while air, earth and ocean seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapor. I could not discover the slightest trace of life and vegetation around the dismal scene ; the storm roared above me, the waves of the sea lashed mournfully against the shores, the thunder rolled in the distance, and scarcely could the lurid lightning flash pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me. My danger became evident and extreme ; but a sudden shower of rain laid the sand and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm I had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all the elements.

In this desolate country there existed in former times a village called Roerwig, about a mile distant from the shore. The moving sands have now buried the village ; and the descendants of its inhabitants—mostly shepherds and fisherman—have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, situated upon a hill, yet rears its head above the cheerless shifting desert. The building and the village church was the scene of the following mysterious transaction.

In an early year of the last century, the venerable cure of Roerwig was one night seated in his study, absorbed in his usual religious meditations. His house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust, that bolts and locks were unknown amongst them, and every door remained open and unguarded.

The lamp burned gloomily,—and the sullen stillness of the midnight hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon shone upwards of an hour, when the cure heard the door below opened, and the next moment heard the sound of men's feet upon the stairs. He was anticipating a call to administer the last rites of religion to some one of the parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners, wrapped up in white cloaks, entered the room. One of them approaching, addressed him politely : " Sir, you will have the goodness

to follow us instantly. You must perform a marriage ceremony, the bride and bridegroom are already waiting your arrival at the church. And this sum," here the stranger held out a purse full of gold—"will sufficiently recompense you for the trouble and alarm our sudden demand has given you.

The cure stared in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to carry something fearful—almost ghastly in their looks,—the demand was repeated in an authoritative tone. When the old man had recovered from his great surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to celebrate so solemn a rite without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law.

The other stranger hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude: "Sir," said he, "you have your choice, follow us and take the sum now offered to you,—or remain and this bullet goes through your head." Whilst speaking he levelled his pistol at the forehead of the venerable old man, and coolly waited his answer; whereupon the cure rose, dressed himself, and informed his visitants—who had hitherto spoken Danish, but with a foreign accent,—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon having already set; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and astonishment, that the distant church was illuminated. Meanwhile his two companions, wrapped in their white cloaks, strode hastily on, before him through the barren sandy plain.—On reaching the church the cure bound up his eyes; he then heard a side door opened with a well known creaking noise, and felt himself violently pushed into a crowd of people whose murmuring he heard all around him, while close beside him some persons carried on a conversation in a language quite unknown to him, but which he thought was Russian. As he stood helpless and blindfolded, he felt himself seized upon by a man's hand, and drawn violently through the crowd.

At last the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself standing with one of the two strangers

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fore the altar. A row of large tapers in magnificent silver candlesticks, adorned the altar, and the church itself was splendidly lighted up by a profusion of candles. The deepest silence now reigned throughout the whole building, though the side passages and all the seats were crowded to excess; but the middle passage was quite clear, and he perceived in it a newly dug grave with the stone which had covered it leaning against a bench. Around him were only male figures, but on one of the distant benches he thought he perceived a female form. The terrible silence lasted for some minutes, during which not a sound could be detected in the vast assembly. Thus when the mind is bent on deeds of darkness, a silent gloomy brooding of soul often precedes the commission of the horrid action.

At last a man, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from all the rest, and bespoke his elevated rank, rose and walked hastily up to the altar; as he passed along his step resounded through the building, and every eye was turned upon him,—he appeared to be of a middle stature, with broad shoulders and strong limbs, his gait was commanding, his complexion was of a yellowish brown, and his hair raven black,—his features were severe, and his lips compressed as if in wrath,—a bold aquiline nose heightened the haughty appearance of his countenance, and dark shaggy brows lowered over his fiery eyes. He wore a green coat, with broad gold braids, and a brilliant star. The bride, who also approached and knelt beside him at the altar, was magnificently dressed. A sky blue robe, richly trimmed with silver, enveloped her slender limbs, and floated in large folds, over her graceful form,—a diadem sparkling with diamonds adorned her hair, the utmost loveliness and beauty might be traced in her features, although despair expressed itself in them,—her cheeks were pale as those of a corpse,—her features unanimated,—her lips blanched,—her eyes dimmed, and her arms hung motionless at her side as she kneeled before the altar; terror seemed to have wrapped her consciousness as well as her vital powers in deep lethargy.

The cure now discovered near him an old ugly hag in party-colored dress, with a blood red turban upon her

head, who stood gazing with an expression of malignant fury on the kneeling bride; and behind the bridegroom, he noticed a man of gigantic size and a gloomy appearance, whose eyes were fixed immovable on the ground.

Horror struck by the scene before him, the priest stood mute for some time, till a thrilling look from the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony he had come thither to perform. But the uncertainty whether the couple he was now about to marry understood his language, afforded him a fresh source of uneasiness. He ventured, however to ask the bridegroom for his name and that of his bride: "Neander and Fedora" was the answer returned in a rough voice.

The priest now began to read the ritual in faltering accents, frequently stopping to repeat the words, without, however, either the bride or bridegroom appearing to observe his confusion, which confirmed him in the conjecture that his language was almost unknown to either of them. On putting the question, "Neander wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" he doubted whether he should receive any answer; but to his astonishment the bridegroom answered in the affirmative, with a loud and almost screaming voice, which rung throughout the whole church, while deep sighs were heard from every quarter of the building, and a silent quivering like the reflection of distant lightning threw a transitory motion over the death pale features of the bride. When the priest turned to her with the interrogatory: "Fedora wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" the lifeless form before him seemed to awake,—a deep convulsive throb of terror trembled on her cheeks,—her pale lips quivered,—a passing gleam of fire shone in her eye,—her breast heaved—a violent gush of tears flooded the brilliancy of her eyes, and the "yes" pronounced like the scream of anguish uttered by a dying person, seemed to find a deep echo in the sound of grief which burst from the surrounding multitude. The bride then sunk into the arms of the horrid old hag, and after some minutes had passed in awful silence, the pale corpse-like female knelt again as if in a deep trance, and the ceremony was finished. The bridegroom now rose and led away the trembling bride

followed by strangers to the priest's eye and pushed within.

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followed by the tall man and the old woman. The two strangers then appeared again, and having bound the priest's eyes, drew him with violence through the crowd, and pushed him out at the door, which they bolted from within.

For some minutes the old man stood endeavoring to recollect himself, and uncertain whether the horrid scene with all its ghastly attendant circumstances might not have been a dream; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to believe its reality. To learn the issue he hid himself in a corner of the building, and while listening there he heard the murmuring within grow louder and louder,—then it seemed as if a fierce altercation arose, in which he thought he could recognize the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence,—a long pause followed,—a shot fell,—the shriek of a female voice was heard, which was succeeded by another pause,—then followed a sound of pick-axes which lasted about a quarter of an hour, after which the candles were extinguished, the door was flung open, and a multitude of persons rushed out of the church, and ran towards the sea.

The old priest now arose from his hiding place and hastened back to the village, where he awoke his neighbors and friends, and related to them his incredible and marvellous adventure: but every thing which had hitherto fallen amongst these simple people, had been so calm and tranquil,—so much measured by the laws of daily routine, that they were seized with a very different alarm; they believed that some unfortunate accident had deranged the intellects of their beloved pastor, and it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on some of them to accompany him to the church, provided with picks and spades.

Meanwhile the morning had dawned, the sun arose, and the priest and his companions ascended the hill towards the church, when they saw a man of war under full sail towards the north. So surprising a sight in this remote district, made his companions already hesitate to reject his story as improbable, and still more were they inclined to

listen to him when they saw that the side-door of the church had been violently burst open. They entered full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened in the night time, it was evident that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again. They, therefore, put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new and richly adorned coffin, in which lay the murdered bride,—a bullet had pierced her breast right to the heart, the magnificent diadem which she had worn at the altar no longer adorned her brows, but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm seemed spread over her features. The old man threw himself on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the dead, while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known with all its circumstances, to his superior, the bishop of Zealand; meanwhile until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secrecy by an oath. Shortly afterwards a person of high rank, suddenly arrived from the capital, he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commended the silence which had hitherto been observed, and stated that the whole event must remain forever a secret, threatening at the same time with severe punishment, any person who should dare to speak of it.

After the death of the priest, a writing was found in a parochial register narrating this event. Some believed that it might have some secret connexion with the violent political changes which occurred in Russia, after the death of Catharine and Peter the first; but to resolve the deep riddle of this mysterious affair will ever be a difficult, if not impossible task.

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THE CIRCLE OF HUMAN WISHES.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

When Horatio was a little boy at school he was always wishing himself a young man, 'for then,' thought he, 'I shall not be obliged to be forever at my book, and live in constant fear of the schoolmaster.'

When he became a young man, he left school with delightful anticipations of the pleasures he was about to enjoy. But from school he was placed in the office of a great lawyer, full of business, and from morning till night, he was employed in copying the same thing over and over again.

'I wonder,' he often said to himself, "I wonder what is the use of telling the same story so often. I wish to heaven I was out of my time, and then I should be my own master."

At last his time was out, He passed examination, opened an office, and wrote esquire to his name. Here he would sit whole mornings, with his feet against the fenders or jambs, waiting for clients—but no clients came.

'I wish to heaven,' he would sigh to himself, 'I had something to do.'

In process of years he distinguished himself as a speaker, and business flowed in upon him, till he had hardly time to sleep or eat his meals.

"Zounds," cried he, 'one might as well be a galley slave. I wish I were a little boy at school they are so happy, no business to trouble them, and no cares on their minds.'

But as it was impossible to become a school-boy, again, Horatio turned his thoughts towards the future, and began to wish he was rich enough to retire from business, and be a gentleman.

Years passed on, and at length he became rich; so rich that he thought he might leave off practice and enjoy himself. Accordingly he did leave off practice, and for a little while it was delightful to have nothing to do, and go where he pleased. But doing nothing tires a man at last. It is the hardest work imaginable.

'I wish,' said Horatio one day, as he was perplexing himself to death to know what he should do, I wish I had something to employ me.'

All at once he was seized with a desire to become a great man. As we advance in years the love of wealth often changes to the desire of power. He entered on the arena of politics, and his eloquence soon elevated him to distinction. He rose to the highest offices in the state, and at length, saw nobody above him.

'Well,' thought he, 'I have it at last. I am the greatest among the great, and now I shall be able to enjoy myself. In the first place I shall do just as I please.'

At that moment his secretary came to announce a person on business.

'I am not inclined to see any body just now; tell him to call again.'

'But, sir, it is a man of great consequence, and one of your best friends, he may be offended.'

'Very well, let him come in.'

The man of consequence entered, talked three whole hours about the politics of his district, and ended by soliciting an insignificant appointment for himself or somebody else.

'Well,' said Horatio, 'thank heaven he's gone. I'll go and take a ride into the country before dinner.'

Just as he had ordered his horse, the secretary came in to announce another person of consequence, who had very particular business, and whom it would be bad policy to offend. After a few wry faces from Horatio, he was let in.

The visitor being a knowing character sat a long time, became very facetious, cracked jokes, told excellent stories, and when he had tired Horatio to death, thought he had brought him into a humor to do any thing he desired. Accordingly he begged his interest in behalf of the people he represented, in favor of a great public improvement. Horatio had been specially instructed by divers old statesmen to give good words if he could give nothing else. So he flattered him with good words, and the knowing gentleman went his way chuckling at his happy knack of bringing great men into the humor of granting favors.

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'I never met such a tiresome blockhead,' quoth Horatio. 'I'll make it a point to oppose his application.'

It was too late to ride out before dinner, and he sat down to his meal without appetite, thinking he would have the afternoon to himself, at all events. By the time he had dined, there were six people waiting to see him on particular business. It would not do to offend them, and besides he was the servant of the people. The particular business of each was to beg some particular favor. Horatio felt in an excellent humor for denying them all. But this would be impolitic; so he promised them all.

'What a tedious business!' said he. 'But I shall have a comfortable evening at all events.'

In the evening visitors dropped in, one after another, until he had quite a levee. Every one tried to make himself particularly agreeable, for each had a favor to ask; and they talked so much that Horatio thought he had a swarm of bees in his ears. After he had yawned three times in the face of his visitors, and promised all they asked, they went away.

'I wish to heaven somebody would call one of these times to give me something, instead of begging favors as they all do; there would be a little variety in that.'

He rung for his slippers, but the sound of his bell was drowned by a violent ring at the outer door. The porter announced a stranger.

'Tell him to call to-morrow, I'm just going to bed.'

'He says he has most urgent business, and must see you to-night, sir.'

'Despatches from abroad, I suppose; show him in.'

The bearer of despatches entered, and after looking cautiously around, seeing that all doors were shut, and that nobody was under the sofa, hemmed three times and began:

'I beg pardon, sir, for this untimely visit, but I trust you will excuse me when you know the urgency of the occasion; I come, sir, to give you,—

'Heaven be praised,' thought Horatio, 'here is a man that has got something to give me at last.'

'I took the liberty, sir, as a devoted friend to your administration, to call and give you some advice about the

course proper to be pursued, in order to defeat a plot of the opposition, of which I have just been confidentially apprised.'

'Sir,' said Horatio, 'I feel under infinite obligations may I ask, what it is?'

The adviser took till three in the morning to finish his communication and advice. Before he had ended, Horatio was two thirds asleep, but he awaked in time to express his gratitude, and promised to bear in mind this signal proof of regard, in calling so late at night out of pure good will.

Day after day, passed in these perpetual interruptions. Horatio had not a moment to spare, either for ease or exercise, and was tired to death.

'I wish to heaven,' said he, 'I was a private man, with nothing to do but just what I pleased. Ah! Mr Mirvan, I am glad to see you. It is a delightful thing to receive a visit from one who wants nothing.'

Mirvan was an old friend of Horatio, a rather eccentric person. Some people thought him wise, others a fool, for he seemed content with what he had, and what he was, though he was neither rich nor in power. He was a kind-hearted man, though he had not the reputation of it; for he was apt to make a jest of what other people thought very serious misfortunes, and seemed to take little interest in what are called the ups and downs of life.

After the first friendly salutations, Mirvan assumed the privilege of age and intimacy, and inquired how he liked his new situation.

You neither look so well nor seem in such good spirits as when I used to see you in your office drawing pleasant and declarations.

Horatio unbosomed himself to his friend. He detailed to him the progress of his wishes from boyhood upwards—from the time he wished he was free from the labor and confinement of school, till he realized them all, step by step, and became a great man, since when he had done little else than wish himself a school boy again.

'It is the history of mankind,' said Mirvan, after listening attentively; 'and of all living things I believe, if there be any truth in the fable—'

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'What fable?' asked Horatio.

'I will tell you,' replied the old man, his eye lighting up with arch intelligence; will you promise to listen?'

'Provided you neither ask a favor nor give advice,' said the other, 'I have had enough of both lately.'

'Agreed. Once upon a time a certain atom which shared a portion of that spirit of intelligence which animates or at least in those days did animate all nature, being trod upon by a little insect, that has never been of sufficient consequence to be christened in English or Latin, exclaimed against his hard fate in being thus at the mercy of every creeping thing.

'If I were but an insect!' cried he, and the spirit of discontent possessed him from that moment. 'O, Jupiter Ammon; Jupiter Ammon,' he repeated, 'wouldst thou but change me into an insect, if it were but as big as that which just now insulted me, I could then get out of the way of danger.

Jupiter, whom nothing escaped, laughed ready to die, at hearing this request, which he granted in a fit of good humor. The little atom was as proud as a peacock, and strutted about with great dignity until it chanced that he encountered an ant which walked right over him without ceremony, either accidentally or by design.

'O, Jupiter Ammon,' exclaimed the little insect without name, 'what a thing it is to be so small that nobody can see you! Would I were an ant, and then nobody could dare to insult me.'

Again Jupiter laughed and granted his request. The little ant strutted about, who but he! prouder than ever, and flattered himself he was somebody.

It is worth while to live thus with the eyes of the universe upon us,' cried he, when just at that instant a wasp darted at him, and he narrowly escaped by slipping into his hole.

'Body o' me,' exclaimed he, panting with rage and fear; 'body o' me! what a misery is it to be nothing but an ant. O, Jupiter Ammon, would I were a wasp!'

Jupiter as usual, granted his prayer, for he began to be highly amused with his little atom.

The wasp frisked with his great tail and admired his

little waist, until one day, not minding what he was about he got entangled in a large spider web, where he remained struggling while the spider sat trembling with eagerness, waiting till he should exhaust himself by his efforts, to pounce upon him. At length, supposing the moment arrived, he darted towards him, just as he made a last desperate effort and escaped the toils.

'Truly, a pleasant sort of life this,' quoth the wasp 'to be forever in danger of being caught and eaten up by spiders. O, Jupiter Ammon, if I could only be a speckled spider!' and a spider he became from that moment.

'Mercy upon us, what a big creature was he, and what havoc he made upon the wasps and flies, till a great moth blundering his way in the twilight, bolted right through his fine web, as big round as a cart-wheel, dotted with imprisoned insects, and not only carried all away, but put the spider's life in jeopardy.

'Fire and fury!' exclaimed he, 'here is a month's provisions and an age's toil all swept away in a moment. O, Jupiter Ammon! make me a great moth, I beseech thee.' No sooner said than done, and a moth was he.

'Nothing was so happy as our new made moth. He flew from flower to flower, tasted their sweets, gambolled whithersoever he pleased, till one night seeing a candle in an open window he became enamored of its splendour and rushing towards it so tinged his wings and burned his body that he lay in the greatest agony.

'I am dying—O, Jupiter Ammon! make me an atom again,' and he perished with this humble request on his lips.

'And now for the moral of my story,' said Mirvan.

'I comprehend,' said Horatio; 'my own experience furnishes it. From an atom I have become a moth, flitting about the candle, and every moment in danger of scorching my wings and falling to the ground. But suppose the moth had become an eagle, and king of all birds!

'He would only have experienced the folly of being discontented with his former state, and sighed for ease and insignificance of an atom.'

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'But suppose he had become an atom again?'
 'Then he would have longed to become an eagle once more. And thus ends the circle of human wishes.'

PREJUDICE REBUKED.

There was at Surate, a large city of Hindostan; a coffee house where many strangers frequently assembled. One day there came a Persian Seidre or doctor, who had written all his life on theology, but did not believe in the existence of God. 'Who is God?' said he, 'whence came he! who created him? whom is he? If he was substance we should see him; if he were a spirit, he would be intelligent and just; and he would not permit any to be wretched in the world. I myself, after laboring so much for his service, should be pontiff at Ispahan, and I should not be obliged to leave Persia where I was endeavoring to instruct the people. Therefore I am convinced there is no God.'

Thus the doctor, misled by his ambition, by reasoning on the great first cause of all things, had lost his own reason, and believed that it was not his intelligence which no longer existed, but that which governed the universe.

He had a Kaffer slave to attend him, who remained at the door of the coffee house, while his master drank his favorite beverage called coquenar. When this began to operate on his brain, he thus addressed the slave, who was sitting on a stone in the sun entirely occupied in brushing off the flies which almost devoured him. 'Miserable black! dost thou believe there is a God?' 'Who can doubt it?' answered the Kaffer. As he said these words he drew from the folds of his pagne (a piece of cotton cloth or wrapper, worn by the negroes,) a little wooden marmotte, and holding it up, said, 'Behold the God which has protected me since I came into the world; it is made of a branch of the fetia tree.' All the people of the coffee house were not less surprised at the answer of the slave, than at the question of the master. Whereupon a Bra-

min, shrugging his shoulders, said to the negro, 'Poor silly fool! how dost thou carry God in thy girdle? Know that there is no other God but Bramah, who created the world, whose temples are on the borders of the Ganges; the Bramins are his only priests, and it is by his peculiar protection that they have existed these hundred and twenty thousand years, notwithstanding all the revolutions of India. Immediately a Jew said, 'Do the Bramins believe that God has no temples but in India, and that he exists only for their tribe? I say that there is no other God but the God of Abraham, whose people are the children of Israel. He preserves them though dispersed through the whole earth; and they shall one day be gathered together at Jerusalem, when that temple shall be again raised up, which was formerly the wonder of the universe.'

As he ended these words the Israelite shed tears, and was going to speak again, when an Italian, in a great passion, thus addressed him. 'You make God unjust by saying that he loves only the children of Israel. He has rejected them for more than seventeen hundred years, which is evident enough by their dispersion. He now invites all men to the Romish Church, out of which there is no safety.'

A protestant minister replied to the Catholic, and said, 'How can you confine the safety of men to your idolatrous communion? Know that there will be none saved but those who, according to the gospel love God in spirit and in truth.'

A Turkish officer of the Customs, who was smoking his pipe, and listening to the conversation of the two christians, in a very solemn manner, thus addressed them. 'Fathers, how can you limit the knowledge of God to your churches alone? The law of Jesus Christ has been abolished since the revelation of Mahomet. Your religion exists only in a few kingdoms: and it is over its ruins that ours is raised up in the finest portions of Europe, Asia and Africa. It is now seated on the throne of the Mogul, and has spread into China, that country of light. You acknowledge the reprobation of the Jews by their humiliation; then also acknowledge the mission of our Prophet by his victories! There will be none saved but the

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friends of Mahomet and Omar ! As for those who follow Ali, they are infidels !'

At these words, the Seidre or doctor, who was from Persia, where the people follow the sect of Ali, began to smile, and a quarrel was about taking place on account of there being so many strangers who were of different religious and sects, all disputing upon the nature of God and his worship, and all maintaining that the only true religion was that which he professed. In a corner of the coffee house, there sat sipping his tea, a disciple of Confucius, who was travelling for his own instruction ; as he had taken no part in the conversation, he remained unnoticed, but had listened attentively to every word that had been said. The Turkish officer observing him, called out in a loud voice to the following effect : ' Good Chinese, you know that a great many religions have spread into China, and I have been informed so myself by some merchants from your country, who all protested to me that the religion of Mahomet was the best. Pray what is your opinion of God and the religion of his prophet ?' At this question the most profound silence reigned in the coffee house, and every one anxiously awaited the answer of the Chinese. The disciple of Confucius having crossed his hands upon his breast, appeared for a few moments entirely absorbed in reflection ; suddenly recollecting himself, he spoke thus : ' Gentlemen, it is ambition which in all things causes men to disagree. If you will have the patience to hear me, I will relate a circumstance, still fresh in my mind, to elucidate it. When I left China to come to Surate, I embarked in an English ship which had circumnavigated the globe. On our passage here we came to anchor on the eastern coast of Sumatra. About noon I went on shore with several of the crew, and the sun being very hot, we sought the shade of some cocoa trees, where already reposed a number of men from different countries. In a short time there came along a man who had lost his sight by looking steadfastly at the sun. He had been foolish enough to endeavor to comprehend its nature by appropriating the light of it to himself. He had tried every optical and chemical means, and even necromancy, to enclose one of its rays in a bottle ; but not

being able to succeed, he said, 'The light of the sun is not a fluid, for it cannot be agitated by the wind; it is not a solid, for it cannot be separated in pieces; it is not a fire, for it is not extinguished in water; it is not a body, since it cannot be handled; so it is nothing at all.' In short, by means of looking at the sun and reasoning upon its light he became blind, and what was still worse, had lost his reason. He believed that it was not his own sight, but the sun, which no longer existed in the universe. He had a negro to conduct him, who causing his master to be seated in the shade near us, and the stranger I have mentioned, took a cocoa which had fallen from the tree, and began to make a lamp of the shell, a wick of the bark, and to express some oil from the nut to put in his lamp.

Whilst he was thus occupied, the blind man said to him fetching a deep sigh, 'Then there is no longer any light in the universe?' 'There is the light of the sun,' answered the negro. 'What is the sun?' replied the blind man. 'I know nothing of it,' said the black, 'except that when he rises my labors begin, and end at his sitting. His light interests me less than the light of my lamp, for without it I could not serve you during the night;' then holding up his cocoa, he said, 'Here is my sun!' At these words, a man who walked with crutches began to laugh; and thinking the man who had lost his sight was born blind, thus addressed him: 'Learn that the sun is a globe of fire, which rises every morning from the sea, and sets far to the west in the mountains of Sumatra, which you might perceive yourself, if you enjoyed your sight.'

A fisherman said to the cripple, 'One may easily perceive that you never was far from your village. If you had legs and could walk round the island of Sumatra, you would be convinced that the sun does not sit in its mountains: but rises every morning from the sea, and returns into it at night, without being extinguished, which I witness daily along the coast.'

An inhabitant of the peninsula of India said to the fisherman, 'How can a man who has common sense believe that the sun is a globe of fire, and that he every day comes out of the sea and returns into it without being ex-

tinguished? country, who turning round he is eclipsed and Keldo, and ers of the Ind very foolish for the sun gives

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perquished? Know the sun is a Deata or Deity of my country, who rides through the heavens daily, on a car, turning round the golden mountain of Merouwa, and when he is eclipsed, he is swallowed up by the serpents Ragoo and Kelde, and is delivered from them only by the prayers of the Indians, on the borders of the Ganges. It is very foolish for an inhabitant of Sumatra to believe that the sun gives light only to his island.'

A Lascar, who was captain of a trading vessel, replied, 'It is still more foolish to believe that the sun prefers India to all other countries of the world. I have been, said he, to the red sea, on the coast of Arabia; to Madagascar, the Molaccas, and the Phillipine islands, and I perceived that the sun enlightened all those places as well as India. He does not turn round one mountain; but he rises in the isles of Japan, which for that reason are called Japon or Gepuen, birth place of the sun, and he sets far to the west behind the mountains of England; I am very certain of it, for when I was a child I heard my grandfather say so, who had travelled to the ends of the sea.'

He was going to say more, when an English sailor of our crew interrupted him by saying, there is no country in the world where the sun's course is better known than in England. I say he does not rise and set any where; he continually makes the circuit of the globe, of which I am still more certain, as we have just come from a voyage round the world, and we every where met him; then taking an Indian reed from the hands of one of the auditors, he traced a circle on the ground and endeavored to explain to him the sun's course from one tropic to another; but not being able to succeed, he appealed to the pilot of the vessel to confirm what he asserted. The pilot was a wise man, and had attentively listened to the whole dispute, without saying a word.

But when he perceived that all the auditors were silent, to hear his answer, he spake thus: 'Each of you is deceived. The sun does not revolve round the earth, but it is the earth revolves around the sun, presenting to him in 24 hours the isles of Japan, the Phillipines, the Molaccas, the Sumatra, Africa, Europe, and other countries. He does not enlighten one mountain, one island, one hor-

izon, one sea, or even our earth only. He is the centre of the universe, and enlightens with the earth several other planets, which revolve also around him. Each of you would be convinced of these truths if he would look at the heavens in the night, when all these orbs revolve in the immensity of space, and banish from his mind the foolish idea that the sun shines only on his particular country. Here the pilot ended, who had been round the world and observed the heavens. 'It is the same,' added the disciple of Confucius, 'with respect to God as with man. Each man believes that he alone possesses him in his own church, or at least in his own country. Each nation believes that it contains in its temples what the visible universe does not contain. But I will ask you, is there a temple to be compared to that which God has raised up to gather all into the same communion? All the temples of the world are made only to imitate nature! We find in most of them, columns, arches, lamps, statues, inscriptions, books of the law, sacrifices, altars, and priests. But in what temple shall we find columns so beautiful as the trees of the forest, or those of the orchards bending with fruit? Arches so elevated as the azure vault of heaven? A lamp so splendid as the sun? Where shall we see statues so interesting as sensible beings, who speak, love, and assist each other? Inscriptions so intelligible as the benefits of nature? A book of law so universal as the love of God founded on gratitude, and the love of our fellow creatures? In short, an altar so holy as the heart of the honest man, whose God is the sovereign pontiff? Thus, the more indulgence we have for others, the nearest shall we imitate his goodness. Let him then who enjoys the light of God which is diffused throughout the universe, despise not the superstitious who perceive but a small ray in his idol, lest as a punishment to his pride, it should happen to him as to the Persian, who, wishing to appropriate the light of the sun to himself, became blind, and was obliged to have the assistance of the lamp of a negro!' Thus ended the disciple of Confucius. And all the people of the coffee house, who were disputing upon the excellency of their religions, preserved the most profound silence.

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THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO.

Among the remarkable men of modern times, there is perhaps, none whose fame is purer from reproach than that of Thaddeus Kosciusko. His name is enshrined in the ruins of his country, which, with heroic bravery and devotion, he sought to defend against oppression and foreign domination. Kosciusko was born at Warsaw about the year 1775. He was educated at the school of Cadets in that city, where he distinguished himself so much in scientific duties as well as in drawing, that he was selected as one of four students of that Institution, who were sent to travel at the expense of the state, with a view of perfecting their talents. In this capacity he visited France, where he remained for several years, devoting himself to studies of various kinds. On his return to his own country, he entered the army, and obtained the command of a company. But he was soon obliged to expatriate himself again, in order to fly from a violent but unrequited passion for the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, one of the first officers of state of the Polish Court.

He bent his steps to that part of North America which was then waging its war of Independence against England. Here he entered the army, and served with distinction as one of the Adjutants of Gen. Washington. While thus employed, he became acquainted with La Fayette, Lameth, and other distinguished Frenchmen serving in the same cause, and was honored by receiving the most flattering praises from Franklin, as well as the public thanks of the Congress of the United Provinces. He was also decorated with the new American order of Cincinnati, being the only European, except La Fayette, to whom it was given.

At the termination of the war, he returned to his own country where he lived in retirement till the year 1789, at which period he was promoted by the Diet to the rank of Major General. That body was at this time endeavoring to place its military force upon a respectable footing, in the vain hope of restraining and diminishing the domineering influence of foreign powers, in what still remain-

ed of Poland. It also occupied itself in arranging the constitution of that unfortunate and ill-governed country—in rendering the monarchy hereditary—in declaring universal toleration—and in preserving the privileges of the nobility, while at the same time, it ameliorated the condition of the lower orders. In all these improvements, Stanislaus Poniatowski, the reigning king, readily concurred; though the avowed intention of the Diet was, to render the crown hereditary in the Saxon family. The King of Prussia, (Frederick William II.) who from the treaty of Cherson in 1787, between Russia and Austria, had become hostile to the former power, also encouraged the Poles in their proceedings; and even gave them the most positive assurances of assisting them in case the changes they were effecting occasioned any attacks from other sovereigns.

In the year 1807, Napoleon being about to invade Poland wished to use the name of Kosciusko, in order to rally the people of the country around his standard. The patriot aware that no real freedom was to be hoped for under such auspices, refused to lend himself to his wishes. Upon this the Emperor forged Kosciusko's signature to an address to the Poles; which was distributed throughout all the country. Nor would he permit the injured person to deny the authenticity of this act in any public manner. The real state of the case was however made known to many, through the private representations of Kosciusko: but he was never able to publish a formal denial of the transaction till after the fall of Napoleon.

When the Russians, in 1814 had penetrated into Champagne, and were advancing towards Paris, they were astonished to hear that their former adversary was living in retirement in that part of the country. The commune in which Kosciusko lived was subjected to plunder, and among the troops thus engaged he observed a Polish regiment. Transported with anger he rushed amongst them, and thus addressed the officers:—“when I commanded brave soldiers they never pillaged; and I should have punished severely subalterns who allowed of disorders such as we see around.—Still more severely should I have punished older officers who authorised such conduct

by their culpable general cry, ‘to us!’—‘I am a soldiery cast from his feet, and conditional usage, which they have of Kosciusko that of an exile over Polish land good and general.

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by their culpable neglect.' 'And who are you,' was the general cry, 'that you dare speak with so much boldness to us?'—'I am Kosciusko.' The effect was electric; the soldiery cast down their arms, prostrated themselves at his feet, and cast dust upon their heads according to a national usage, supplicating his forgiveness for the fault which they had committed. For twenty years the name of Kosciusko had not been heard in Poland; save as that of an exile; yet it still retained its ancient power over Polish hearts; a power never used but for some good and generous end.

The Emperor Alexander honored him with a long interview, and offered him an asylum in his own country. But nothing could induce Kosciusko again to see his unfortunate native land. In 1815, he retired to Soleure, in Switzerland, where he died, October 16th, 1817, in consequence of an injury received by a fall from his horse. Not long before, he had abolished slavery upon his Polish estate, and declared all serfs entirely free, by a deed registered and executed with every formality that could ensure the full performance of his intentions. The mortal remains of Kosciusko were removed to Poland at the expense of Alexander, and have found a fitting place of rest in the Cathedral of Cracow, between those of his companions in arms, Joseph Poniatowski, and the greatest of Polish warriors, John Sobieski.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

"On the 14th September 1812, while the rearguard of the Russians were in the act of evacuating Moscow, Napoleon reached the hill called the Mount of Salvation, because it is there that the natives kneel and cross themselves at first sight of the Holy City. Moscow seemed lordly and striking as ever, with the steeples of its thirty churches, and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its palaces of Eastern architecture, mingled with trees, and surrounded with gardens; and its Kremlin, a huge triangular mass of towers, something between a palace and a

castle, which rose like a citadel out of the general mass of groves and buildings. But not a chimney sent up smoke; not a man appeared on the battlements, or at the gates.—After waiting two hours, he received from some French inhabitants, who had hid themselves during the evacuation, the strange intelligence that Moscow was deserted by its population. The tidings that a population of two hundred and fifty thousand persons had left their native city, was incredible. The signal was now given for the troops to advance, and the columns, still in a state of wonder at the solitude and silence which received them every where, penetrated through the assemblage of huts, mingled with palaces where it seemed that perury, which had scarce means to obtain the ordinary necessities of life, had for her next door neighbor all the wealth and profuse expenditure of the East. At once the silence was broken by a volley of musketry, which some miserable fanatics poured from the battlements of the Kremlin on the first French troops that approached the palace of the Czars.—Bonaparte, as if unwilling to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopped immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in this desolate city. During the first few hours after their arrival, an obscure rumor, which could not be traced, but one of those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful calamity, announced that the city would be endangered by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable, but no one took any notice of it until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters with the report that the town was on fire.

The memorable conflagration began amongst the coach-makers' warehouses and workshops in the Bazaar, or general market, which was the richest district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers. Next day the flames had disappeared. But at night the flames again arose in the north and west quarters of the city. As far the greater part of the houses were built of wood, the conflagration spread with the most dreadful ra-

pidity. This and sparkles were observed that three times in ways forth in calculated to di were increased enough as yet under in the Kremlin its ammunition, dow. Morning ring the whole untimely and u a thick and su smoke. The eq the third night, was no longer a dead hour of be on fire. Bon the entreaties of in the Kremlin, quest, he seemed ing a fragment of and danger in regain the city streets arched w breathed was su unopposed, and centuries to raise violence, and th is said, four fifth

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pidity. This was at first imputed to the blazing brands and sparkles which were carried by the wind; but it was observed that as often as the wind changed, and it changed three times in that terrible night, new flames broke always forth in that direction, where the existing gale was calculated to direct them on the Kremlin. These horrors were increased by the chance of explosion. There was, though as yet unknown to the French, a magazine of powder in the Kremlin; besides that a park of artillery, with its ammunition, was drawn up under the Emperor's window. Morning came, and with it a dreadful scene. During the whole night, the metropolis had glared with an untimely and unnatural light. It was now covered with a thick and suffocating atmosphere, of almost palpable smoke. The equinoctial gales rose higher and higher upon the third night, and extended the flames, with which there was no longer any human power of contending. At the dead hour of midnight, the Kremlin itself was found to be on fire. Bonaparte was then, at length persuaded, by the entreaties of all around him, to relinquish his quarters in the Kremlin, to which as the visible mark of his conquest, he seemed to cling with the tenacity of a lion holding a fragment of his prey. He encountered both difficulty and danger in retiring from the palace, and before he could gain the city gate, he had to traverse with his suite streets arched with fire, and in which the very air they breathed was suffocating. The fire continued to triumph unopposed, and consumed in a few days what it had cost centuries to raise. It raged till the 19th with unabated violence, and then began to slacken for want of fuel. It is said, four fifths of this great city were laid in ruins."

FATE OF HENRY HUDSON.

Among the numerous adventurers who have distinguished themselves in the dangerous field of maritime enterprise, Henry Hudson will always hold an exalted rank. The straits and bay which he discovered on the northern coast of America, having received his name, cannot fail

to transmit it to the latest posterity. But while we admire his intrepidity, and pay a tribute of respect to the memory of an able, a successful, but an unfortunate navigator, it must always be accompanied with indignant feelings at the baseness of his crew, through whose inhumanity he was doomed to perish.

'The expanse discovered by Hudson was the great inland sea, called from him Hudson's Bay; and it was a grand discovery, although not exactly what he imagined. The 3d of August was now arrived, a season at which the boldest of northern navigators had been accustomed to think of returning. Little inclined to such a course he continued to sail along the coast on the left, which must have appeared to him the western boundary of America; hoping probably before the close of Autumn to reach some cultivated and temperate shore, where he might take up his winter quarters. The shores along this bay, however, though not in a very high latitude, are subject to a climate the most rigorous and inclement. Entangled in the gulfs and capes of an unknown coast, struggling with mist and storm, and ill seconded by a discontented crew, he spent three long months without reaching any comfortable haven. It was now the first of November, the ice was closing on all sides, and nothing remained but to meet the cheerless winter, which had actually begun. The sailors were too late in attempting to erect a wooden house; yet the cold, though severe, does not seem to have reached any perilous height; their chief alarm respected provisions of which they had brought only a six months' supply, and consequently had now only a small remnant left.—Hudson took active measures to relieve this want. He carefully husbanded the original stock, and propounded a reward to whoever should kill beast, fish, or bird; and 'Providence dealt mercifully, in sending such a supply of white patridges, that in three months they killed a hundred dozen.' In spring these birds disappeared, but were succeeded by flocks of geese, swans, ducks, and seal, not denizens of the spot, but on their flight from the south to north. When these were passed, the air no longer yielded a supply, but the sea began to open, and having on the first day taken five hundred fishes of tolerable size,

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they received good hopes; but this success did not continue; being reduced to great extremity, they searched the woods for moss, which they compare however, to pounded timber; they ate even frogs. The commander undertook an excursion with a view to open an intercourse with the natives, but they fled, setting fire even to the woods behind them. Parley was obtained with one, who was loaded with gifts yet he never returned. Discontents arose as to the distribution of the small remaining portion of bread and cheese, to allay which, the captain made a general and equal partition of the whole. This was a bad measure among such a crew, many of whom knew not how 'to govern their share, but greedily devoured it as long as it lasted.' One man even ate the whole in a day, and brought on a dangerous surfeit. Their distress becoming thus greater than ever, soon brought on a most fatal crisis.

Hudson, as may be observed, had from the first to struggle with an unprincipled, ill-tempered crew, void of any concern for the ultimate success of the voyage. He had probably hoped, as the season should advance, to push southwards, and reach the next summer the wealthy regions which he was commissioned to search. The sailors, on the contrary, had fixed their desires on 'the cape where fowls do breed,' the only place where they expected to obtain both present supply and the means of returning to England. Ringleaders were not wanting to head this growing party of malcontents. At the entrance of the bay, the captain had displaced Ivet, the mate, who had shown strong propensities towards returning, and appointed Bylet in his room, a man of merit, and who had always shown zeal in the general cause. He had also changed the boatswain. But the most deadly blow was struck by Green, a wretch, whom, after he had been cast off by all his friends, Hudson, from humanity, had taken on board, and endeavored to reclaim and to restore to society.

He was possessed of talents which made him useful, and even a favorite with his superiors; and among other discontents, it was reckoned one, that a veil had been thrown over several flagrant disorders of which he had been guilty. Yet some warm expressions of Hudson caused, it is

said, by a misunderstanding about the purchase of a great coat, so acted upon the fierce spirit of this ruffian, that, renouncing every tie of gratitude, and all that is sacred among mankind, he became the chief in a conspiracy to seize the vessel, and expose the commander to perish.

After some day's consultation, the time was fixed for the perpetration of this horrible atrocity. On the 21st of June, 1611, Green and Wilson, the boatswain, came into Pricket, the narrator's cabin, and announced their fatal resolution; adding, that they bore him so much good will as to wish that he should remain on board. Pricket avers most solemnly, that he exhausted every argument, which might induce them to desist from their horrid purpose, beseeching them not to do so foul a thing in the sight of God and man, and which would forever banish them from their native country, their wives and children. Green wildly answered, that they had made up their minds to go through with it or die, and that they would rather be hanged at home than to starve here. An attempt was made to negotiate a delay of three, two, or even one day, but all without effect. Ivet came next, of whom, as being a person of mature age, there seemed more hope; but he was worse than Green, declaring that he would justify in England, the deed on which they had resolved. John Thomas and Michael Perse now came in, proving themselves 'birds of a feather,' and Moser and Bennet having followed, an oath was administered to the following tenor: 'You shall swear truth to God, your prince and country; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God and the action in hand, and harm to no man.' Pricket complains of the reproach thrown upon him for having taken this oath, the bare terms of which are certainly unexceptionable; but the dark contest by which they were illustrated, marks them as containing an implied obligation to remain at least passive on this dreadful occasion. All was now ready, but Pricket persuaded them to delay till day light, the accomplishment of their crime. They agreed, but kept strict watch through the night, and held themselves ready to act at the first appearance of dawn.

Daybreak approaching, Hudson came out of his cabin, when he was instantly set upon by Thomas, Bennet, and

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Wilson who seized him and bound his hands behind his back; and on his eagerly asking what they meant, told him that he should know when on board the shallop. Ivet then attacked King, the carpenter, known as the commander's most devoted adherent. That brave fellow having a sword, made a most desperate resistance, and would have killed his assailant, had not the latter been speedily reinforced. The mutineers then offered to him the choice of continuing in the ship, but he absolutely refused to be detained otherwise than by force, and immediately followed his master whom the conspirators were already letting down the sides of the vessel into the shallop. Then with a barbarity beyond all example, they called from their beds, and drove into it, not the firm adherents of Hudson, but the sick and infirm sailors who could afford no aid, and whose support would have been burdensome. They threw after them the carpenter's box, with some powder and shot.—Scarcely was this transaction completed, when they cut off the boat from the stern, 'out with their topsail,' and set off, flying as from an enemy. Hudson, thus abandoned was never heard of more; and this great navigator undoubtedly perished on these remote and desolate shores, though the form or duration of the distress to which he fell a victim, must be forever unknown.

The sailors, as soon as the guilty deed was done, fell upon the ship as on a captured vessel, breaking open every chest, and seizing on every remnant of food which could be discovered. Green, however, who assumed the command, used some vigor in restoring order. He placed the cabin and provisions under the charge of Pricket, who was afterwards accused of a matter no less than treason,—that of secreting some cakes of bread. As soon as the mutineers had time to reflect, rueful musing began to arise. Even Green, admitted that England at this time was no place for them, nor could he contrive any better scheme than to keep the high sea, till by some means or other, they might procure a pardon from under his Majesty's hand and seal. The vessel was now embayed, and detained for a fortnight amid fields of ice, which extended four miles around it, and but for some cockle grass found on

an island, the crew must have perished by famine. Considerable disputes with respect to the steerage arose between Ivet and Bylet, who alone had any pretensions to skill; but the latter being justly viewed with the greatest confidence, at length guided them to Cape Digges, the longed-for spot, the breeding place of fowls, crowds of which accordingly continued still to darken the air. The party immediately landed, spread themselves among the rocks and began to shoot. While the boat was on shore, they saw seven canoes rowing towards them, whereupon they prepared themselves to meet opposition.

However the savages came forward beating their breasts, dancing and leaping, with every familiar and friendly sign. The utmost intimacy commenced, the parties went back and forward, showed each other their mode of catching fowls, and made mutual presents and exchanges. In short these appeared the most kind and simple people in the world, and 'God so blinded Henry Green' that he viewed them with implicit confidence. One day, amid the height of this insanity, Pricket, sitting in the boat, suddenly saw a man's leg close to him. Raising up his head, he perceived a savage with a knife uplifted, ready to strike. In attempting to arrest the blow, his hand was cut, and he could not escape three wounds, one on the breast, and one in the right thigh, by which time he got hold of the handle of the knife, and wrenched it from the assassin, whom he then pierced with his dagger in the left side. At the same time a general attack was made on the English crew, dispersed in different quarters. Green and Perse, came tumbling down wounded in the boat, which was pushed off, while Moter, seeing 'this medley,' leaped into the sea, swam out, and getting hold of the stern, was pulled in by Perse. Green now cried *corragio*, and he and Perse brandished their weapons so vigorously that the savages ceased attempting to enter the boat; but they poured in clouds of arrows, one of which struck Green with such force, that he died on the spot, and his body was thrown into the sea. At length the party reached the vessel; but Moter and Wilson died that day, and Perse two days after. Thus perished the chief perpetrators of a dreadful tragedy, visited by Providence with a fate not less terrible

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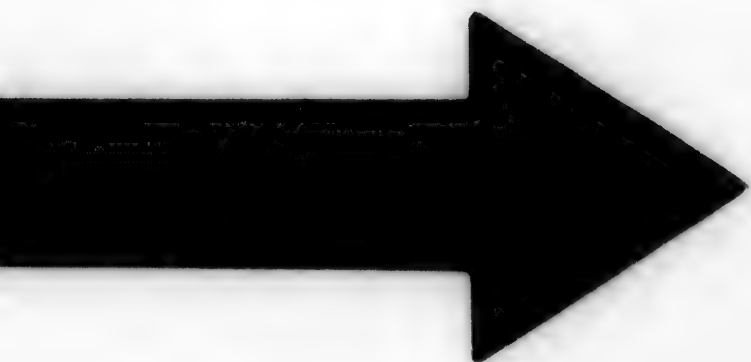
The crew, thus deprived of their best hands, were in extreme perplexity, obliged to ply the ship across the straits, and unable, without the utmost fear and peril, to venture on shore; which yet was absolutely necessary for obtaining provisions to carry them to England. They contrived, during some anxious and unhappy excursions, to collect three hundred birds, which they salted and preserved as the only stock whereupon to attempt the voyage. They suffered during the passage, the most dreadful extremities of famine, allowing only half a fowl a day to each man, and considering it a luxury to have them fried with candles, of which a weekly distribution was made for that purpose. Ivet, now the sole survivor of the ringleaders in the late dreadful transaction, sunk under these privations. The last fowl was in the steep-tub, and the men were becoming careless and desperate, when suddenly it pleased God to give them sight of land, which proved to be the north of Ireland. They complain that, on going ashore at Berehaven, they did not meet the sympathy and kindness which they so much needed; however, by mortgaging their vessel, they obtained the means of proceeding to Plymouth.

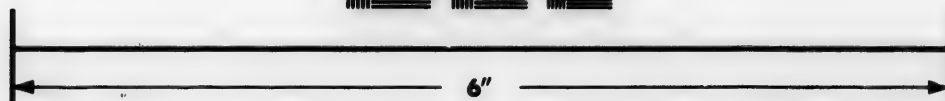
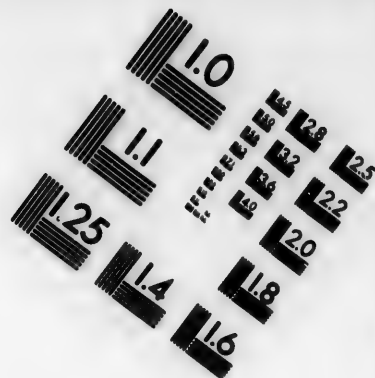
[*Edinburg Cabinet Library.*]

ALGIERS.—BY MR SISMONDI.

All travellers who have seen Algiers, all the publications about that government, concur in describing it as the largest association for the purpose of rapine that has ever existed on the earth. Since 1516, when the corsair Horuch Aruch, or Aroudji Barbarossa, (introduced into Algiers by the Moorish King of that country, Selim Eutemy,) destroyed his benefactor and seized upon his throne, the sovereignty has always belonged to the band of brigands instituted by the pirate, organized by his brother and successor Haraiden, and recruited at a distance in the Levant, in such a manner as always to keep up about the







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number of 12,000 men. These Turks of the Levant, associated for the commission of crime, and selected from among those pursued by justice and banished from society, are so odious to their compatriots, that there is no instance of a Turkish female having so degraded herself as to marry an Algerine. Yet every one of these bandits when enrolled in the militia of Algiers calls himself an Effendi, or Lord, and considers himself as having a share in the Government. It is for him, and to increase his pay, swelling in amount in every year, that the Algerine Pirates rove on the sea, and the Beys at the head of their small army levy contributions on land. He rises by seniority successively in rank to the highest military offices; and, if favored by perfidy or the violence of factions, becomes seated on the elective throne of the Dey.— But none other can enter the Algerine army than a Levantine Turk, or renegade Christian. This is the title of nobility invented by Barbarossa, in imitation of the order of Malta. Whoever is born in the states over which that military corps holds dominion, is excluded from it forever.

Neither Moor, nor Arab, nor Berber, nor Jew, can be admitted. The children of the Effendis of the army, called *Kouloghis*, those of the Beys, and of the Dey himself, are perpetually excluded. Nothing can efface the stain of having been born of a moorish woman or slave.

The chief whom these robbers elect from among themselves to command them, whom they style their Dey, never mounts the throne save over the corpse of his assassinated predecessor. Each election is preceded and followed by numerous massacres. The aspirant, when crowned, suffers none of his competitors to live; and if he does not perish himself on the first day of his reign, he cuts off the heads of all his rivals; and it is but a painful dignity which he attains at such a price. His comrades, who have raised him above themselves to preserve discipline and their disputes, and administer justice, leave him scarcely a moments rest. At sun-rise, every day in the week except Thursday and Saturday, he is seated on a lion's skin in the hall of the divan, occupied with affairs of state, and surrounded by his ministers, and afterwards with passing judgments and causing the sentences to be

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executed. He discharges these last functions with no regard for human life, with no moderation in awarding punishments and fines, but also without delay or expense and with the rough impartiality commonly found in a captain of robbers, a King of the Gypsies, or a commander of pirates, who, like the Dey, rules over bands leagued together for hostility against all mankind. The plundering system of Algiers has the same influence at sea and on land. The sovereign soldiery, or twelve thousand Turks, in whose name the Dey reigns, understand nothing of industry. They are banded only to despoil the weak, and divide the plunder. Piracy is considered as the first of the resources of the revenue of the state. The public treasury claims half of the profit of captured vessels, half of the lading, and half the value of captives, who are sold at auction in the public market, after having been made to run, jump, and carry burdens before the purchasers, and having had all personal defects examined with no respect for age or sex. They are fed in a Bagnio, with three black loaves of half a pound each per day, and a few olives in vinegar. They must gain their subsistence by labor in case they are not removed from the Bagnio to snare the disgraceful favors of their masters.

At the time when the power of Algiers was highest, under the two Barbarossas and their immediate successors, when their marine excelled all those of Europe, they carried on piracy indiscriminately against all christian nations; but they have declined by the natural effects of their manner of life and their crimes. Their navy consists of no more than a dozen or fifteen vessels, carrying 200 cannon; since which they have consented to bind themselves by treaties, to respect the more formidable powers, while they receive the annual presents they exact. But they make no treaties with those whom they do not fear, and without provocation or offence will make war on the Pope, the small Italian states, and Hanseatic towns: not that they have any complaint to make of being wronged, but because their treasury is empty and must be filled. These pirates are out of the protection of the laws of nations, by their own will, and by having considered it a sufficient ground for war to say to a nation, 'we want your

property, to divide, and your persons to be our slaves.' They have made any war lawful which may be waged against them, provided only it be declared. They now complain that the French consul has taken Roman subjects under his protection; for, France has consented by treaties, confirmed for the last time in March 1790, to the shameful terms of 'not lending its flag, and not protecting the vessels of foreign powers, which may be at war with the Algerine government.' But this government has had no other motive or pretext for declaring war against the Pope, than a desire to plunder his subjects. A like motive is sufficient for declaring war against itself.

The robber empire of the Algerine soldiery extends over all the country between the realms of Morocco and Tunis, the Mediterranean and great desert of Africa.—This region is designated as the realm of Algiers, though inhabited by a great number of independent tribes who are annually pillaged by the Algerines, but they defend themselves as well as they can. M. Perrot gives it 220 leagues in breadth and 120 in depth. M. Renaudot, 215 in breadth and 180 for its mean extent from north to south; while the chart of Dufour makes it 205 by 140, and containing 19,000 square leagues. The lowest of these calculations makes its extent as great as that of Italy, with a climate and soil superior to those of that beautiful peninsula; insomuch that it can support them; both when the province of Africa was the richest and happiest belonging to Rome, and when the Caliphs restored it a second time to civilization, and founded numerous Arabian Universities; making it the seat of literature, science and art, at a period when Europe was stationary in ignorance and barbarity. But such has been the irresistible pressure of military despotism, that it has reduced the population to two millions and a half, relics of ancient Berbers, Moors, Arabs, Moriscos of Spain. The only rule of Government known to that of Algiers, is to take from the wretched people all that can be carried off from them.—The Kouloughs, children of Turks, who dwell in towns, with some remaining servile and degenerated Moors, and the Jews, are the only persons who enjoy a kind of protection and of justice within a narrow circuit round the

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ses now neither industry, commerce or manufactures.
Their population rapidly diminishes, and they are falling
to ruin.—The most remote fields are cultivated by the
Berbers and Moors, who only show themselves in the
working season, and take refuge in the deserts and moun-
tains after harvest, of which they carry a great part with
them, and hide the rest in the earth; whilst, every year
the three Beys of Oran, Titerie, and Constantine, lieuten-
ants of the Dey, set out at the head of three bodies of
Turkish troops, to levy the annual contribution on these
people, or rather, to take away by main force all that can
be removed. It is asserted that Algiers, and within the
distance of three leagues from it, ten or 12,000 gardens or
country seats may be counted. There the remarkable fer-
tility of the soil is seen contending with the carelessness
of the cultivators, who have let the productions of the
soil degenerate. After passing these borders, and the
precincts of other large towns, the land has no proprietors,
and the country no government. The first chance occu-
pant sows the fields which he can only reap by strata-
gem, by flying with the booty, which he hides in the
earth, as if he had borne it off as an enemy.

In this annually renewed war to levy contributions,
and struggle between *brigandage* and barbarity, man has
suffered still more in his moral nature than in his habits
of industry. Though the scum of the Turkish nation, the
sovereign soldiery are the least despicable portion of the
Algerine population. In the midst of their vices and fe-
rocity they preserve discipline and courage. Power has
given a certain dignity to their manners. But all the
subject tribes have terribly degenerated. The Kouloglis
estimated by Renaudot at 150,000, give themselves up
to every vice, and the most effeminate weakness. The
Moors, Berbers and Moriscoes of Spain, disarmed by their
oppressors, have preserved none of the courage of their
ancestors. They have alike forgotten the art of war, the
literature which they restored to Europe, their manufac-
tures, and the agriculture in which they shewed their su-
periority in Grenada and Valencia. Those who live

in towns have fallen into intemperance, and into slavery; those who cultivate the fields, and take refuge in mountains and deserts, into the lowest state of savage life. The Jews, repulsed and despised by all the other classes, placed in the social ladder of rank below the slaves, not allowed to drink at the public fountains till the meanest slave has done so, are more overwhelmed with insult and injustice, than they even were in the middle ages by intolerant Europe.

[Since the above was written, Algiers has been subdued by the French government.]

JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD.

In one of the morning excursions of John, Duke of Bedford, about the year 1765, he discovered a woman at a short distance from him, wringing her hands, weeping aloud, and discovering every mark of the deepest distress. Moved with sympathy, he immediately approached her, desired her to dry up her tears, and tell him the cause of her sorrow; promising at the same time to do her all the service in his power.

Seeing a man, in a plain genteel dress, looking at her with an air of benignity, and interesting himself in her sufferings, and being entirely ignorant of his rank, she communicated her story to him without reserve. "I have a large family; my husband is sick, and, being unable to pay our rent, the Duke of Bedford's steward has seized our stock, and left us nothing but the dismal prospect of unavoidable ruin; and I came out to this field to take my last sad sight of my poor cows, which are still feeding in the park there."

Deeply affected with her melancholy tale, he advised her to drive the cows home, and offered to set open the gate for her for that purpose. At this proposal she started, burst again into tears, and absolutely refused to meddle with them. "They are no longer my husband's," said she; "and if I drive them home, I shall be looked

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Forcibly struck with the justice of her reasoning, and the honest simplicity of her language, he gave her some money, told her that he heartily pitied her, and would take the liberty to recommend her and her family to the Duke of Bedford, whom he knew to be a good natured sort of man, and he hoped he would do something valuable for her. Accordingly, he desired her to call next day at Woburn Abbey, and ask for John Russell, and he would introduce her to the Duke, and speak to him in her behalf. The good woman having returned him many thanks, and promising to meet him at the time and place appointed, they parted.

Next day, dressed in her best clothes, the poor woman went to the Abbey, and asked for John Russell ; she was shown into a room, and told that Mr Russell would be with her immediately. She had not waited long when several gentlemen, richly dressed, entered the room. She knew at first sight the features of him who had conversed with her the day before ; and strongly impressed with the idea of his being the Duke himself, she was ready to faint with surprise ; but his Grace walked up to her with a look of condescension and goodness, which reanimated her drooping spirits, while he assured her that she had no cause to be afflicted, but might keep herself perfectly easy.

He then called his steward, ordered him to write her a receipt in full, and to see every thing returned that had been taken from her husband. His Grace then put the receipt into her hand, and told her that he had inquired into her husband's character, and found that he was a very honest man, and had long been his tenant ; and giving her thirty guineas, he desired her to go home, and rejoice with her family.

Percy Anecdotes.

THE PRECIPICE.—A NORWEGIAN TALE.

It is a custom, among the goatherds of Norway, to assemble and relate to each other their adventures among the mountains. On one of these occasions, having told their tales, an elderly hunter, who had sat in silence during their narratives, thus introduced himself to notice.

"My young friends, you have been telling us some marvellous adventures; but as I am an old hunter, and therefore am fond of the spirit which leads you into them, I will not strive to sift the grain from the chaff, the exact facts, from the colors in which you have dressed them. But I will give you, in my turn, an account of an accident which, you all know by report, did actually happen to me, as the limp in my gait can testify to this day.

It is now about twenty years since, I was hunting one day as usual. I had sight of a chamois, and was advancing upon him, when, having almost got within shot, I sprang across a chasm a few yards wide upon a ledge of snow opposite. The outer part of this was, alas! only of snow; it was frozen hard; but as I came upon it with considerable force, I felt it giving way beneath me. The man who says he never felt fear, never was in a situation such as this. The agony of terror, and what agony is greater? rushed through my frame. My first impulse was to spring forward, to reach the firm ground, but the very effort I made to save myself, accelerated my fate; the mass broke short off, and I fell!

I have often since been to view the spot, and standing in safety on its brink, my nerves have shivered, as I looked down the awful precipice. How I escaped being dashed into as many atoms as there are pebbles at its base, it is impossible to divine. The height is upwards of seventy feet; there was no projecting rock, no jutting tree to break my fall. Perhaps the snow, which fell along with me in vast quantities, and which crumbled as it fell served to protect me. When I perceived my footing yield, the earth as it were sink from under me, I felt the common hyperbole, that my heart sprang to my throat, almost cease to be one. One gasp of mortal agony, as it burst

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from my lungs, gave me the sensation of choking, which the phrase I have mentioned strives to express.

The feelings of my mind may be all summed in the exclamation which I believe escaped me—"Oh God!—I'm gone!" My next thought was a momentary appeal to that God's mercy,—and then I thought no more.

When I recovered my senses, day was beginning to close, and I lay enveloped in snow. My hunting spear was beside me broken; and, stretched upon my bosom, lay my faithful dog, spread out, as it were to protect me from the cold, and breathing upon my face, as if to communicate his life to bring back mine. Poor fellow, (the old man continued, and the tears glistened in his eye as he spoke,) poor fellow, he is dead long since, and his son, (stooping and fondling the dog at his feet,) is old now: but if I had but one crust of bread, and one cup of water in the world, old Thor should share them with me for his father's sake.

The dog looked up, as though he understood his master, for he smiled in his face with that expression of thankfulness which the countenance of his race alone shares with that of the human species.

I felt, continued the hunter, I felt numbed and stiffened, and in considerable pain, all over, so much so, that I could not distinguish any particular hurt as being more severe than the rest. I endeavored to rise, and that soon showed me where my chief injury lay. I fell back again instantly; the thigh was broken. In addition to this, two fingers of my right hand, and one of my left, were broken also, and I was bruised in almost every part. But I was alive! As I looked up to the pinnacle from which I had fallen, I could scarcely believe that to be possible.

The spot where I lay, was in a narrow cleft between two cliffs, which diverged from each other as they advanced, leaving a sort of triangular platform open between them and a third. A torrent threw itself, like a wild horse's mane, from the rock above me; but, in the numberless eddies which whirled in the hollow, it was dispersed into air before it reached the place, distant through its depth, where I lay.

Night now began to thicken fast; the faster on account

of the deep den in which I was. The wind blew as if all the quarters of the heaven sent forth their blasts at once, and they all met and battled there. I had escaped one dreadful death, and I now began to fear another more dreadful still, because more slow, and more felt, I feared that I should die through cold, and hunger, and untended wounds. The cold, I now felt more severely; for shortly after I had given up, in despair, all attempts to extricate myself from my situation, my dog, after whining and yelping piteously for some time went off. As he turned the corner of the rock which hid him from my sight, I felt as if my last hold of life had gone from me; as though the friend of my bosom had left me to die. 'He too, abandons me,' I exclaimed, and I blush to confess it, I burst into tears. Being forsaken by one whom I thought faithful, cut me to the heart. Who, indeed, can bear *that*?

The world now appeared to have closed upon my sight forever. My wife, my children, my dear home—I should see them no more! I figured to myself all the delights and charities of that home, and I felt how bitter it is to be torn from life while life is yet strong; all its ties firmly knit; all its affections glowing. As darkness settled round I thought of my wife anxiously listening for my step, or rather for the well known step of Thor, preceding me; and the bright fire gleaming upon smiling children's faces, the fairest ornament and the dearest comfort of a fireside; and the rosy lips held up for a father's kiss; and the little hand clinging round the knees, to attract a father's notice; and their mother's glad smile of welcome to me, and unchiding reproof to them. Such was the picture I drew mentally; such was the group which I knew was awaiting me. I looked around and the contrast of the reality flashed upon me in all its horrors. The wind raged and howled through the darkness, and in the lull, the spray of the torrent bedewed my face, and roared there. I was encompassed by awful precipices, here and there visible only by being covered with snow. Snow, also, was the bed on which I lay, the bed on which I was to die. And to die! oh God! to die thus! Alone, through pain and famine; through cold and the exhaustion of suffering nature! The terrors of tempest and of

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night were the precursors of the terrors of death. From hence I never was to stir more; this was to be my end!

We oft n forge for ourselves causes of unhappiness, and allow slight things to mar our quiet. But he who has undergone, not what I underwent that night, for who *has* done so? but, circumstances of peril and despair, in kind, if not in degree, like unto these, he, only, can know to what extent our nature *can* suffer.

"I lay, in pain of body and anguish, for a space of time which from these causes, seemed endless. At length hope dawned upon me. Along the top of the cliff to which I had leaped, and from which I had fell, passed as I knew, a path which led from the village in which I lived, to another about two leagues off. This had not appeared to me as a chance of escape; for, by night, it was very rarely traversed, and morning I never expected to see again. On a sudden, however, I saw a light gliding along this path, as though borne by some one; and I conjectured it to be, as in fact it was, the lantern of a villager returning homewards. "I shall be saved yet!" was the idea which thrilled through my heart, and I shouted with the whole strength of my voice, to realize the hope which had arisen. At that moment, a furious gust of wind swept through the chasm, and hurled back my cry against me, like the smoke of Cain's rejected sacrifice; I could *feel* that my voice did not ascend twenty feet above my head. The light glided onwards. Again I shouted with that desperate strength which none but the despairing possess. The light did not stop; no answering shout gladdened my ears; the light disappeared!

The agony of that moment, who can conceive? The drowning man as he struggles his last effort, and feels the water closing round him; the criminal as he mounts the scaffold, and sees his last hope melt from his grasp,—such persons may have experienced what I felt then, and such persons only.

My despair now became fixed and total. I felt that my last hour was come; I endeavored to turn my thoughts from this world, and fix them on the next. But the effort was dreadful. As I strove to prepare myself for death, the hope of life would flash across me again, and interpose

between me and my prayer. If a sound caught my ear, I raised my head to listen ; if the variation of a shadow passed over the surface of a rock, I strained my sight to look ; but the sound would cease, and the sight would pass away,—and I sank again, upon the snow ; and, again, I prepared myself to die.

At length, (to my dying day I shall recollect that moment,) at length a gust of wind brought to me a sound which I thought I recognized ; I raised myself with an anxiety which almost choked me ; I listened, all was still, the wind rose and made me doubtful whether I heard it a second time or not ; a third, all doubt was over ! It was the honest voice of faithful Thor, coming at speed, and barking as he came, to show, doubtless, the path to the spot in which I lay. Again his deep-mouthed bay sounded loud and distinct, as it approached the top of the precipice. There he paused and continued barking, till, at length, several lights flashed upon the path ; along which he had come, and advanced rapidly towards him. A halloo came upon the wind, I strove to answer it as loudly as I could. This time it mattered little whether my voice reached the summit or not ; for, as soon as the lights seemed at the spot where the dog stood, he dashed down the cliff, clinging to the irregular surface as he came, now holding by a stone, now sliding down with the rolling earth and snow, till he sprang into my bosom ; and almost smothering me with his caresses, made the echoes of the cliffs ring again with his loud and ceaseless barking.

My companions now perceived where I was. They made a circuit of some little extent, and descended to me by a less precipitous, but still a difficult path. My young friends, unless you have experienced the transition from despair to safety, from abandonment to kind friendship, from death to life, you can form to yourself no idea of the flood of feelings, both rapturous and gentle, which then poured upon my soul. The chosen of my heart was now no widow ! my children were not fatherless ! I was restored to life, to the world, to hope, to happiness, and I owed it all to the loyalty and love of a poor hound ! When your hand is next raised to strike your beast in anger,

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pause—and think upon the service which old Thor rendered to his master. That master had been a kind one.

MRS FRY.

THE history of this excellent woman deserves to be deeply impressed on the hearts of her sex. It is from Madame Adile De Thou's history of the Quakers, a work of great interest. The picture of Mrs Fry is perfect in its simplicity, and brings the original before us with a vividness, and an actual presence, that seldom belongs to written descriptions.

Elizabeth Gurney, (now Mrs Fry,) the third daughter of Mr John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, was born 1780. She had the misfortune to lose her mother when very young, and was thus at an early period of her life, in some measure abandoned to her own guidance. Her father, though a member of the society of Friends, was by no means strict, and suffered his children to enjoy greater freedom than is usually admitted among individuals of that sect. Elizabeth Gurney was accustomed to mix much with society, and she enjoyed all the advantages of birth, fortune and education. She was about seventeen when she first visited London; was anxious to see every thing, and having participated for a period in the gay amusements of the capital, she returned to Norfolk. A short time after her return, some members of the Society, (as is customary among Friends) came to Earlham, to make a *family visit*. This suddenly brought a transformation in the habits of the whole family; all became more serious, and seemed to feel the influences of the holy visit; Elizabeth, in particular, was deeply penetrated by the evangelical lectures which she heard. In a mind like hers, a religious impression was not likely to be transitory. Too pious, and too well informed to confine herself to useless forms of devotion, she proved her faith by her labors; and soon prevailed on her father to convert one of the apartments of Earlham Hall into a school-room. Here she daily received four-and-twenty

poor children, to whom she read and explained the Bible: She assumed the simple garb of the Quakers, and renounced all kinds of amusements.

In 1800 she married Mr Fry, whose generous and amiable character fully justifies her choice. Far from opposing her benevolent labors, he facilitates them, and affords her ample means of relieving the unfortunate by annually placing at her disposal, a considerable sum, which she applies entirely to the benefit of the poor.

Mrs Fry's life is devoted to acts of virtue, and her time almost wholly occupied in charitable missions. She makes no distinction; the unfortunate are brothers, whatever be their country or religion; sorrow is every where the same, and benevolence should be universal. Mrs Fry is at once a physician to the body and the soul; she comforts and feeds the poor, and supplies them with clothes and Bibles; and thus she explains and teaches the gospel. She even administers succor to criminals: she regards vice as a disease, and never withholds assistance from the sick.

Mrs Fry, in being informed of the deplorable state of the female prisoners in Newgate, resolved to relieve them. She applied to the governor for leave of admittance; he replied that she would incur the greatest risk in visiting that abode of iniquity and disorder, which he himself scarcely dared to enter. He observed, that the language she must hear would inevitably disgust her, and made use of every argument to prevail on her to relinquish her intention.

Mrs Fry said that she was fully aware of the danger to which she exposed herself; and repeated her solicitations for permission to enter the prison. The governor advised her not to carry in with her either her purse or her watch. Mrs Fry replied, "I thank you, I am not afraid; I don't think I shall lose any thing."

She was shown into an apartment of the prison which contained about *one hundred and sixty women*; those who were condemned, and those who had not been tried, were all suffered to associate together. The children who were brought up in this school of vice, and who never spoke without an oath, added to the horror of the picture. The

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prisoners ate, cooked their food, and slept all in the same room: it might have been truly said, that Newgate resembled a den of savages.

Mrs Fry was not discouraged. The grace of God is infinite; the true Christian never despairs. In spite of a very delicate state of health, she persevered in her pious design. The women listened to her, and gazed on her with amazement: the pure and tranquil expression of her beautiful countenance speedily softened their ferocity. It has been said, that if virtue could be rendered visible, it would be impossible to resist its influence; and thus may be explained the extraordinary ascendancy which Mrs Fry exercises over all whom she approaches. Virtue has indeed become visible, and has assumed the form of this benevolent lady, who is the guide and consolation of her fellow-creatures.

Mrs Fry addressed herself to the prisoners:—"You seem unhappy," said she. "You are in want of clothes; would you not be pleased if some one came to relieve your misery?"

"Certainly," replied they, "but nobody cares for us, and where can we expect to find a friend?"

"I am come with a wish to serve you," resumed Elizabeth Fry, "and I think if you will second my endeavors, I may be of use to you."

She addressed to them the language of peace, and afforded them a glimmering of hope. She spoke not of their crimes; the minister of an all-merciful God, she came there to comfort and to pray, not to judge and condemn. When she was about to depart, the women thronged around her as if to detain her. "You will never come again," said they. But she who never broke her word promised to return.

She soon paid a second visit to their loathsome jail, where she intended to pass the whole day; the doors were closed upon her, and she was left alone with the prisoners.

"You cannot suppose," said she addressing them, "that I have come here without being commissioned. This book, (she held a bible in her hand,) which has been the guide of my life, has led me to you. It directed me to

visit the prisoners, and to take pity on the poor and the afflicted. I am willing to do all that lies in my power ; but my efforts will be vain, unless met and aided by you."

She then asked them whether they would not like to hear her read a few passages from the book. They replied they would. Mrs Fry selected the parable of the lord of the vineyard, (Matthew, chap. 20,) and when she came to the man who was employed at the eleventh hour, she said, "Now the eleventh hour strikes for you ; the greater part of your lives has been lost, but Christ is come to save sinners !"

Some asked who Christ was ; others said he had not come for them ; that the time was passed, and that they could not be saved. Mrs Fry replied, that Christ had suffered, that he had been poor, and that he had come to save the poor and afflicted in particular.

Mrs Fry obtained permission to assemble the children in a school established within the prison, for the purpose of promoting their religious instruction. The female prisoners, in spite of their profligate and vicious habits, joyfully embraced the opportunity of ameliorating the condition of their children. Much was already effected, by restoring these women to the first sentiment of nature ; namely, maternal affection.

A woman, denominated the *Matron*, was entrusted with the control of the prisoners, under the superintendence of the ladies of the society of Friends, composing the Newgate Committee.

Mrs Fry, having drawn up a set of rules of conduct for the prisoners, a day was fixed, and the lord mayor and one of the aldermen being present, she read aloud the articles, and asked the prisoners whether they were willing to adopt them : they were directed to raise their hands as a sign of approval. This constitution was unanimously received ; so sincere were the sentiments of respect and confidence she had inspired.

Thanks to her perseverance, and the years she has devoted to her pious undertaking, a total change has been effected in Newgate prison ; the influence of virtue has softened the horror of vice, and Newgate has become the asylum of repentance.

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Strangers are permitted to visit the jail on Thursdays, when Mrs Fry reads and explains passages of the Bible to the prisoners. Her voice is extremely fascinating : its pure, clear tones are admirably calculated to plead the cause of virtue and humanity.

The late queen expressed a wish to see Mrs Fry, and in the most flattering terms testified the admiration she felt for her conduct. The thanks of the city of London were voted to her ; and, in short, there is not an Englishman who does not bless her name.

Mrs Fry, who is as useful among the members of her own sect as she has been in Newgate, exercises, in her evangelical mission, that charitable indulgence which arises from sincere piety, and a pure conscience. Her eloquence penetrates the soul ; no one can hear her without becoming more virtuous, or at least without feeling convinced that he may become so. She is not feared, but loved ; and she is herself the example of what she teaches.

THE BEGINNINGS OF VICE.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD.

Few of us are accurately aware how insidious are the approaches of evil, or with what fearful rapidity the mind traverses the downward road, its integrity of purpose once forfeited. This knowledge is probably best attained by the history of those who have been suffered to plunge deep into guilt. The map of their wanderings darkly illustrates the danger of the slightest deviations from duty, the briefest parley with the tempter. The chart of their voyage defines the force of that current which is able to sweep the boldest and the proudest man into the vortex of destruction. The plain of fresh and quiet verdure has been converted into a morass by a careless stroke of the laborer's spade ; the inundation which has destroyed life, and poured its foaming torrent over buried cities, was at first a scarcely visible breach of the protecting barrier.

This train of reflection has been suggested by some sea-

tures in the history of one of the inmates of a neighboring prison. He was the son of respectable parents, from whom he received the nurture of kindness, and the rudiments of education, without, however, the direct influence of religious principle. His first error was the theft of some sugar-candy from the bow-window of a confectioner. This sin of his boyhood was committed with extreme agitation. In recently mentioning it to the chaplain of the prison where he is now confined for life, he said,—“I was not able for sometime to breathe freely, and I felt a deep pain at my heart.” This, the beginning of his sins, passed undetected, and possibly this impunity operated as an encouragement to the dark career, which was soon commenced. Early in life he left the parental roof, and having a fondness for the sea, became a rover upon that element. During parts of several years, he was attached to the crew of some of our ships of war, and in the last contest between Great Britain and this country, proved himself not deficient in courage. Yet he continued to be absorbed in such varieties of disgrace, that he wished his parents to believe him dead, rather than living, the victim of guilt, and caused a letter to be written them, conveying the false information, that he had perished in an engagement at sea, where his brother had indeed fallen, while fighting by his side. The strong talents with which nature had endowed him, were evinced in the adroitness with which he devised and executed evil, and the recklessness of his endurance when its penalties overtook him. Crime made him a tenant of the Connecticut State Prison, as it formerly existed, among the mines of Simsbury. Promiscuous intercourse with depraved spirits, rendered him still more hardened and refractory, until the severity of this system of physical discipline was exhausted upon him. The amount of punishment which he received, and which his desperation seemed to render necessary, has been pronounced sufficient to have destroyed the life of an ordinary man. Still he was unthumbed, unsubdued—proud of the false heroism with which he foiled his self-created adversities. When, at the expiration of his term of seclusion, he was again admitted to the community, it was evident that he had

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acquired no wisdom from his sufferings. So frequent and fearless became his acts of dishonesty, that in the confirmed, remorseless transgressor, who could have recognized the tremulous hand, the suffocating heart, that made their first essay in guilt at the bow-window of the confecti-
tioner?

He is, at present, an inmate for life, of the State's Prison at Wethersfield Connecticut, where the mild, yet vigilant, moral influence which is brought to bear upon his mind, seems not to have been fully devoid of salutary effect. In the cell to which, after the toils of the day, he retires, meditation, and the discourse of his spiritual guide, exercise somewhat of a tranquilizing power. He occasionally employs himself in turning parts of the New Testament into homely verse, and fragments of coarse brown paper are seen scattered about his cell, covered with lines upon the subject of that blessed Book, whose me-
purifying spirit seems as yet to have had no decided operation upon his heart. He has recently written a letter to his parents, whom he has not seen for more than 20 years. A copy of it is connected with these remarks, as it was thought its unique style might interest our-readers, though it exhibits rather the cunningness of excuse, which is familiar to the seared conscience of a practised offender, than the ingenuous penitence for which Charity seeks in the suffering sinner and the returning prodigal.

Wethersfield Prison, Connecticut.

"FATHER,—

After my grateful devoirs, I solicit these presents, to inform you, that I am at *this date extant*, and through the mere charity of God and good people, I stand like an oak in the forest, and display as yet a superiority over the reptile calamities that environ me. While I hope your candor will counterbalance my delinquencies in not writing to you during so many years absence, I frankly acknowledge it was wholly out of commiseration to my dear mother. For signal afflictions have been incessantly rushing in upon me, as water from a mighty stream, the origin of which, being so out of character, in an unjust cause, I thought it more cruel to acquaint you at parental expense, than to let you be under the belief of the fabu-

lous information that I was killed on board the frigate at the time my brother fell a victim to grape-shot from the ship Shannon, Capt Broke, and whose last words were—"Don't give up the ship!" Whereas, through the pure mercy of Him who ever holdeth the destinies of war in his hands, I was preserved with only a mutilation in one hand and the stroke of a cutlass on the left side of the neck, with two or three other partial wounds, which will ever stand as a visible criterion of native rights.

I lament that I ever abandoned the sea. It has caused me to wade through a great sea of trouble, so characteristic, that pen and paper would fail me to describe it. And even if it were possible, I should shrink from the toil, as it is not my intention to *contristate* you, nor to sadden the heart of my dear mother. Therefore I will forbear, and only give you a short miniature of various years of confinement, with their alleged crimes, for you know it must be brief to fall within the bosom of a mere letter.

Whereas, lying nineteen weeks in the cock pit of the aforesaid frigate, I was discharged by the cartel flag of truce—the olive of peace then just peeping through the clarion of war. I then embarked for Boston, where I received eight months' pay in her service and eleven months arrears due from the ship Adams.

By the advice of my brother I abandoned the sea, and went to the shoe-making business. I did well till I contracted the habit of gambling, in a small factory near my shop, and on losing was induced to remove \$27 from a merchant's desk, for which I was arrested and sent to jail. Here, while I waited my trial, the accident of a brand falling over the hand-iron, caused a wooden post to smoke, and awoke a family who lodged overhead, while I lay fast asleep. For this I was indicted for arson, and sent for nine years to the Newgate of Connecticut. From this place I was turned out, all but naked; in the winter, when no employment was to be had. In this situation, I took a coat and pantaloons from a tavern where I put up, and steered for New-Jersey. My feet beginning to swell, I took a horse and rode twenty miles. I hitched the horse at a hay-stack, and the next day was taken and proved guilty, and sent to the same prison for three years. After

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getting my liberty, I stole \$10, for which I was sent to this new, humane prison, for all probation."

This letter was furnished by the chaplain of the prison where the writer is confined, and has sustained no correction, except in orthography. It exhibits the adroit and skilful habit of excuse which characterises a mind whose perceptions of moral rectitude are bewildered, and whose purposes are rather bent upon deceiving men, than speaking the sacred truth before God. It evinces considerable talent, and some knowledge of the power of language, but a proud, unhumbled spirit, is equally visible, seeking to disguise itself under a false pomp of diction, when its proper dialect would have been,—"Father! I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

The contrasts exhibited by this individual deserve serious attention. The hand that trembled, the heart that recoiled, at a dishonest appropriation of the sugared bait from the confectioner's window, could, without compunction, "remove \$27 from a merchant's desk," and notwithstanding the sophistry with which the deed is enveloped, set fire to a building, in which helplessness and innocency slumbered.

THE WIDOW.

There is a little fairy lake in our village, a beautiful transparent sheet of water, unbroken by a single rock or islet.

It is surrounded by towering hills, and the shores are hidden by pendant willows. The only convenient approach to it is by a meandering path, cut through the heavy underwood and thick brush of the forest.

When we glide over the pure surface of that lonely lake, we see no lovely landscape of flower-jewelled meadows, white cottages and church spires—we are quite shut in by the tall trees and lofty hills, and may fancy ourselves in a world alone, a world of fancy or of mythology. The melody of the wood-robin comes sweet and clear over the

smooth waters, and the fragrance of wild-roses and sweet-brier floats in the air above. The sun at noon-day looks deep into that pure mirror, and is reflected back by a thousand glittering stones.

I was standing at my uncle's door one summer night, watching the evening star, as it went rapidly down, almost lost in a flood of bright moonlight which seemed to hasten the departure of the retiring beauty. I was aroused by a hasty step behind me. 'T was Harry. 'Cousin,' cried he, 'will you go on the lake with me. 'Tis the loveliest evening in the world. We will take the little boat, which even you allow to be perfectly safe, and if you wish, I will ask the little widow to accompany us.'

"Oh, the little widow—I know we *must* ask her, but she will make us so dull—"

"Oh cousin, with the bright moon above us and the blue lake beneath, can we ever be dull?"

In half an hour, we were rapidly skimming the lake before a breeze which just filled one sail. 'T was a scene of perfect magic. The blue heavens were over us, and the clear waters beneath. Their almost solemn quiet was only broken by the forest whip-poor-will. She sat in grateful silence until we had reached the middle of the lake, when the breeze died away and it was entirely calm. While the boat was quietly reposing on the bosom of the waves, the widow broke the silence by singing in a clear sweet voice,

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea." We sat in breathless stillness, listening to the melody as it swept over the waters, and at every pause we heard it faintly reverberated from the heavy woods which belted the lake.

When she had finished, we drew nearer to her and after thanking her for the song, tried to draw her into conversation. She was a stranger in our village, having recently come from Maine to recover some property which belonged to her deceased husband. I looked on her with deep interest when I reflected how much of suffering, and how much of romantic vicissitude she must have known. She could not have been more than nineteen, and so lovely a creature. In the sad habiliments of mourning,

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she was more than ever lovely. Her rich Italian eye and complexion, were happily contrasted by their sombre hue.

Harry and I had often talked of her and wished to know more of her, but she was so very silent and reserved, we had given it up in despair. We only knew that she was a widow, with two little sons who were left to the care of their grand-parents. She had come to our village with her brother, who was gone to the southward and would shortly return to accompany her back to her own home. Whether it was the bewitching influence of our moonlight sail, or the kindness of our expressions that opened the widow's heart, I cannot say, but she soon began to converse with perfect unreserve, as if we had long been friends.

A cloud passed from over the moon, and the constellations which till then had been hardly perceptible, shone out with unwonted lustre, when Harry began to repeat part of a poem which was written by one of our school girls.

The widow listened attentively to the whole, but there was a wild light in her eye when he came to the last line.

'How familiar the word war sounds to me,' said she; 'my father was an officer at the time of the late war, and my two brothers fought for their country at his side; my grandfather was killed in the war of the revolution, with my mother's eldest brother. I came of a race of warriors,' added she with a smile, 'and the sound of war though dreadful in itself, awakens in my heart a momentary feeling of pride and gladness, connected, as it is in memory with so many revered and beloved names.

'And your husband too must have been,—said Harry checking himself before he had finished the sentence, thinking he had too rudely thrust upon her the remembrance of her sorrows.

The bright bloom faded slightly from the widow's cheek, but the wild lustre of her eye scarcely waned, when she replied, 'My husband was in the army during the last year of the war. He was then only seventeen, and engaged in only a few skirmishes. He has often deeply regretted that he could find no opportunity of distinguishing himself. I used to regret it too, but I do not now—he was proud enough; and he had cause of pride,

if any mortal has cause for aught but self-abasement. He was one of God's noblest creatures in heart and mind.'

'How did he look?' Said I.

'He was elegantly tall; I leave you to judge of his face,' added she, drawing from her bosom a miniature likeness of him, 'of the features, I mean; the irradiating spirit is not here.'

'Twas a fine Grecian head, but the hair was perfectly flaxen. She continued—

'Frederic and I had been intimate from our childhood, although he was several years older than I; our feelings and sentiments had ever been the same, and we never had a single quarrel in the course of our long friendship. When he went to the wars, I wept bitterly, thinking I never should see him again, although I then felt for him as I should for a brother; and when he at length returned, we loved each other better than ever.

'We were perfectly congenial spirits, always happy in each other's society; and it rarely occurred to us that we might not live long and happy together. One fine day saw us walking by the river, with our little boy, in perfect health, and without one care or fear. The fourth day from that, he was laid in his cold grave, and we were left.'

She was silent for a few minutes, and neither Harry nor I ventured to speak. 'He died in humble, but firm dependence on the Savior,' resumed the widow in a steadier tone, 'and I think he was not deceived—I had then no consolation and no hope.

'The world to me was empty and dark. I thought of heaven, but it seemed to me as though time there would pass very wearily, and it only looked tolerable as a refuge from an abode of woe. I knew nothing of the good and beneficent one who reigns in that pure place, and to spend a whole eternity in singing his praises, appeared to me an insupportable weariness: I could not bear to think of it.

'But since I have learned to know and love the benign and good Father of us all, I believe the greatest enjoyment would be in his presence, and that in his service we could feel no fatigue. It is there where kindred spirits meet without fearing a melancholy termination of their happiness. Alas, how many sincere friends are here kept aloof

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from each other by untoward circumstances; the influence of friends, the difference in rank or wealth, and numberless other things which come between the heart's desire and its accomplishment.

'But *heaven* is the place where sincere and perennial friendships will be formed, and kindred spirits will hold the sweetest intercourse. *Here*, the clearest sunshine of literature and science only serves to reveal to us our mental darkness; but *there*, our eyes shall be open to perceive "hidden mysteries," and we shall know even as we are known. There oppression and unkindness shall cease, and perfect love shall reign in every heart. Oh is not that a happy place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the *weary* are at rest?"'

'Indeed, Mrs Auburn,' said Henry 'you almost make me wish to go there. I always thought as you did, that it would be immensely stiff and tiresome to stand year after year, and sing psalms; but in the light of your description, it seems to me perfectly delightful, and I should submit to death with comparatively little reluctance, if I were assured we three should meet there.'

'Remember, my dear Sir,' replied the widow, in a very solemn yet kind tone, '*remember*, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord" in his pure and beautiful heaven. But humbly devote your affections and your talents to your almighty Father, and seek of him pardon for your sins and purity for your heart, and then you will find your everlasting home in that abode of blessedness.'

Dark clouds rapidly passed over the sky: a heavy wind swept furiously down the lake and dashed the waves over us. We were rapidly nearing the shore, and it was well for us, as it was becoming so very dark and the storm so terrible, we must have sunk very soon. At the moment of our greatest alarm, my uncle appeared on the shore with a lantern, and after some time we were safely landed, and, with thankfulness to Heaven, we returned home, heedless of the storm, although it poured in torrents, and the lightning flashed vividly around us.

How short is the transition from pure enjoyment and fearlessness to sorrow and dismay. How brief too is the enjoyment of terrestrial friendship! We saw the widow

every day in the next week, until we loved her sincerely and tenderly. Then she departed to her distant home, and we shall probably never meet her again, unless indeed, we are so happy as to find her in the beautiful heaven whither her Frederic is already gone, and which even now, she delights to look upon as her beloved and blessed home.

[*Lady's Magazine.*]

THE HERO OF THE PLAGUE.

When the plague raged violently at Marseilles, every link of affection was broken ; the father turned from the child—the child from the father ; cowardice and ingratitude no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling—thus dissolves every tie of humanity ! The city became a desert, grass grew in the streets, a funeral met you at every step.

The physicians assembled in a body at the Hotel de Ville, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered.

After a long consultation they decided, unanimously, that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse might develop—an operation which it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies.

A dead pause succeeded this declaration. Suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and firmly said : " Be it so : I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I promise, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down, as I proceed, what I observe."

He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the

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sublime energy religion or patriotism can inspire, acted up to his word. He had married, and was rich; and he immediately made his will, dictated by justice and piety. He confessed, and at midnight received the sacraments.

A man had died in his house within four-and-twenty hours. Guyon, at day break, shut himself up in the same room; he took with him ink, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm never had he felt more firm or more collected. Kneeling before the corpse he wrote—"Mouldering tenement of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible plague which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy; thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! (continued he,) thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired."

He began—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and immediately sought the Lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten times more glorious than the warrior, who to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks—since he advances with hope, at least, and is sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.

Physicians who remain firm in the discharge of their duties, while the fears of their fellow citizens are prompting them to fly from contagion, display that moral courage which is as far superior to the physical energy which sustains the soldier in battle, as mind is superior to matter.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

How wonderful is the book of nature! In all other volumes except one by the same Author, we discover traces of human imperfection—but here every page is faultless. No one who begins to read it can ever be weary; and yet, strange to tell, men can pore for ever over the productions

of human genius, and seldom look into this. Whether we talk with the eloquent flowers, or the busy tribes of the animal world, or the quiet subjects of the mineral kingdom,—all is interesting and beautiful.

No wonder the naturalist is always an enthusiast. It is the inevitable result of his pursuits. It is impossible to study into the operations of Nature, in either of her three kingdoms, without being carried away with the joyous feeling which men call enthusiasm. It is said, "the mind makes its own place; the mind of a naturalist certainly may, for he can never get away from nature, and can never be at a loss for agreeable employment in watching her operations.

• We will take, for example, a tree, and recollecting what vegetable physiology tells us, we will, in order to see these operations, imagine the trunk and branches are transparent. We see, in the centre of the trunk and of every branch, a slender column of pith; around it we see a cylinder of heartwood; next comes alburnum, or new wood. This wood abounds with minute longitudinal veins for the passage of the sap, which we observe is passing up, on the principle of capillary attraction, till a portion of it reaches the extremity of every leaf. The leaves are furnished with small pores for transpiration. Through these a part of the sap escapes, and if our eyes were opened, we should see a little pillar of fog constantly resting on every leaf.

Presently we observe a counter current; the sap is returning again to the root; but not in the channels in which it ascended. It ascended through the young wood, but its homeward passage is through the bark. As it proceeds, we observe that it is continually robbed by little absorbents stationed all along the way, who secrete from it the various substances which they require, to form the oils, resins, and gums.

In consequence of these repeated depredations, the sap is generally quite exhausted by the time it reaches the root again. But this is no matter, for the extremity of each fibre in a root is furnished with a little sponge with which it sucks up the juices from the earth—or, to speak more philosophically, through the pores of which sap rises

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After watching the ascent of the vital fluid till we are satisfied, we turn again to the leaves—we have noticed a mass of vapor rising from the *upper* surface of each—this is not all; we see also a volume of gas pressing into the pores on the *under* surface of the leaf: it is carbonic acid gas. As this is a heavy gas it naturally rests on the surface of the earth—hence the propriety of the lower surface of the leaf being prepared to receive it. Part of the carbon goes to form the substance of the leaf, and part is evaporated during the night, through the pores on the upper surface of the leaf.

Through the day, every leaf of every tree and plant is busy in throwing off oxygen, which it is as constantly receiving from the sap and the carbonic acid—but they cannot afford to be always so lavish of this vital principle. In the night the order is reversed, and they absorb oxygen and throw off carbon. For this reason, plants should have a place in our parlors, but never in our sleeping apartments.

The principal result of decomposed animal and vegetable substances is carbonic acid. This, with water holding in solution the various earthy matters, constitutes the *sap*.

Every autumn we observe the leaves wither and fall, and very naturally suppose they are worn out with their summer work, and die of old age; but botanists give a very different reason for their fall. Instead of a natural death, it is found that the poor things absolutely die by starvation. Every soil contains more or less *silex*. This earth being insoluble in water, rises with the sap in distinct particles, and accumulating at the base of the footstalk, obstructs its progress, and consequently deprives the leaf of its accustomed nourishment.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

It is in the ocean that whirlpools are peculiarly dangerous, where the tides are violent and the tempests fierce.

To mention only one, that called the *Haddocken*, upon the coast of Norway, which is considered as the most dreadful and voracious in the world.

The name it has received from the natives, signifies the *navel of the sea*, since they suppose that a great share of the water of the sea is sucked up and discharged by its vortex. The body of waters that forms this whirlpool is extended in a circle about thirteen miles in circumference.

In the midst of this, stands a rock against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury. At this time it instantly swallows up all things that come within the sphere of its violence, trees, timber, and shipping. No skill of the mariner, nor strength of rowing, can work an escape.

The sailor at the helm at first finds the ship go in a current opposite to his intentions. His vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid. It goes round in circles, still narrower and narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rocks, and instantly disappears. Nor is it seen again for six hours, till the tide flowing, it is vomited forth in the same violent manner in which it was drawn in.

The noise of this dreadful vortex still further contributes to increase its terror, which, with the dashing of the waves, and the dreadful valley, if it may be so called, formed by their circulation, makes one of the most tremendous objects in nature.

[Goldsmith.]

Sea animals which have come too near the vortex, have expressed the utmost terror, when they have found the stream irresistible. Whales are frequently carried away, and the moment they feel the force of the water, they struggle against it with all their might, howling and bellowing in a frightful manner.

[Guthrie.]

J. George Jones

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